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THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

NAUGHTY UNDIES SPECIAL

FRILLY KNICKERS
CLINCHY CORSETS
SAUCY STOCKINGS
AND TEN LACED-UP LINGERIE LOVELIES!

'KISS MY CHEEKS!'
BOTTOM-BARMY *LISA* GETS KINKY IN THE KITCHEN

'BOUNCE MY BOOBS!'
TOP-HEAVY *TARA* FONDLES HER FUNBAGS

# THIS MONTH IN CLUB

# TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number Six

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Lucy

I'm back! Perceptive readers will have noticed that this column has been written by an impostor for the last few months. (You could tell, 'cos it was quite funny and stuff like that.) But now I, the one true Editor, have returned, and *Tease!* will go back to its glorious form of days gone by – six hundred words of self-indulgent twaddle, of interest to absolutely nobody but me.

So, anyway, I'm single again. No, no, don't worry, it's all for the best. I knew something was going wrong with our relationship when she started eating the trifle instead of rubbing it gently into her breasts, and using the nipple clamps as clothes pegs. It's those little unromantic things that can ruin it, don't you think?

So I've been going out on the pull again. It's bloody exhausting, isn't it? You spend ages on the phone to your mates deciding which club is going to have the best crumpet. You spend hours deciding which clothes to wear and how to comb your hair to get that manly-but-gentle-and-a-really-good-shag-honest look. You finally get out there and have a few drinks at the bar for some dutch courage; then you have a few more because what Pete's saying about his last girlfriend suddenly starts to sound really interesting (it's the booze) and by the time you hit the dancefloor, you probably will – and fall sound asleep.

Oh, it's not all bad. Yes, there is the kebab shop at three in the morning, fumbling bleary-eyed for change only to spill the whole bloody lot down your only pair of smart trousers in the pouring rain and yes, there is standing outside your front door wondering why the lock has shrunk and now won't accept your key, and yes, there is the sort of hangover that would make Oliver Reed blubber, but it's just not the same...

It's not that I miss her, I'm sure the Foreign Legion need her more than I do, but I do long for those autumn walks in the park all wrapped up in

**Thought for the Month:** "Love is a many splendoured thing, but there's nothing like a good shag in the back row" — *Amadeus Mozart, 1786*

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Clarissa

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Lisa

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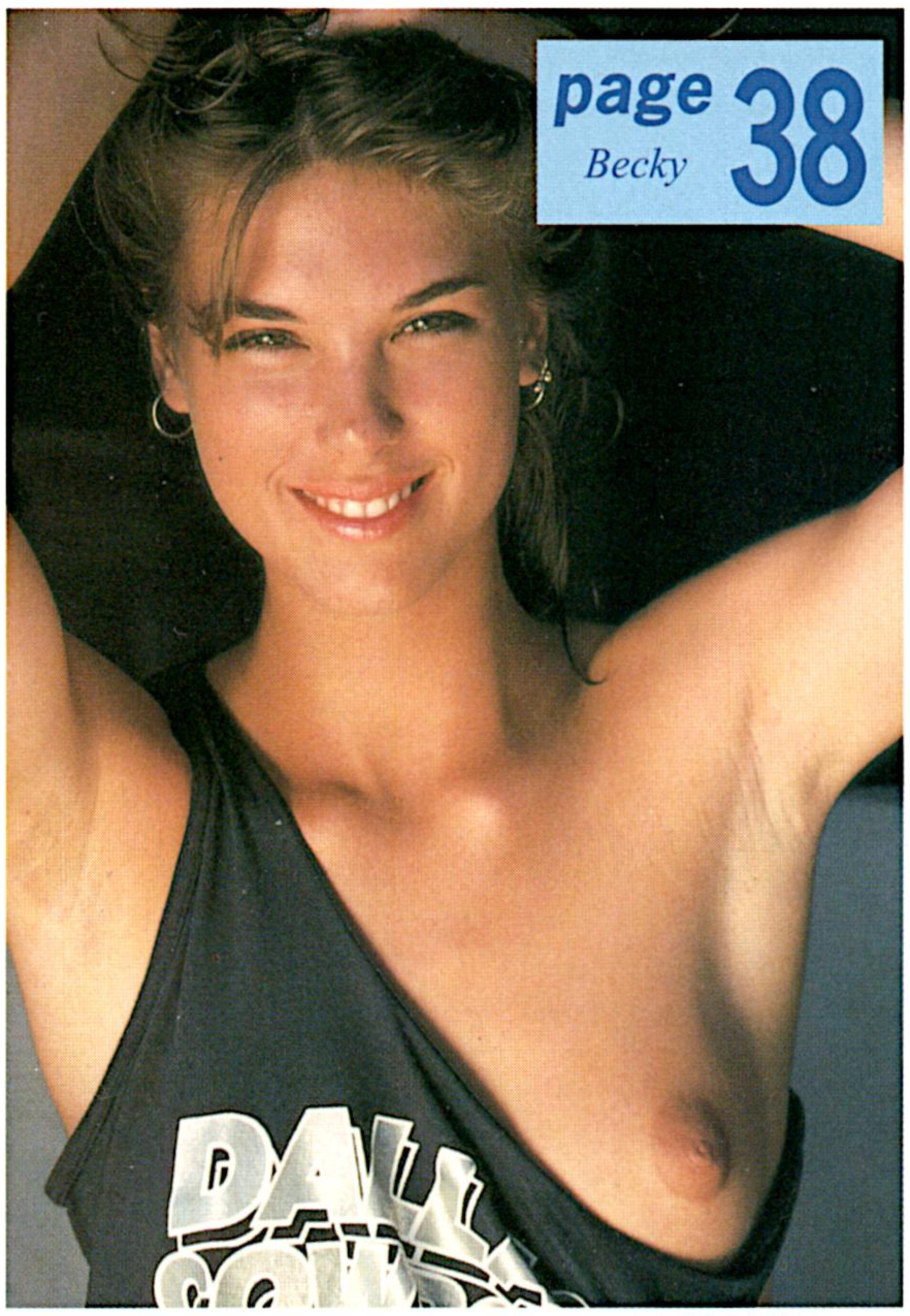
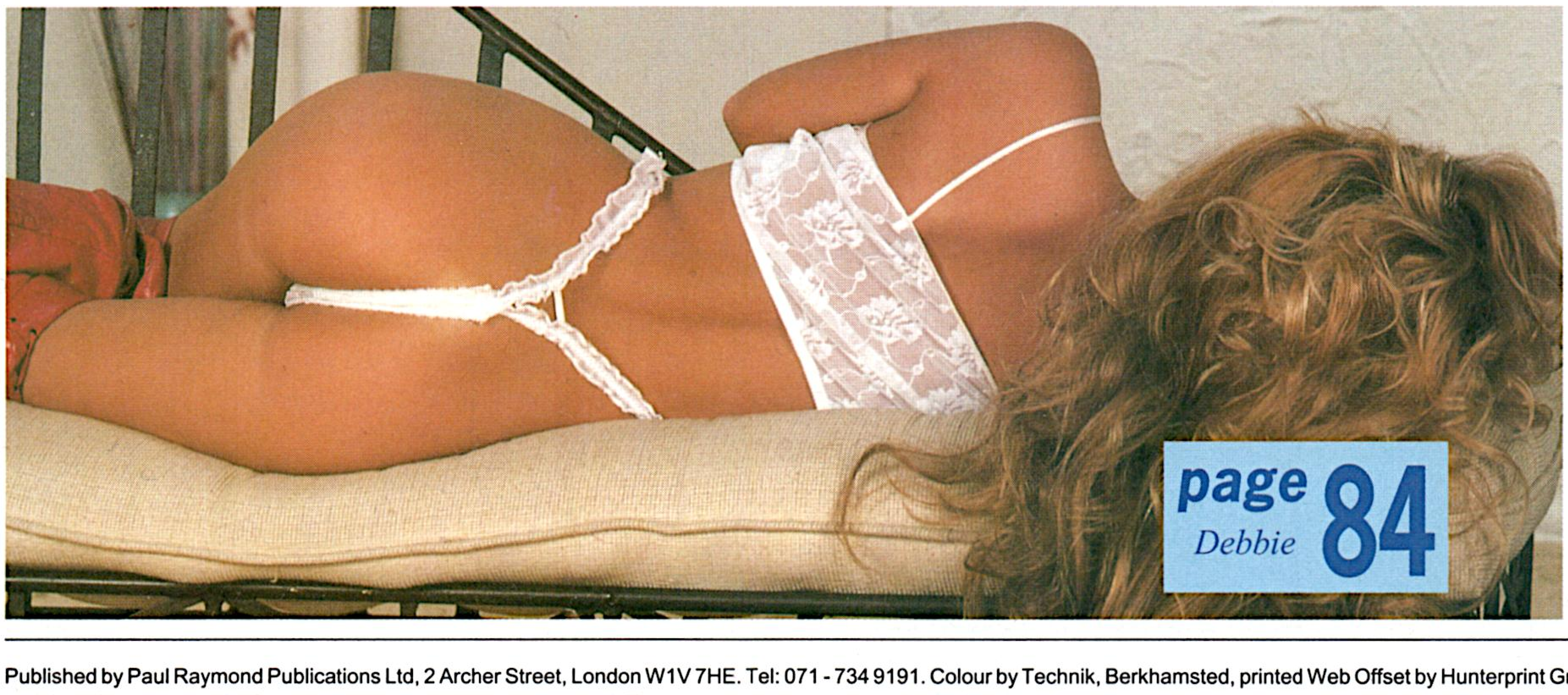


duffle coats. Or those hot summer picnics on the beach laughing over lemonade, or Sunday mornings staying in bed; and those long, dark winter evenings by the fireside playing the sort of games I couldn't tell you about even in this magazine.

Yes! That and the cooking exotic meals for each other: me one day, her the next. No, it's your turn, don't argue it is, look, I did it yesterday, yes I know you hoovered this morning, you've reminded me twice!!! But, listen, *dear*, I washed up last night because *someone* forgot didn't they? And, no, I wasn't late in tonight, it-was a-business-meeting-and-no that's-not-perfume-you-can-smell-it's-my-aftershave-and-while-we're-on-the-subject-where-the-hell-were-you-at-lunchtime?And will you get rid of that bloody cat and no I'm not SHOUTING!!!!!

Ahem, sorry. Look, I'll be in the pub if anyone wants to buy me a drink, and, er, don't bring your girlfriend, please. Thanks... ♣



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# IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

## *Delicious Dionne*

I just had to write in admiration of Dionne (Vol 22 No 3). She is simply mind-blowing: lovely long legs, big firm boobs, a superbly rounded bum and the cutest pussy I've ever seen. And she looked even better in her sexy green underwear!

But why are so many of the pictures so small? Why do you cram so many onto a page? You ought to select the horniest shots and then blow them up really big – just one picture on each page, or a double page spread. – *Geoffrey, Orpington*

*You fool. If we put all the pictures over a whole page we'd have to devote a whole issue to Dionne alone – come to think of it, that wouldn't be such a bad idea. But what about cute Cathy, curvy Cindy and gorgeous Grace, eh? Or are you saying you want to see* fewer *sexy snaps of those girls? If so, Geoffrey, buy* Homes and Gardens. *By the way, are you the one off* Rainbow*? – The Ed*

## *Double Action*

You might think this a bit of an odd thing to talk about with your partner, but my girlfriend, Vicky, and I were having a heart to heart the other day and finally ended up admitting we both fantasized about the same thing – her fucking a couple of men while I watched!

"I thought you'd mind if I asked you outright," she laughed.

"Not at all," I grinned back. "I think that's about the horniest idea I've ever heard." And with that we set about planning our sexy adventure.

We decided that the best place to meet a couple of likely lads would be our local nightclub, so that Friday we dressed our best and made our way into town.

Well, the way Vicky looked that evening in her tight white mini-skirt it didn't take her long to find a couple of fellas more than eager to have some fun. After a bit of explaining, they agreed to come back to the flat with us at the end of the night.

At about two in the morning, all four of us staggered out and grabbed the nearest taxi, and once back at the flat, put the coffee on and made ourselves comfy in the lounge. The boys introduced themselves as Paul and Lee, and as Vicky squeezed herself in between them, I settled back in my armchair for the show of a lifetime.

"I hope you two aren't going to fight over who starts where," she whispered as she ran a hand over each of their bulges. "But I want you, Paul, to fuck me in the mouth and shoot right down my throat and you, Lee, to stick that fat cock of yours right up my cunt."

I couldn't tell who was getting more turned on, the boys or myself, but as Vicky peeled their flies down simultaneously and released their pricks, it looked like a pretty even race!

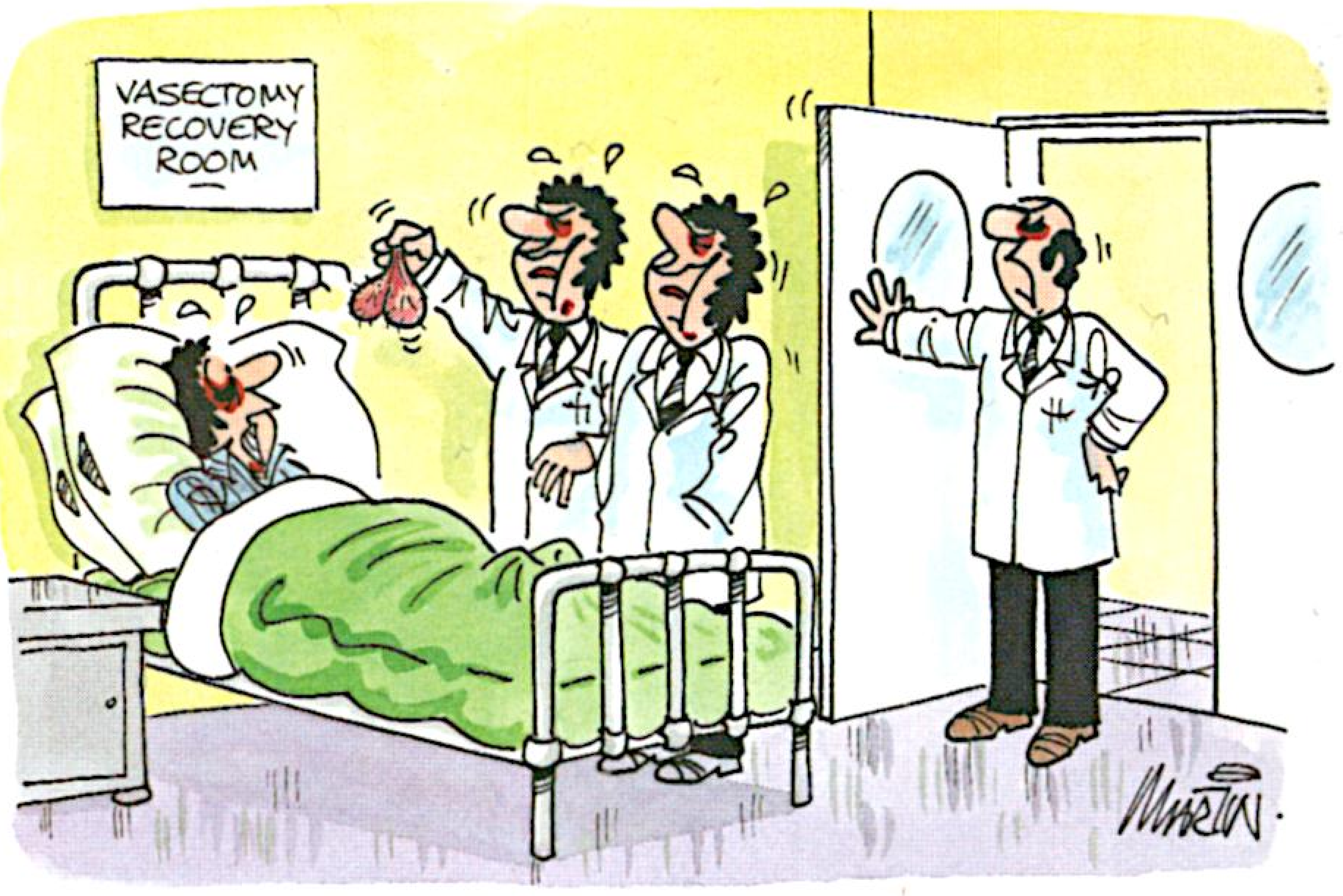
Vicky stood up and with one fluid movement stepped out of her dress and kicked her shoes across the floor. Standing with her legs splayed open, she bent her head down over Paul's crotch.

"Are you ready for this, lover?" she cooed. He barely managed a nod as the tip of her tongue ran over his helmet. "I want you to promise you'll come in my mouth. Will you promise me that? I want to taste every drop of your come..." and with that she grabbed him with one hand and parted her lips, sucking his tip slowly before taking as much into the back of her throat as she could, which was about three quarters of his hard, shining tool, occasionally fingering herself with her free hand.

At this point, Lee snapped himself out of his trance and stood up, ripping his shirt off and frantically undoing his belt. Getting behind her, he held onto her hips and paused as his knob teased her juicy pussy lips.

"Oh yes!" she gasped, pulling her flushed face off Paul's nearly bursting cock. "Fuck me, baby! Come on!" and with a groan she returned to the glistening shaft she was servicing. Then slowly, Lee eased his cock into Vicky, almost lifting her off the floor as his balls finally nestled against the opening of her pussy. He pulled out, and then gently sank back into her. The bastard was teasing her as much as possible but she loved every minute of it, especially when he began to pick up his pace and start thrusting long, powerful lunges into her.

Vicky squirmed her bum round and round, searching for more of that cock of



*"Dr. Randall! Dr. Webb! I've told you before not to tease the patients with those joke rubber testicles!"*

## PLUG! PLUG! PLUG!

**Long before Roger Moore, long before Julio Iglesias, and even before Bodie and Doyle there walked the earth a man of such style and poise women either hurled themselves bodily at him or swooned in his arms. A crime fighting author whose trademark was large collars and cuffs, and an even larger moustache. Any guesses?**

**Well, if you've ever seen the television series of the same name, you'll know it's the one and only Jason King (played by Peter Wyngarde); the suave, debonair man-about-town who travelled the world in the early Seventies researching material for his latest novel, armed only with a cocktail and a cravat. Dammit, this man wore jewellery in bed and ate in *bistros*.**

**Well, as not nearly enough of you have heard of him, those high priests of style at ITC have repackaged six of the original episodes on video, so now you can relax in the comfort of your wicker armchair and enjoy the beauty of a programme where the budgets went on Mr King's wonderful purple housecoats and brown suede shirts instead of the sets.**

**Don't believe us? Then just watch out for the episodes set 'abroad'; a couple of potted palm trees being waved about while old library footage**

Lee's. Well, by now *my* cock was out and I was wanking like crazy at this three-way fuck going on before my very eyes! Vicky then beckoned for me to come over.

I stood near her as she grabbed my pole with one hand and did the wanking for me. I'd never felt so horny in my life, I know my dick was harder and bigger than it'd ever been, and if you've ever been wanked by your naked girlfriend while she was being fucked by two guys, you'd know what I mean!

None of us could keep this up for long and as Vicky stood up on tiptoe and moaned that she was coming, we all let go. I could see Paul's cock twitch as he spunked into Vicki's mouth, raising his bum off the sofa to force as much as he could down her. And was she loving it! She rolled her head from side to side, moaning with lust as she gulped mouthful after mouthful.

Meanwhile Lee gave her pussy the same treatment as he pulled her closer and shot his load. But instead of just holding himself in there he whipped his cock out and sprayed her pert bum cheeks with his thick, white come. That bloke couldn't have had a shag for a year! It was like someone turning on a hose the amount he came, spurting

*continued on page 13*

**of flamingos taking off flickers in the background is obviously South America, and the same backdrop but with a studio hand prodding a rhino horn against the bouncing sides of a studio-bound Land Rover is clearly Africa. Wonderful stuff.**

**The man smoked and drank constantly, drove a Roller, went to bed with every beauty on hand and even had a cleaning woman who worked in her bikini ("We have an arrangement..." he casually explained to a bemused girlfriend). And when accused of drinking too much, he merely replied, "Why, thank you..."**

**Buy these videos before you buy your lunch. ♣**

# barbara

**Photographs by**
**Denys DeFrancesco**

*Some people were born beautiful, while the rest of us just try and hang around with them. So why then does the lovely Barbara here work out when she already has a body most women would sell their husbands for?*

*"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," grinned the 19-year-old stunner from Chelsea. "But I had to join a health club or I'd just sit in every night with my boyfriend."*

*You mean you'd both just innocently sit there and never get up to anything?*

*"Well, no, to tell the truth, I had to join to give him a break. We were making love so much he could hardly walk in a straight line the next morning. So now I spend most of my energy pumping iron — instead of pumping him!"* ♣

# BACK IN THE USA

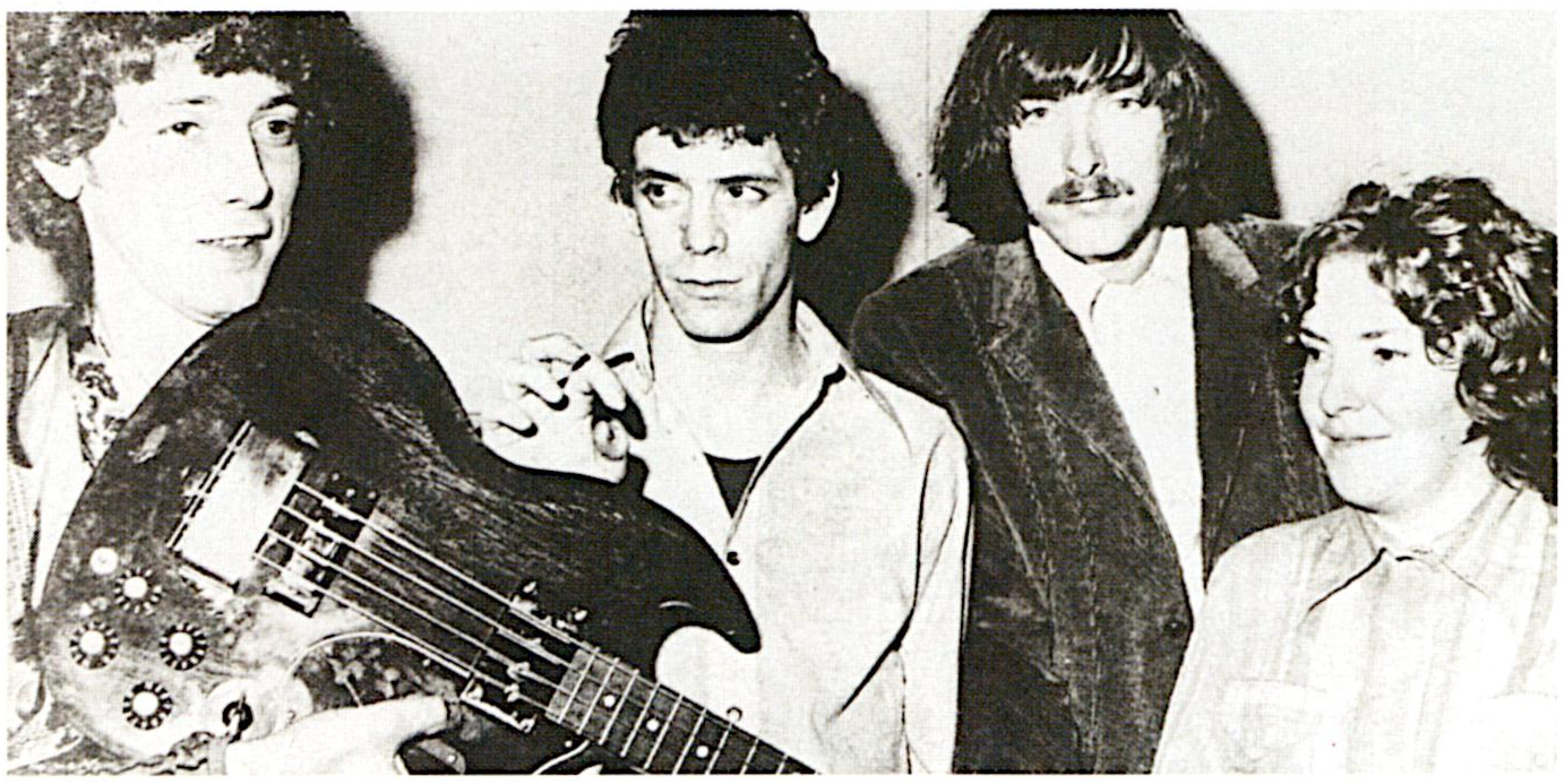
When the top pop people talk, who do you think is listening behind the door? Why, **James T Bone** of course...

Fortunes seem to be changing for former Smiths singer and all-round miserable git, **Morrissey**. The last few months have seen him chastised in the music press over his alleged flirtation with right wing imagery and the publication of a damaging biography – *The Severed Alliance* – that led Mozzer to say that he hoped the author, Johnny Rogan, "would die horribly in a motorway pile-up". Added to that, two of his ex-colleagues in The Smiths are taking him to court in a dispute over lost earnings. All suitably depressing stuff.

But pop is a fickle thing, and the whingeing one seems in danger of becoming – gulp – *popular*. In the States, at least. He recently sold out New York's Shea Stadium quicker than The Beatles did, and his coast-to-coast tour of the country has been playing to audiences of over 15,000 hysterically unhappy fans every night. In-store signings for his latest album, *Your Arsenal*, have seen jostling crowds of up to 2,000 gathering for the privilege of seeing him tap-dance and crack a few jokes.

Christ, even Prince is getting in on the act. At the recent Grammy Awards ceremony in Los Angeles – where *Your Arsenal* was nominated for Best LP – Prince expressed a keen interest in meeting His Mozness. On the day however, a dose of flu prevented Morrissey from attending, but the meeting is still on the cards with the happy couple planning to work on future projects together. Innit sweet?

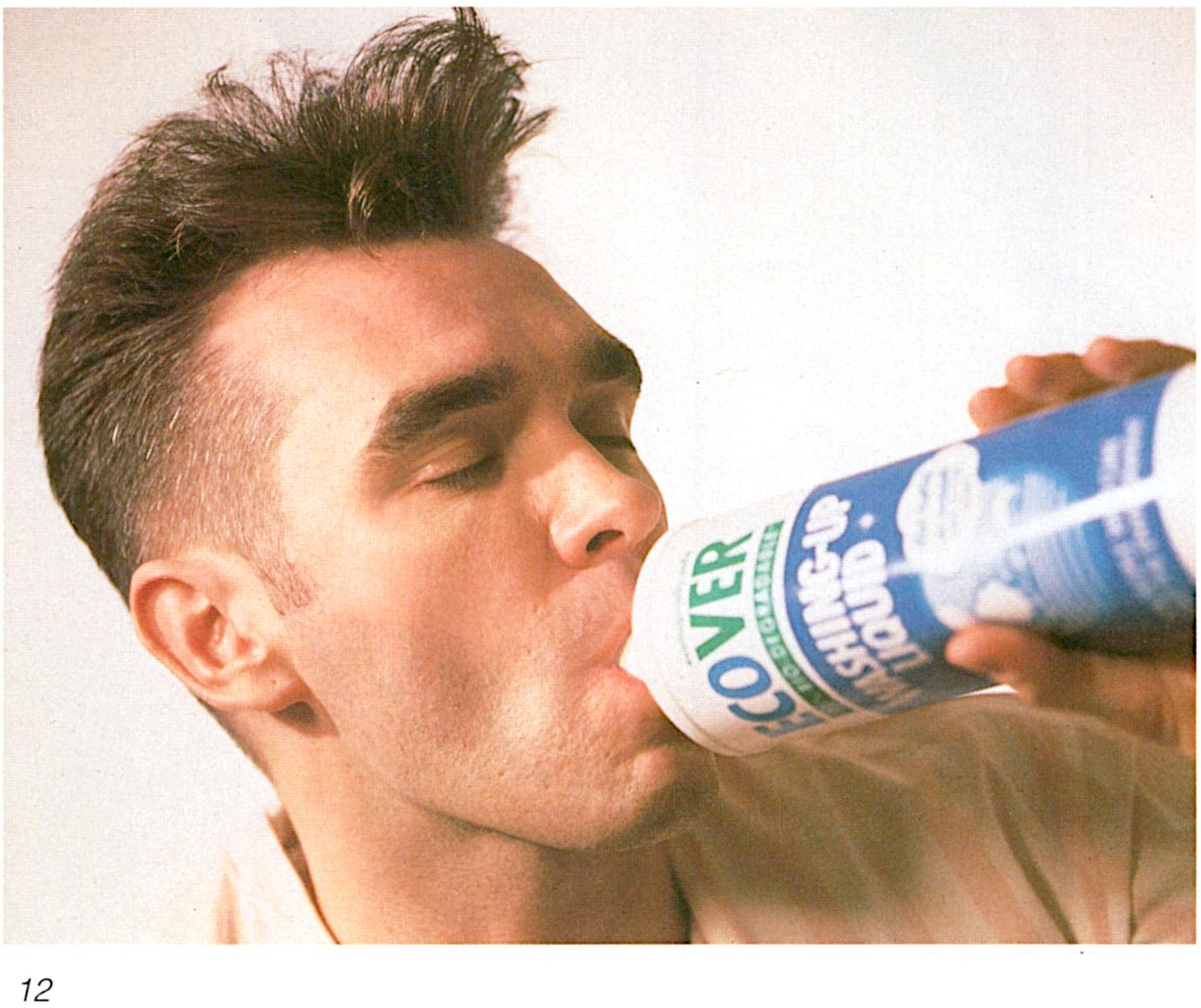
And what's the best thing that dear ol' Blighty can offer Morrissey? Six concerts in the summer as the new singer for The Undertones who are to reform, that's what. Not surprisingly he declined the offer, and was last seen Stateside having a belly laugh at our expense. But just remember, kids: John Lennon shunned England for America in similar circumstances... and look what happened to him. You have been warned.



*Lock up your grandmothers! – **The Velvet Underground** are in town*

***New Order**: The disco assassins that ate Salford?*

● Now, if you were working as the captain of a tugboat in the Persian Gulf, what would be your next career move? Ice cream seller in the Artic Circle, maybe? Well, if your name is Sterling Morrison, then you'd simply call up your mates Lou Reed, John Cale and Moe Tucker and get your old band back together for a few gigs. Which is exactly what's happening at Wembley Arena in London on June 6th when the original line-up of the **Velvet Underground** will play a



***Stephen Patrick Morrissey** (left) and **Prince Rogers Nelson** (above): A Peters and Lee for the Nineties?*

whole concert together for the first time in 24 years.

Just remember, kids; old rock and rollers never die– they just reform two decades later to milk an entire new generation of their hard earned moolah.

● Funniest story of the month comes courtesy of Seventies supergroup, **ELO**. They recently clashed with the Reverend Ian Paisley of the Democratic Unionist Party after bible bashing councillors turned down their request to play a concert in Ballymena, County Antrim. Quite unbelievably, Mr Paisley accused the group of playing 'Satan's music' and tried to get them banned from the town.

Eventually, he was forced to back down after being told that his argument – 'All rock music is the devil's music' – would be laughed out of court. A few days later ELO announced that the opening date of their European tour will be held in... yes, you've guessed, the rock and roll capital of the world, Ballymena, County Antrim. Fuckin' priceless, eh?

● Ooops! Award Part 2: Can you believe that the release of the new single by **Dogs D'Amour** was held up because the silly fuckers actually doused the master tapes in port and brandy and set them alight (Phew... rock and roll, eh?) thinking that they were useless out-takes! Stupid bastards.

● Mind you, if the Dogs are really the hardened rockers that they make out, then Gillian Gilbert and Stephen Morris of **New Order** are the antithesis. In a recent magazine interview they admitted that they are "more likely to tidy up a hotel room than trash it." Jesus, I bet they're both tucked up in bed before nine o'clock, eat their greens and help old ladies across the road as well.

● Finally, can anyone tell me why the **NME** – who've had their tongues firmly up Suede's arse for the last eight months – only gave their debut album a measly 7 out of 10? Could the Suede backlash be just around the corner? Mmm, let's hope so – bloody, long-haired ponces... See ya' next month. ♣

# PROBE WITH GUS

Club's new investigative series highlights The Mystery Of The Disappearing Fivers. Your reporter is **Gus Ardwonderbra**...

**It's strange, it's spooky – and it's a scandal. It's an extraordinary phenomenon that all of us have at some time experienced. No, not driving through Streatham, but realising we've just witnessed another case of the vanishing fiver...**

BANK of ENGLAND
FIVE Pounds

**According to our in-depth research, Vanishing Fiver Syndrome normally occurs on a Friday night. You start off with a bundle of notes in your pocket, yet come the morning you're fumbling through nothing but a handful of 2p pieces and bus tickets.**

**The conclusion is inescapable. An evil genius has constructed a worldwide organisation, probably called SMERSH or SHTUPP or something, dedicated to nicking fivers from the pockets of drunk people on Friday nights.**

**To penetrate this mystery further, I went out myself on a Friday night, armed only with a roll of fivers, one hell of a thirst and a hard-on. After drinking excessively, buying five rounds for a couple of lovely girls from Leeds, getting a kebab, jumping on the train down to Brighton for last orders and spending the night with a floozie in a hotel, I found I had absolutely nothing left. Irrefutable evidence that the evil genius has struck again.**

**If you want to avoid such a catastrophe happening to you in future, and help defeat the forces of darkness and international crime, send in your fivers to me, care of Club. I'll take very good care of them. Honest.**

***Join us next month when we ask why Pot Noodles are still being made and look at the new film version of the Highway Code, starring Chuck Norris and Marlon Brando.*** ♣

# IN THE BAG

*continued from page 4*

away like there was no tomorrow.

Finally I spunked too, coming all over her hand. We eventually came down to earth, and as the boys got dressed and made their sheepish goodbyes, Vicki and I went to bed for another session.

Although we haven't met Paul or Lee since that night we're determined to do the same again soon. It was amazing! – *Nigel, Hemel Hempstead*

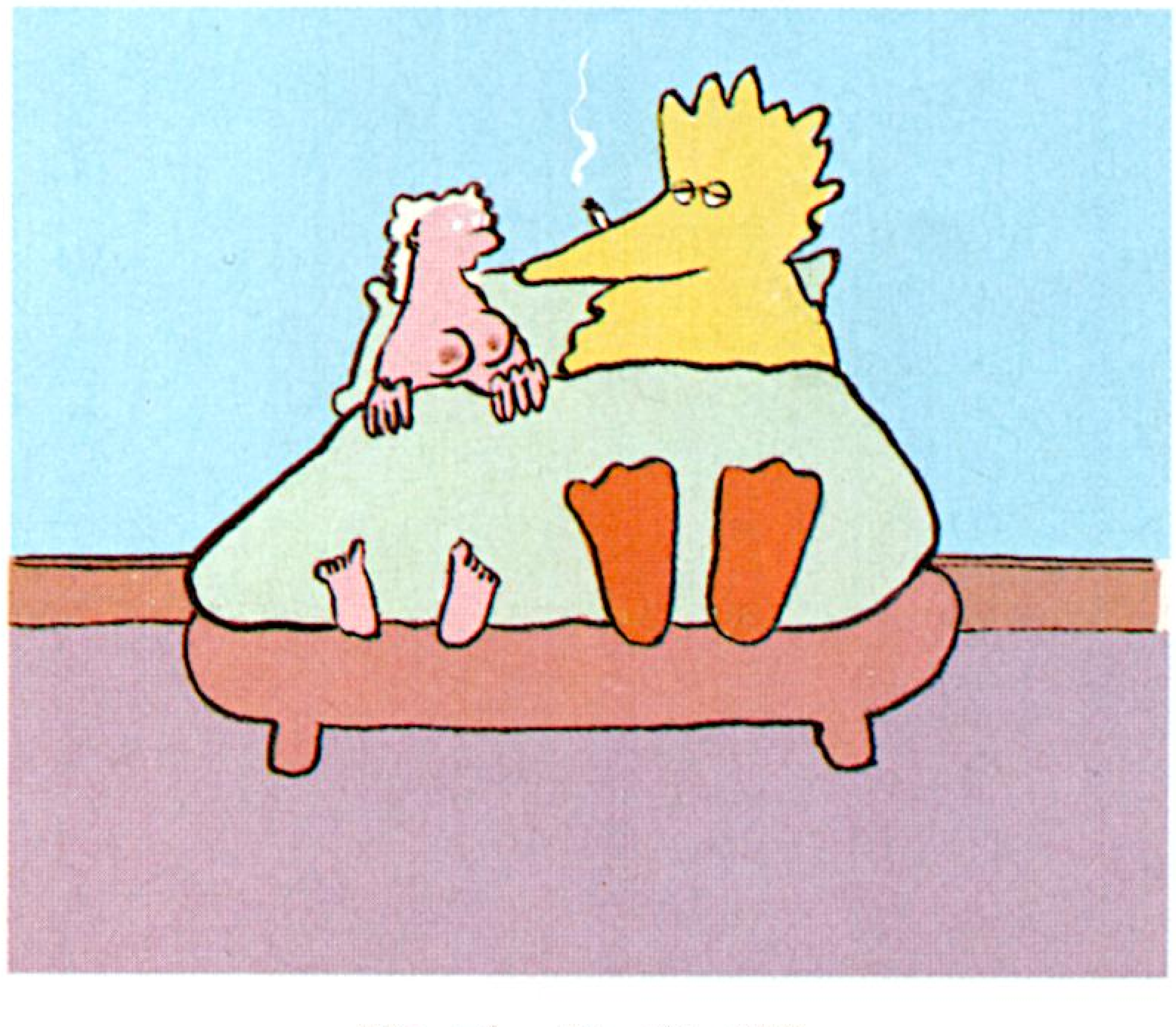
## Quick Learner

My name's Dave and in September last year I became a University student, a move which changed my life – and more importantly my sex life. I'm 19 years old, and until a few weeks ago I was a virgin.

To be honest, I was very naive and my sexual activities had been limited to a few fumblings at parties and in the back row of the cinema.

Luckily, my fortunes changed when I went out for a drink with John, a guy who's on the same course as me. He's older than I am, and I hoped that we might get chatting to a few girls while we were out together.

As we knocked back cheap pints in the Uni bar, John started to talk quite frankly about the problems he was having with his girlfriend, Janine. "Truth is, she's a raving nymphomaniac, Dave. I just can't keep up with her, and she says she wants to get another man to help her out. How do you fancy the job, mate?"



*"Not* the *Big Bird?"*

I laughed out loud, then when I got my senses back, I realised he wasn't joking! "Well, what does she look like?" I asked. He opened up his wallet and showed me a photograph of Janine on a bike. She was a stunner! Long, blonde hair, long legs and pert tits. But it was her arse spread over the saddle that I really noticed.

"She's beautiful – you're on, John!" I told him. We fixed a date for Friday night. When I got to his flat he led me into the living room and offered me a beer.

"Now just sit here, Dave," he said. "I'll be watching you through the serving hatch from the kitchen." Then he left me alone.

A few seconds later the door opened and in walked Janine. She looked absolutely incredible. She was dressed in black stilettos, red fishnet stockings, a black leather mini-skirt and a black satin shirt. "Don't get out of the chair," she whispered. "And

*continued on page 30*

# IN AND OUT

**Terence Trendy's** spring style selection

| IN | OUT |
|---|---|
| short skirts | long skirts |
| underarm hair | shaved pits |
| bubble perms | long hair |
| glasses | contact lenses |
| silk | satin |
| body stockings | corsets |
| nose rings | ear rings |
| birthday suits | dinner suits |
| pith helmets | baseball caps ♣ |

### SHE'S ALL YOURS!

# Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Any girls out there reading this will know how hard it is to find something really nice to wear. I mean, do you go out in something nice, something tarty, or something nice and tarty? And would you boys mind if I tried a few things on in front of you?

Now, that's what I thought! So after coming out of the shower I rummaged through my drawers and decided I'd start off with a nice pair of sheer black stockings and a bright red bra and knickers. But then I thought, I've worn that before and you lot out there will only want something different, won't you?

So then I squeezed into my tightest black 50s style silk slip, complete with suspenders and matching bra and felt rather sexy. But that hardly showed all of me off, so I eventually decided upon my favourite basque, topping it off with the sheerest white stockings and highest white heels.

Perfect! It was tight enough to show off my curves, in fact so tight I had to start taking it off again! Back to square one, but somehow I didn't think any of you would really mind...

Lucy x

**If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.**

# LETTERS TO Lucy

**Dear Lucy,**
You have to be my favourite girl in Club, especially as we keep seeing you in something a bit more imaginative than just a boring old bikini!

But now summer's here, how about trying something sporty and dressing up as a tennis player? With your lovely long, tanned legs topped off with one of those short white skirts, you'd be the star of *Quimbledon*!

In my fantasy, you whack the ball and it hits me just where it hurts. But before I can say a word you leap over the net and kiss everything better, if you know what I mean! So how about it? I'd love to see you in the mixed doubles too! — *Robert, Liverpool*

*Now there's a coincidence, because only last week I was playing a couple of sets at my local club, and as I was showering myself off afterwards, I wondered if any of you fellas would like to see me all hot and sweaty, then all hot and steamy and soapy.*

*I needn't have wondered for long, though, because I'd gone into the men's changing room by mistake.*

*Believe me, unless you've been rubbed down by six naked men you haven't lived!*

**Dear Lucy,**
What a cracker you looked last month! I suppose a test of real beauty is whether you can look good wearing anything, even a serving maid's outfit, and did you pass that test!

Having said that, you did look even better when you took it all off — I only wish I was there to help you do it!

What was going through your mind when you were all dolled up like that? — *Leo, Manchester*

*First of all, thank you for that lovely compliment, it's always good to hear you're still turning 'em on!*

*And as for what I was thinking, well; I couldn't help but imagine I was working away in my Inne when Robin Hood and all his Merry Men trooped in for a nibble.*

*I could just picture them all asking me to entertain the lot of them. I'd be rubbing Robin, carrying on with Marion and finding out if Little John really was. And I couldn't tell you what would've happened with Friar Tuck...* ♣

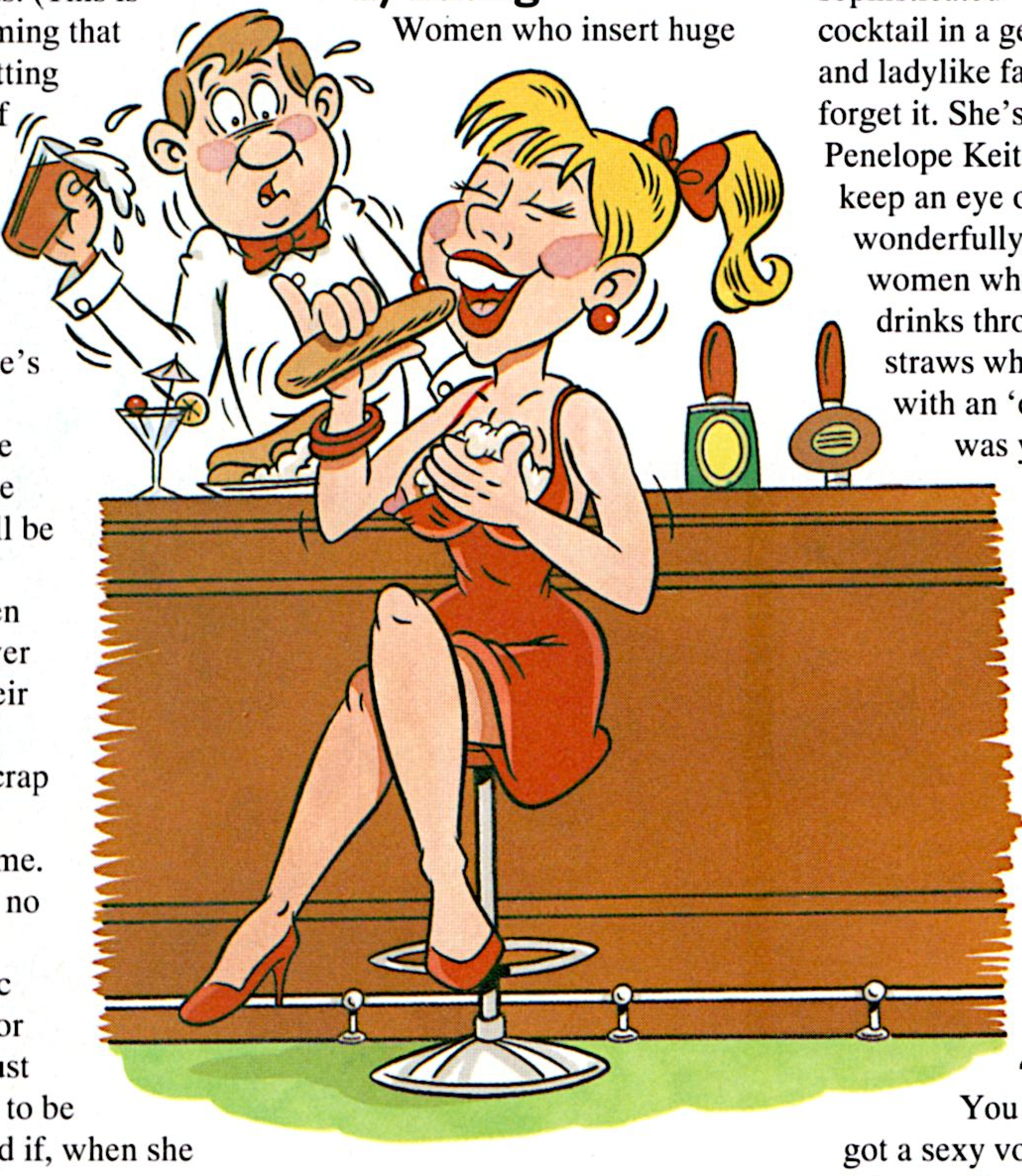
# WOMEN WATCHING

Can you tell at a glance whether a woman is a nympho? Body language expert **Barnaby Street** reckons he can. Mind you, so does the Ed, and he hasn't had it for weeks...

## *1) Sitting*

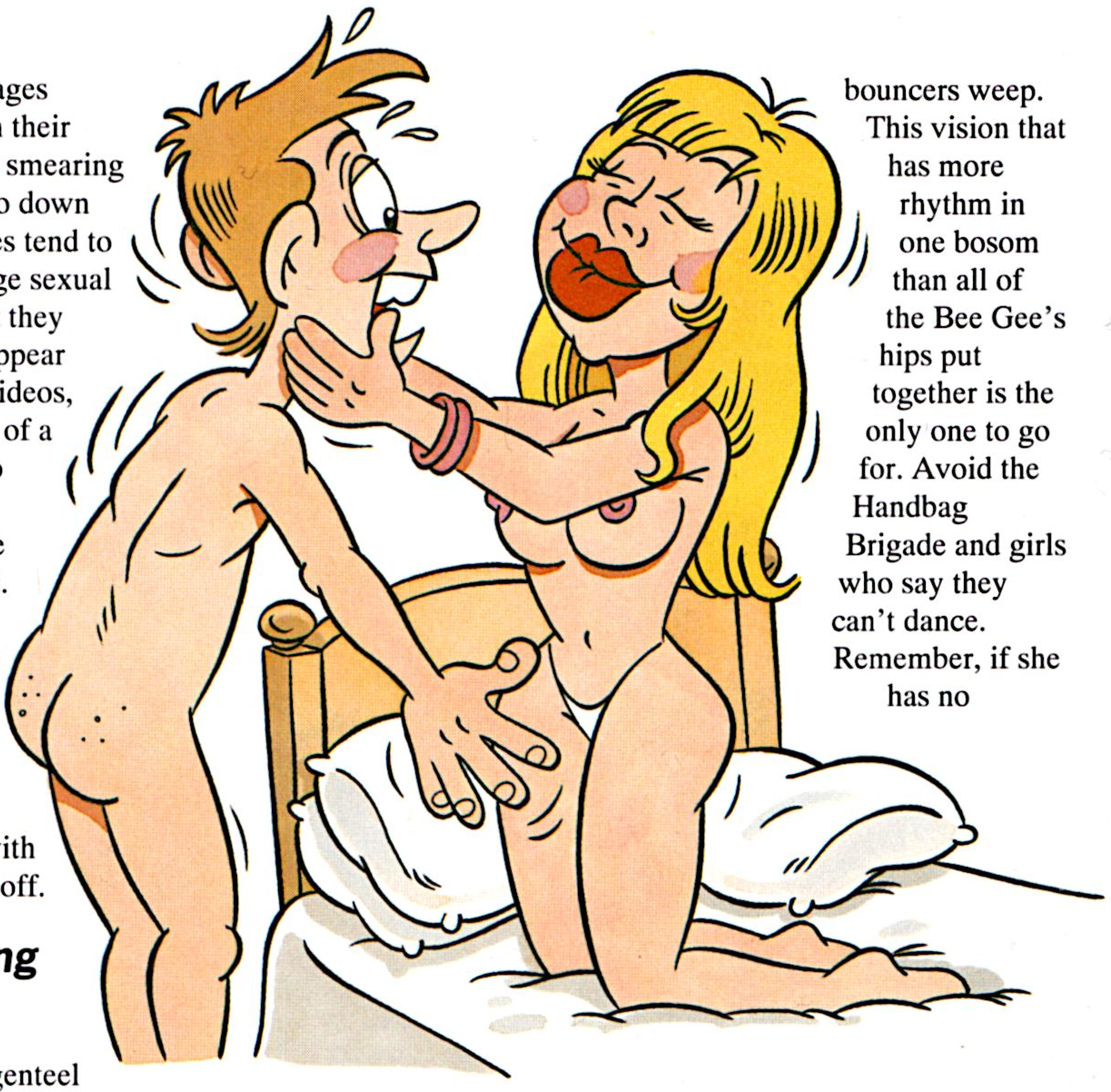
If a woman crosses her legs when she sees you, then it's a definite sign she fancies you rotten. Or that she's laddered her tights. (This is all assuming that she is sitting down, of course. If a woman crosses her legs when she's walking down the street she may well be drunk.)

Women who never cross their legs are always crap in bed, believe me. There is no known scientific reason for this, it just happens to be true. And if, when she splays her thighs, the entire bar stool disappears from view, then it's wise to avoid her completely.



## *2) Eating*

Women who insert huge German sausages seductively in their mouths while smearing mashed potato down their cleavages tend to have very large sexual appetites. But they also tend to appear in naff rude videos, which is a bit of a drawback. Go for ones who eat a lot of ice lollies instead. Women to avoid like the plague are ones that like watercress, scones and sandwiches with the crusts cut off.



## *3) Drinking*

If she sips a sophisticated cocktail in a genteel and ladylike fashion, then forget it. She's probably Penelope Keith. Instead, keep an eye out for those wonderfully wanton women who suck their drinks through long straws while fixing you with an 'oh if only this was your dick' stare. And keep both eyes out for the ones who gently caress the neck of your beer bottle with their tongues while rubbing both nipples with ice cubes.

## *4) Talking*

You know she's got a sexy voice when you're too far away to hear what she's actually saying, but the balls of the barman explode and grown men nearby start melting like candles too close to the fire. On the other hand, there's nothing worse than some stunning goddess shattering her image of ice cool beauty by opening her gob and talking like Mandy off *Eastenders*, or even worse, Frank Butcher. They go like the clappers, mind, so it may be worth bunging in the earplugs and having a pop anyway.

## *5) Walking*

There you are, walking down the street, and in front of you is a bum with a movement finer than a Rolex and legs that are so long if the ground wasn't there they'd go on forever. Heaven. However, these frequently belong to women who have faces like Ben Elton, so just for once don't speed up and walk past her: be content with marvelling at a figure that could part your hair from twenty paces and make a priest kick a hole in a stained glass window. It must be bizarre being a woman who can walk through life only ever hearing the sound of cars crashing into lamp-posts behind her and men looking at their wives then bursting into tears.

## *6) Dancing*

As the crowd parts you see her there, alone on the dance floor, moving her body in a way that even makes the bouncers weep. This vision that has more rhythm in one bosom than all of the Bee Gee's hips put together is the only one to go for. Avoid the Handbag Brigade and girls who say they can't dance. Remember, if she has no rhythm standing up she'll have none lying down either.

## *7) Kissing*

How often have you held the girl of your dreams close to you, pursed your lips and then moved nearer, only to open your eyes in a dark, wet cavern called the inside of her mouth? Kissing some girls is like having two wet inner tubes fighting over your face, while other girls give you a tight, dry little peck like a bloody parrot's beak. Somewhere between being drowned and being prodded to death is the ideal.

## HOW TO GIVE A WOMAN AN ORGASM

**If anyone has the faintest idea how to achieve the above, then please drop us a line at the usual address and we'll fill in this space next month. Cheers... ♣**

## *8) Sleeping*

Bit of a tricky one this. Girls who snuggle up to you are terribly sweet *and* quite sexy at the same time, but not quite as rampant as the ones who steal the duvet and lie sprawled on their backs in the middle of the bed. It all depends whether God's own shag or a good night's sleep is more important to you. Silly question, really...

Girls with a snore as loud as a lawnmower being dragged over a corrugated iron roof may have an adenoid problem, which will interfere with their blowjob capabilities. Avoid.

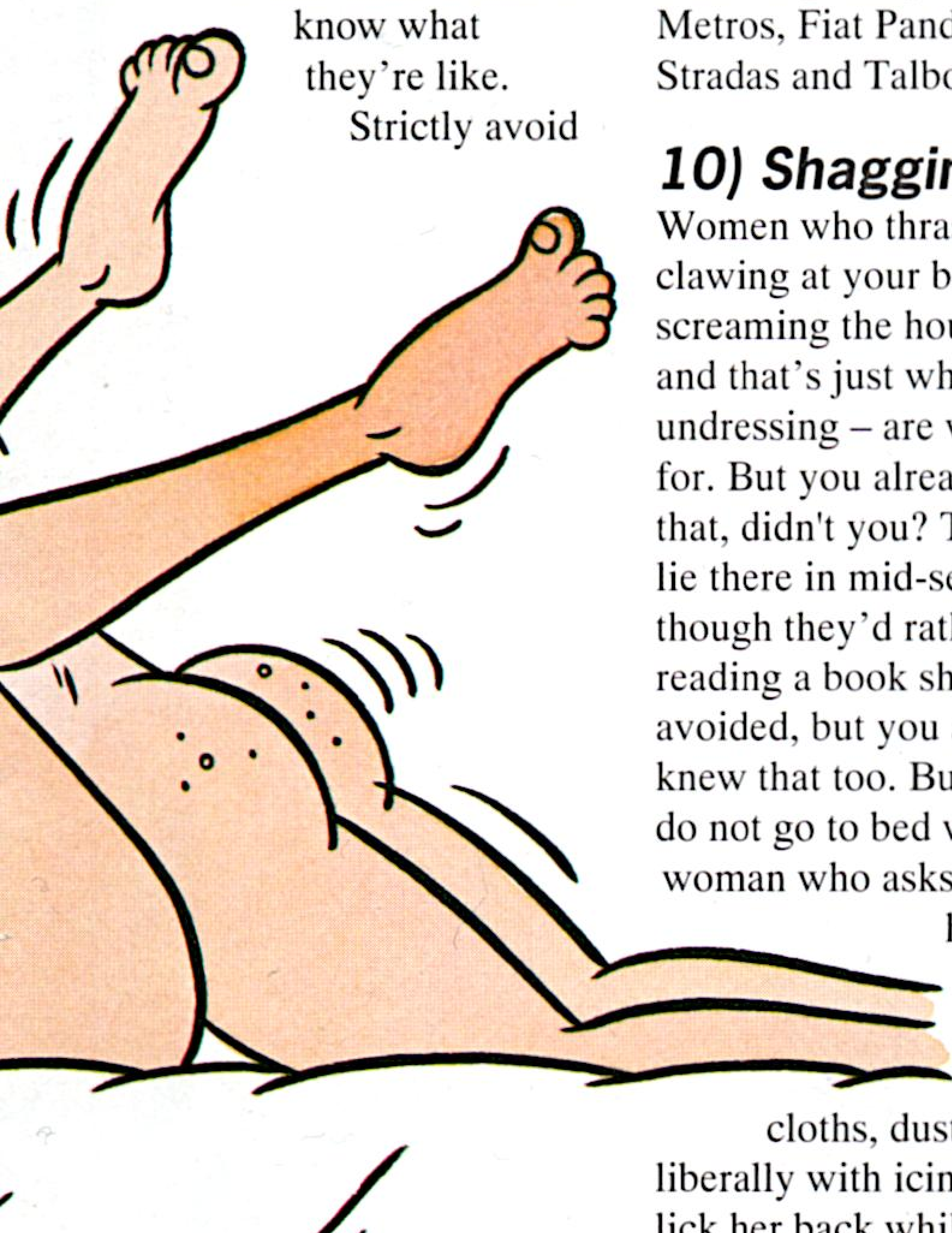
Girls who get up and make breakfast for you only exist in films, not in real life, so don't be too disappointed if the only thing you get in the morning is a soggy towel after she's spent an hour in the bathroom and a sink that's now clogged up with blonde hair.

## *9) Driving*

Girls in open top sports cars who grab hold of the gearstick and play with it while doing ninety are nymphos. Unfortunately they don't live long. Aggressive driving in general indicates a liking for woman-on-top sex, while women who drive Beetles and Morris Minors tend to prefer it from behind.

Look out for girls who can park: not because they're great in bed, just because I've never met one and I'd like to know what they're like.

Strictly avoid any woman who drives the following: rusty white Metros, Fiat Pandas, Unos or Stradas and Talbot Solaras.

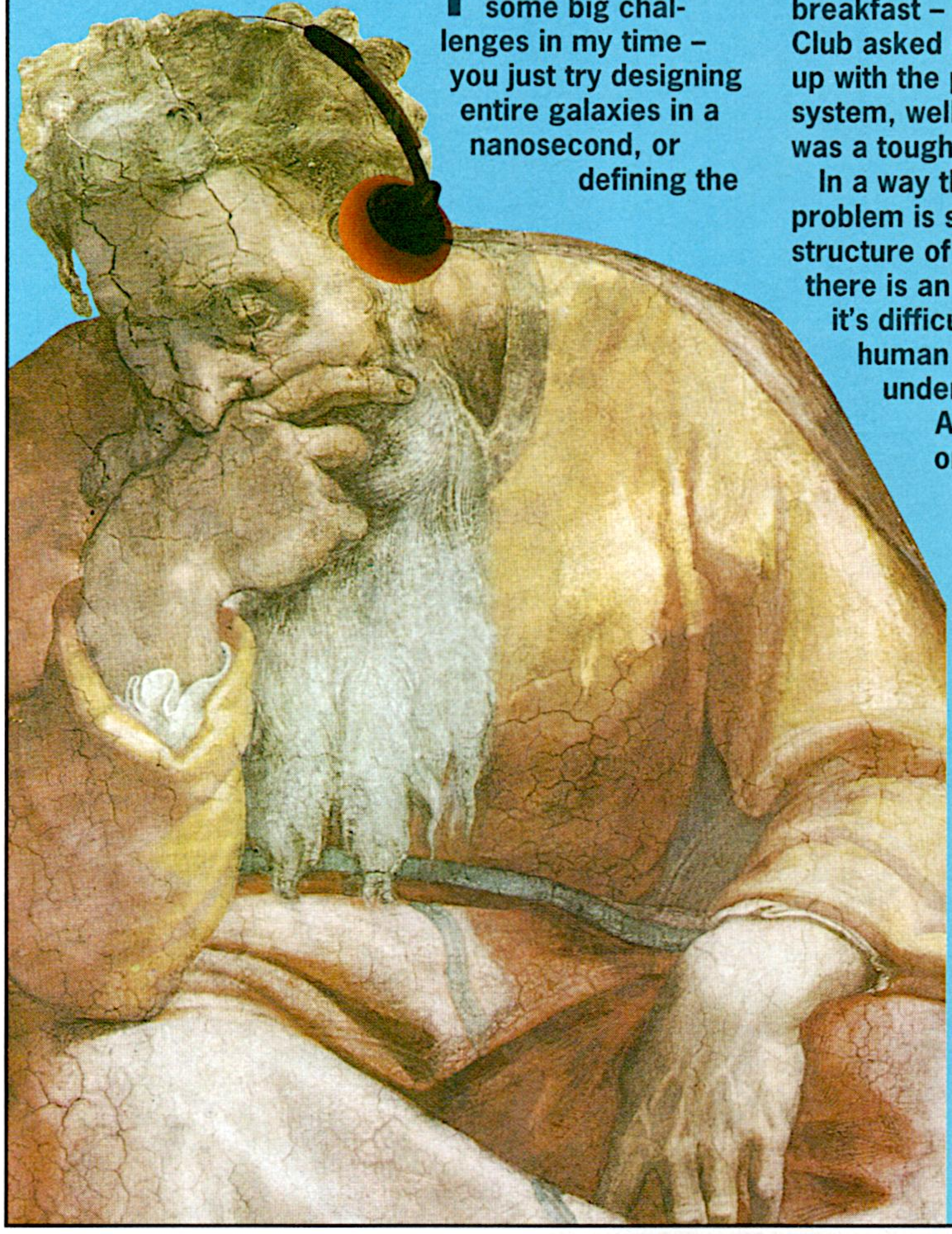


## *10) Shagging*

Women who thrash around, clawing at your back and screaming the house down – and that's just while you're undressing – are worth dying for. But you already knew that, didn't you? Those who lie there in mid-session as though they'd rather be reading a book should be avoided, but you already knew that too. But at all costs do not go to bed with a woman who asks you to tie her to the kitchen table with dishcloths, dust her liberally with icing sugar and lick her back while vigorously spanking her bottom. She's my girlfriend, chum – just you go out and get your own, okay? ♣

## HI-FI TIPS WITH GOD ALMIGHTY

In our last helping of celebrity handy hints, tweak those tweeters with hi-fi expert and creator of the cosmos, **God**...



I've had to face some big challenges in my time – you just try designing entire galaxies in a nanosecond, or defining the true nature of evil before breakfast – but when Club asked me to come up with the perfect hi-fi system, well that really was a toughie!

In a way the hi-fi problem is similar to the structure of infinity – there is an answer, but it's difficult for the human mind to understand it.

A lot depends on your choice of listening. For instance, if you are intending to enjoy the latest New Order album, *Republic* – I really got into this a couple of years ago, well before it was made of course – a Nad is a must. In fact, I specifically designed Bernie Sumner's guitar sound to fit this system.

If, on the other hand, you like Gregorian plainchant (can't stand the stuff myself, but there you go), a Bang & Olufsen turntable with Blaupunkt speakers is more applicable.

Then there's the great philosophical debate – CD or not CD? As one of the older generation, I will always feel sentimentally attached to vinyl, but CD technology undeniably gives the most faithful reproduction currently available. Of course, if I want a Tchaikovsky piano concerto I can always give big T a bell and he'll nip up and play it for me, so why should I give a toss?

The real message is, don't waste billions of quid on some trendy black box with knobs on it: get a crap Amstrad tower system and give what you've saved to charity. That way you might stand a chance of joining me up here.

As my good pal James T Bone would say: 'Yo – keep the faith, cats!' – *God* ♣

## THE POINTLESS BIT

Pack your bags, grow some udders on your back and sleep with last Tuesday, as Ten Pointless Things To Do goes on holiday...

1) As you walk down the steps from the plane, smile and wave to a non-existent crowd and warmly shake the hands of bemused customs officials.

2) Upon checking into your hotel, promptly pay the bill and leave.

3) Hire a car and then go everywhere by bike.

4) Go for a swim in the hotel pool, then angrily demand to see the manager and ask for a refund as you're now completely soaked.

5) Stand on the beach with your hands on your hips shouting the theme tune to *Match of the Day.*

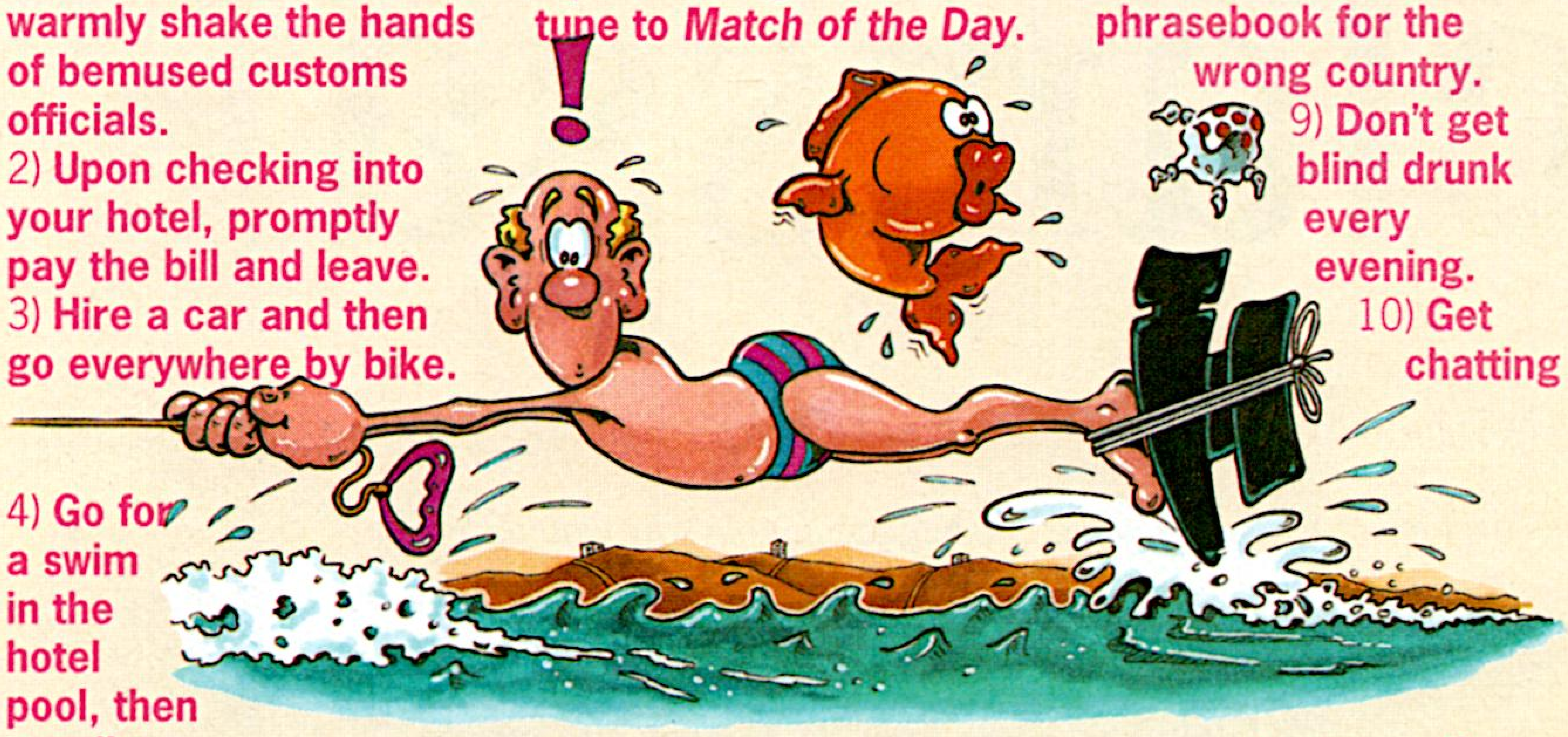
6) Put an ancient ruin between two slices of toast for a very tasty historical breakfast.

7) Go waterskiing with anvils instead of skis.

8) Deliberately bring a phrasebook for the wrong country.

9) Don't get blind drunk every evening.

10) Get chatting to some other British people and give them your address in Britain. ♣



**Photographs by**
**Maria Clarke**

# clarissa

*It's been far too long since the sensuous and sexy shape of Clarissa has appeared in Club. We asked her, we begged her, so why wouldn't she come back sooner?*

*"Oh, it's not that I didn't want to," sighs the naughty 19-year-old. "But I'm a dancer on a cruise liner for six months of the year, and I've only just come back."*

*Fair enough, but what about us? Your loyal fans that have had to go without that sexy 36-23-34 body for nearly six months! Have you no heart, Clarissa?*

*"Well, I would've been here sooner only the captain wouldn't let me off the ship until I'd seen how his anchor sits in his hold, or something. Anyway, he offered me a drink and before I knew it we were having a stiff one below deck and a jolly roger to boot!*

*"And then there was getting through the strip search at customs..."*♣

# IN THE BAG

*continued from page 13*

don't touch your cock... that's all for me." I was dumbfounded.

Janine stood in front of me and began to take off her clothes. She unbuttoned her shirt, revealing her bra and then she eased down the zip of her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Her hands smoothed over her bum and then without hesitation she whipped off her g-string and walked towards me. "What do you think?" she asked.

Before I had the chance to answer, Janine sat down beside me and unbuttoned my shirt. Her hands ran over my chest, then she moved to the top of my jeans and started to undo the zip. Her eyes widened as she started to reach her hands inside, then she pulled my trousers down around my knees and grasped my cock in both hands. "What have we here?" she giggled, then she moved her mouth down to my crotch and started to lick my helmet.

My cock was the hardest it had ever been, and I thought I was going to come on the spot as Janine ran her tongue up and down my erect shaft, gently lapping at my balls.

Then just as I was sure I was about to shoot my load, Janine pulled away and led me by the hand to the middle of the room. "Get out of your clothes," she ordered, and I quickly finished undressing as Janine lay down on the floor. "Fuck me," she urged.

I moved onto the floor on top of Janine and she held my cock and guided it into her, grabbing my bum and pulling me right inside her. "That's it, David," she purred. "Fuck me nice and hard." I began long slow thrusts, almost pulling right out of her, before powering back deep inside her. Janine loved this and was screaming loudly as she neared orgasm.

Suddenly she reached down and pulled my cock out of her cunt and then flipped over onto all fours. "Fuck me from behind, David," she said.

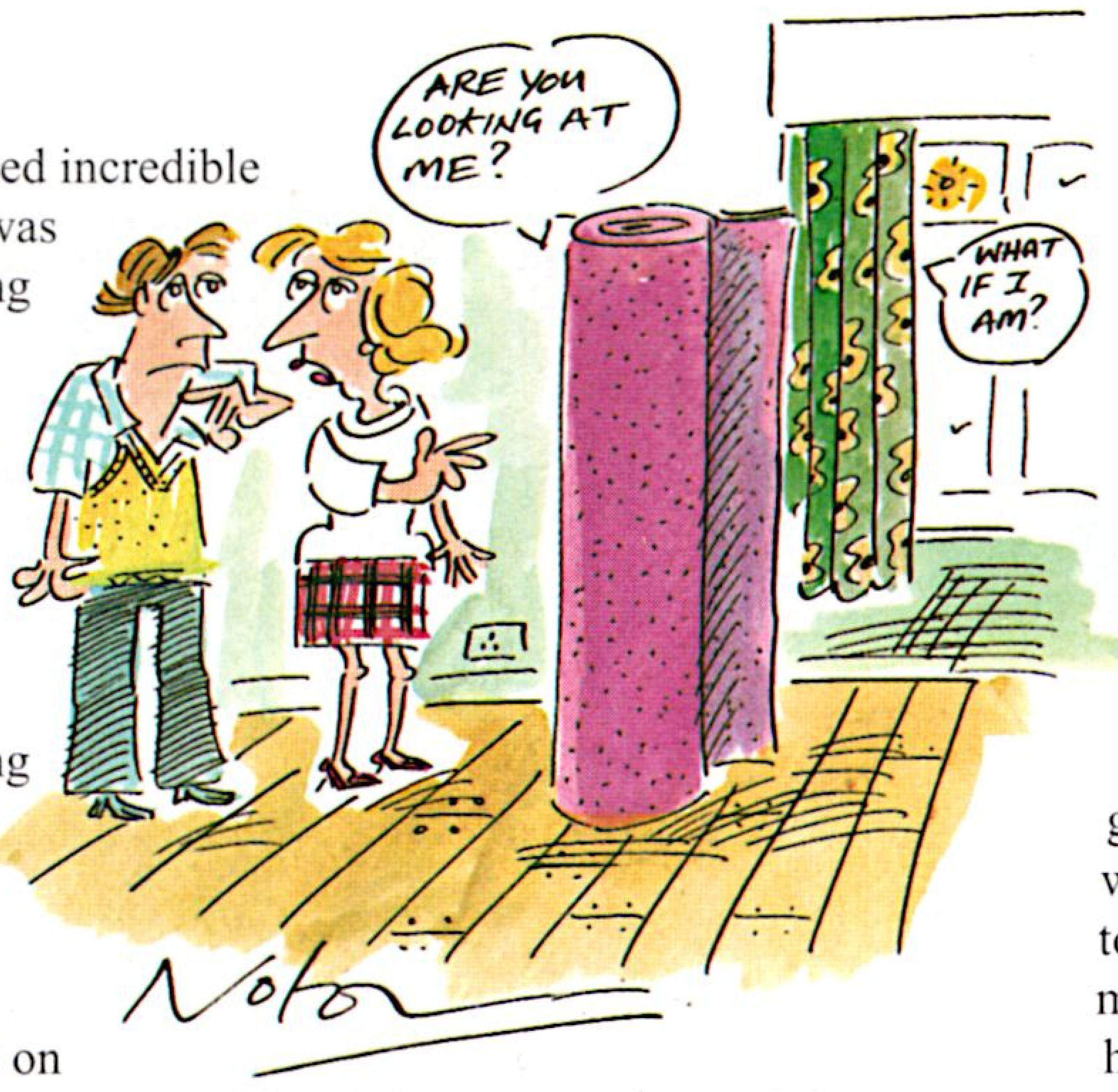
Her arse looked incredible and her pussy was wet and dripping as I guided my cock between her lips. Janine moaned as I inched inside and started pumping hard. She was bucking her hips back against me as I fucked her hard, and her head was down on the floor with her teeth gritted.

"I'm going to come," I yelled, as I pulled my cock out of her pussy and then shot my load all over her arse. Janine turned around and greedily fed my cock into her mouth and sucked up every last drop of my come.

Just then I heard a cheer from the kitchen and I looked around to see John behind me with a large grin on his face. I had forgotten about him! "Well done, Dave!" he cheered. "That was fantastic."

Janine then walked into the kitchen and led John out. He was sporting a huge hard-on, which she proceeded to get to grips with straight away. John was right, she was an absolute nympho!

Now, I spend at least two nights a week with Janine, and John doesn't mind at all – in fact, he reckons that I'm doing him a favour! – *Dave, Bristol*


ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME?
WHAT IF I AM?

*"I told you the new carpet and the curtains would clash..."*

### Telephone Sex

I must tell your readers about what happened to me recently with the woman I'm having an affair with.

For obvious reasons, I can't say where I live, but Lynne lives a few doors down from me and we have been seeing each other 'on the side' for the past year. But the other day was the best of my life!

I waited till my girlfriend went off to work, then nipped round to Lynne's house. I let myself in and called out her name – but there was no reply. This is odd, I thought, as I went from room to room – we normally meet at about this time, so where was she? I was about to call it a day and go home when I noticed the lounge door was slightly ajar.

As I walked in I saw an open copy of *Club* on the floor, and on the sofa in her dressing gown was Lynne, staring at the magazine as she stroked her thighs and moaned softly to herself.

"I see you've found me," she smiled. "And that you're enjoying it!" she added, looking at the bulge in my

## CATWALK CUTIE

**In our capacity as top fashion gurus here at Club, we like to think that we've got our fingers on the pulse of the latest trends. 70s revival? We saw that coming 20 years ago... Wonder-bras? The Ed was wearing those long before Kylie pushed her poached eggs together.**

**Now we can confidently predict that the see-through look is going to be hot this summer, as you can see from our rather sexy pic from the recent London Fashion Show.**

**More predictions? They'll be loads of naked girls in Club and some rather poor jokes, as usual. Some things never change, eh? ♣**

## CLUB BOOK CORNER

**Now, we know exactly what you're thinking – what the fuck is a book review doing in *Club International*? Normally they would have about as much place in this magazine as knitting patterns; but when the book in question is full of tits, then it's got to be worth a mention, innit?**

**Betty Page – Queen of the Pin-Ups (Benedikt Books) traces the life of a simple country girl from Nashville who moved to**

trousers. “Anyway, I want to sit here and watch you wank yourself off,” she continued with a twinkle in her eye.

Obediently, I unzipped my trousers and took out my cock and slowly started to wank while looking at the blonde, buxom and beautiful shape of Lynne getting just as turned on as I was from watching her.

“I think you need a little more encouragement,” she whispered, and with that she untied her gown and pulled it open to reveal black stockings and suspenders. I stared at her as she parted her legs and spread her fingers through her dark curls.

“No, don’t come any closer. I just want to watch you wank,” she said. And I did just that, while she slid one, then two, then three fingers inside her juicy cunt.

But just then the phone rang. Marvellous, I thought.

“Hello. Paula, how are you?” Lynne said, standing up so her robe fell to the floor. “Yes, I’m fine, thanks.

*continued on page 98*

**New York in the Fifties with dreams of becoming a singer. However, she soon realised that she got more attention by whipping out her bazonkas in front of an appreciative audience. Appearances in fetishist magazines and *Playboy* followed and a legend was born. Soon afterwards though, she disappeared off the map altogether: the Queen of the Pin-ups had gone forever...**

**Now some clever dick has put together a book of her best poses and Betty Page is set to become a cult figure for a whole new generation of fans. The book comes out next month at the princely sum of only £4.99 – it ain’t as good as Club, but it’s better than a slap in the face with a cold haddock.**

***This copy is even more pointless than The Pointless Bit, really. Those pictures had better be horny. – The Ed*** ♣

# Lisa

Photographs by Jack Harrison

*When a beautiful girl like Lisa offers to whip up a tasty treat in her kitchen, food is likely to be the last thing on the menu.*

*"I never do any cooking at home," admits Lisa. "I'm partial to a nibble though, if you know what I mean!"*

*The bubbly brunette, who was last seen luxuriating on a four-poster bed in Club (Vol 22 No 4), prefers her men like her food — hot and spicy...*

*"I'm certainly not a shy girl," purrs Lisa, with a wicked glint in her eye. "I like to dress up in sexy stockings and suspenders, then I'll flash my fella a little bit of leg. Food's the last thing on his mind if he gets a taste of me!"* ♣

quiz

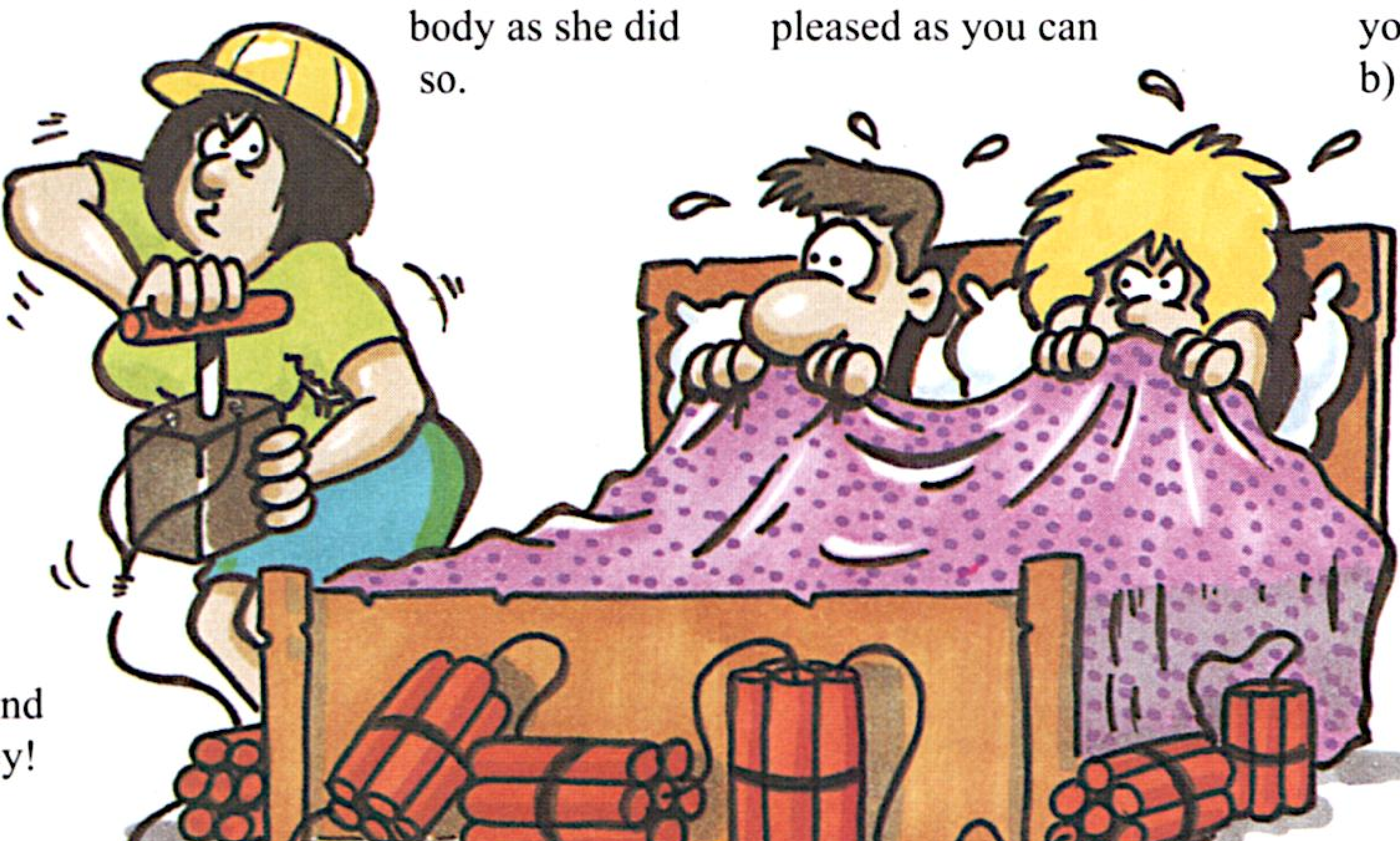
# IS SHE JEALOUS?

Not so long ago, we asked if you were the green-eyed, seeing-red jealous type. And of course you were, but now you can have your own back: it's her turn to suffer!

**1) Imagine she comes home from work early and finds you in bed with a bottle of wine and another woman. What would she say?**
a) "Hello dear. Oh, I didn't know you had a sister."
b) "A threesome! Brilliant! Wait while I get the whipped cream!"
c) "Bastard, bastard, bastard! Who's this tart? Don't give me that! Get her out *now* before I get the shotgun!"

**2) You are out shopping when you see a little cracker in a mini-skirt giving you the eye. What would she say?**
a) "I don't blame you for eyeing her up because she does have lovely hair."
b) "Phwwoooaarrr! She's a bit of all right, isn't she? Wouldn't mind a bit of that myself. Hey! Let's get her phone number."
c) "Bastard, bastard, bastard! What are you staring at her for? What's so bloody special about her, the tart! I bet you've had her haven't you, you *bastard*!"

**3) You are out for a meal with your girlfriend when a rather sexy waitress asks to take your coat. How would she react?**
a) Just stand there with a vacant look on her face and a dopey grin, admiring the way you get on with everyone.
b) She'd ask the waitress to remove *her* coat, and run her hands up the girl's body as she did so.
c) She'd stand in the middle of the restaurant with her hands on her hips shouting, "Oh yes, take everything off him, why don't you? Why stop at the coat? You fancy him don't you, you tart!"



**4) You go out to look for a new motor together, and your eye is caught by a dashing open top sports car. Would she hit the roof?**
a) No. She'd say something like, "It's very nice and I like the spokey wheels and I like the colour."
b) No. She'd be really pleased as you can now both shag in it *and* get a tan at the same time.
c) Yes. And she'd drag you away to the Ford Transit showroom by the ear shouting something about posing, loose birds and over her dead body.

**5) You are on holiday together when the girl next to you on the beach asks if you'd rub some suntan lotion onto her body. What would your girl do or say?**
a) "That'll be nice for you, dear. Do you want me to get you both an ice cream while you're at it?"
b) Whisk her bikini off and start seductively rubbing suntan lotion onto you at the same time, so all three of you end up an oily, writhing, sexy mess on the sand.
c) Whip a pistol out from her handbag, press it against her head and growl through gritted teeth, "Why don't you just take a hike lady, before I *really* lose my temper..."

**6) She comes into the sitting**

## MEGA-SEGA BOLLOCKS

Are you sure about this headline? – Ed

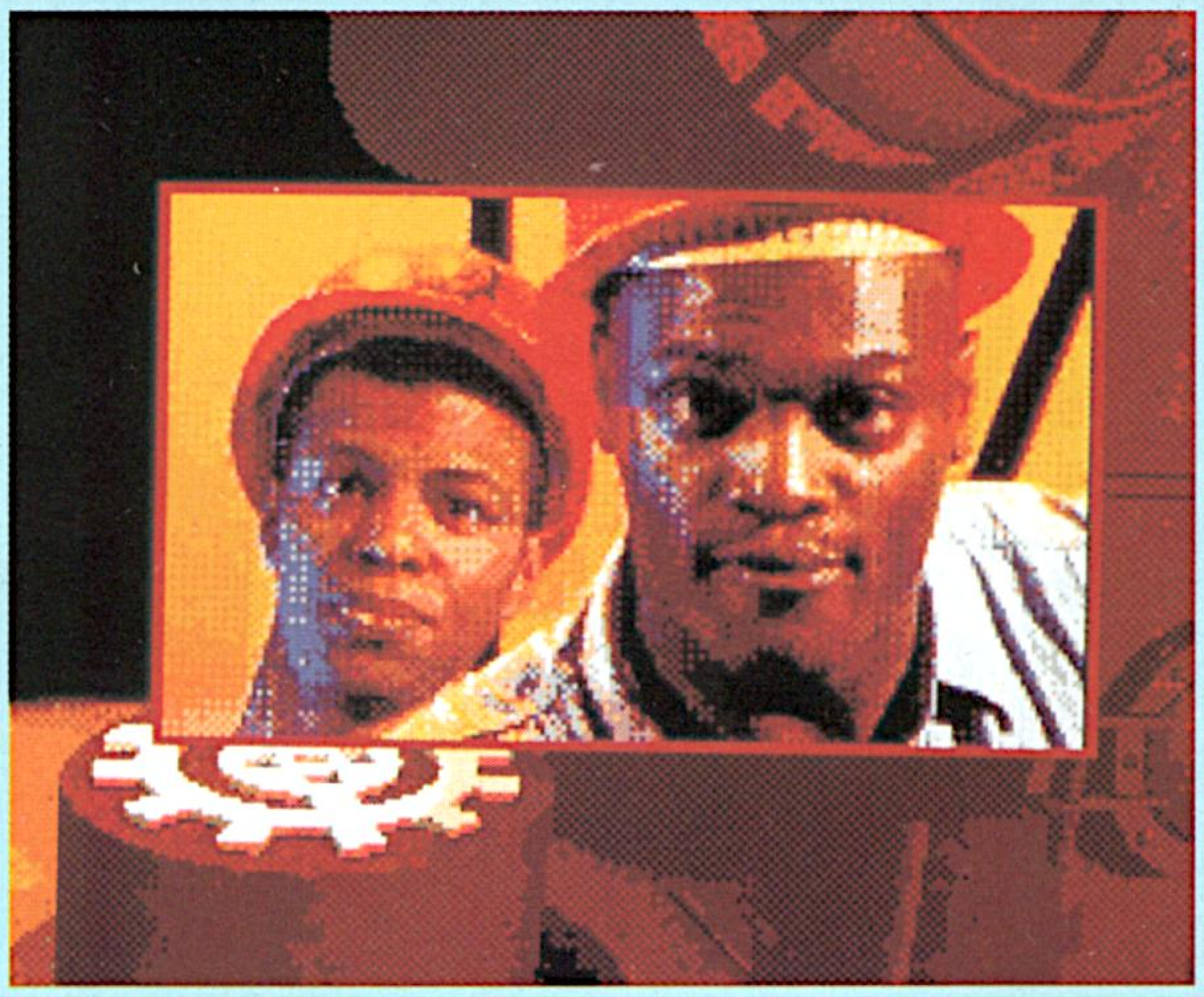
**If you're the sort of sad bastard who's got nothing better to do on a Friday night than sit at home and try to steer a blue hedgehog through a million different stages, finally getting killed two seconds before you reach the end, then you've got our deepest sympathies. No, really, you have – because we're all just as guilty here!**

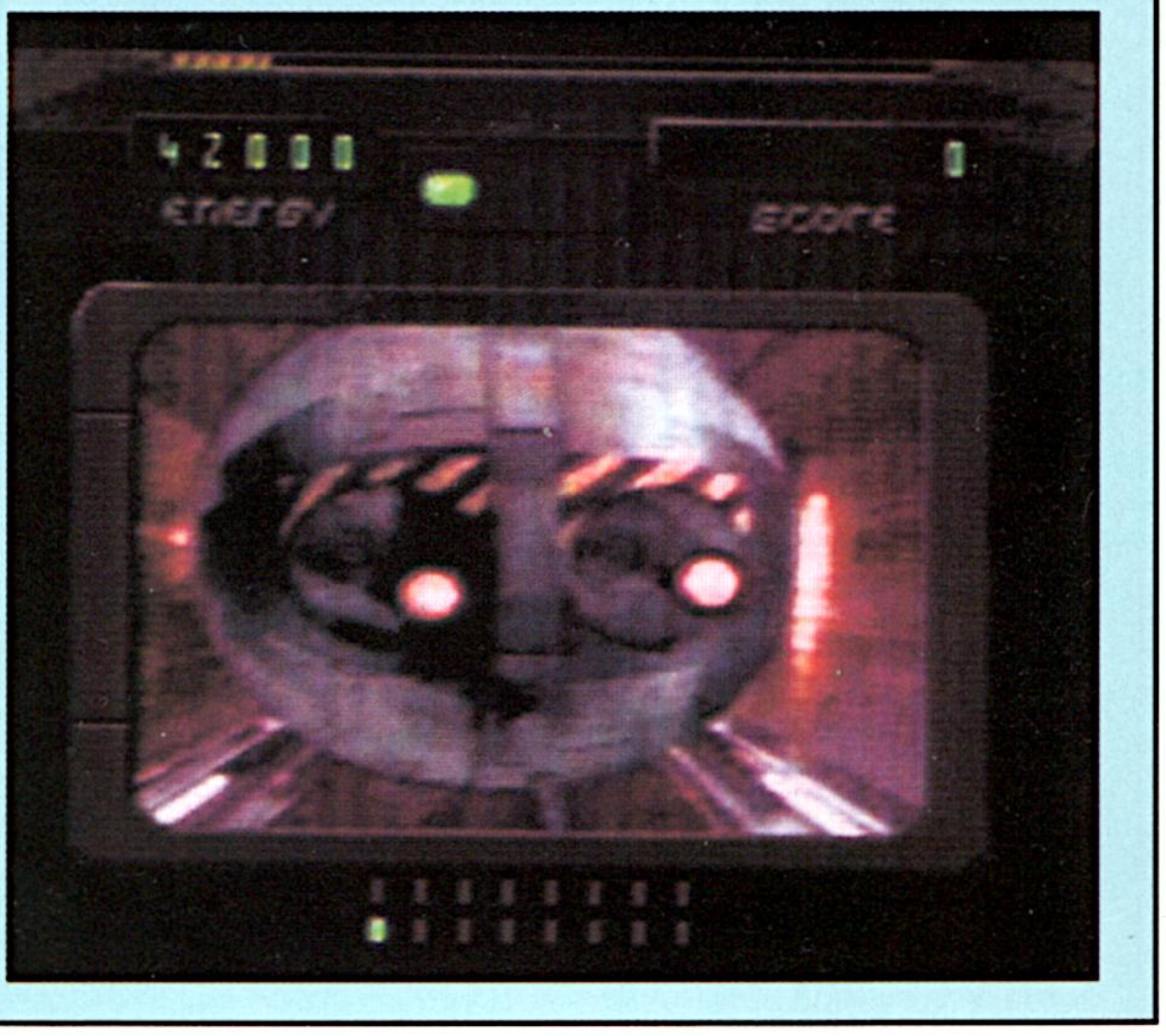
**Thing is, just as we all packed ours away in their boxes after we developed unsightly callouses on our thumbs and our girlfriends left us in disgust, those bastards at Sega have come up with a clever hi-tech attachment that doubles your fun instantly. Designed to slot onto your existing Sega console, the Mega CD Entertainment System has the sort of amazing graphics that are guaranteed to have you playing the sodding game all over again.**

**If, however, you don't have a Sega system, then the beauty of the thing is that it can be integrated with your hi-fi system as a normal compact disc player. And if you don't already have a hi-fi, well, it would make a nice doorstop.**

**Anyhow, those terribly nice people at Sega have given us a Mega CD to give away. All you have to do is tell us the name of Sega's most famous computer character: Is it a) Super Mario, b) Sonic the Hedgehog or c) Dillon the Warthog? Answers to Sonic the Hedgehog Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. *(Cryptic clue: the answer's b) – The Ed)* ♣**

16-BIT
MEGA DRIVE
SEGA
MEGA-CD





**Dear Kelly,**

**Talk about blondes having more fun – with a figure like that you must be laughing all the way to the bedroom! Honestly, if I was your boyfriend I'd be giggling in disbelief as I undid that lacy black corset and ran my gibbering tongue all over your body.**

**I wouldn't be able to stop as I kissed that beautiful bottom, and as your long, smooth legs parted for me to get really stuck in I'd reach up and caress your pert boobs until we both reached a bed-trembling climax.**

**I tell you what, how about me helping out the next time you go for a shoot? Apart from some constant sighing you wouldn't know I was there and I wouldn't be any trouble and I wouldn't get in the way (unless you wanted me to) and I'd help you decide what to wear and everything... oh go on.**

**Well, it was worth a try!**
***– Anthony, Bath***

***Now there's a thought. I suppose I could have a few fellas there giving me moral support and helping me, er, out with all my gear, couldn't I? I'm not sure I'd be able to behave myself though. Imagine four pairs of hands peeling everything off me while I just lay there. One pair stroking my tits, one pair on my thighs, one on my bottom and one pair making me even wetter in the best place of all! We'd get nothing done... well, nothing we could publish!***

***Oooh, dear, I think it must be a fantasy of mine to have so many men around me – I'm getting too carried away to carry on!*** – Kelly ♣

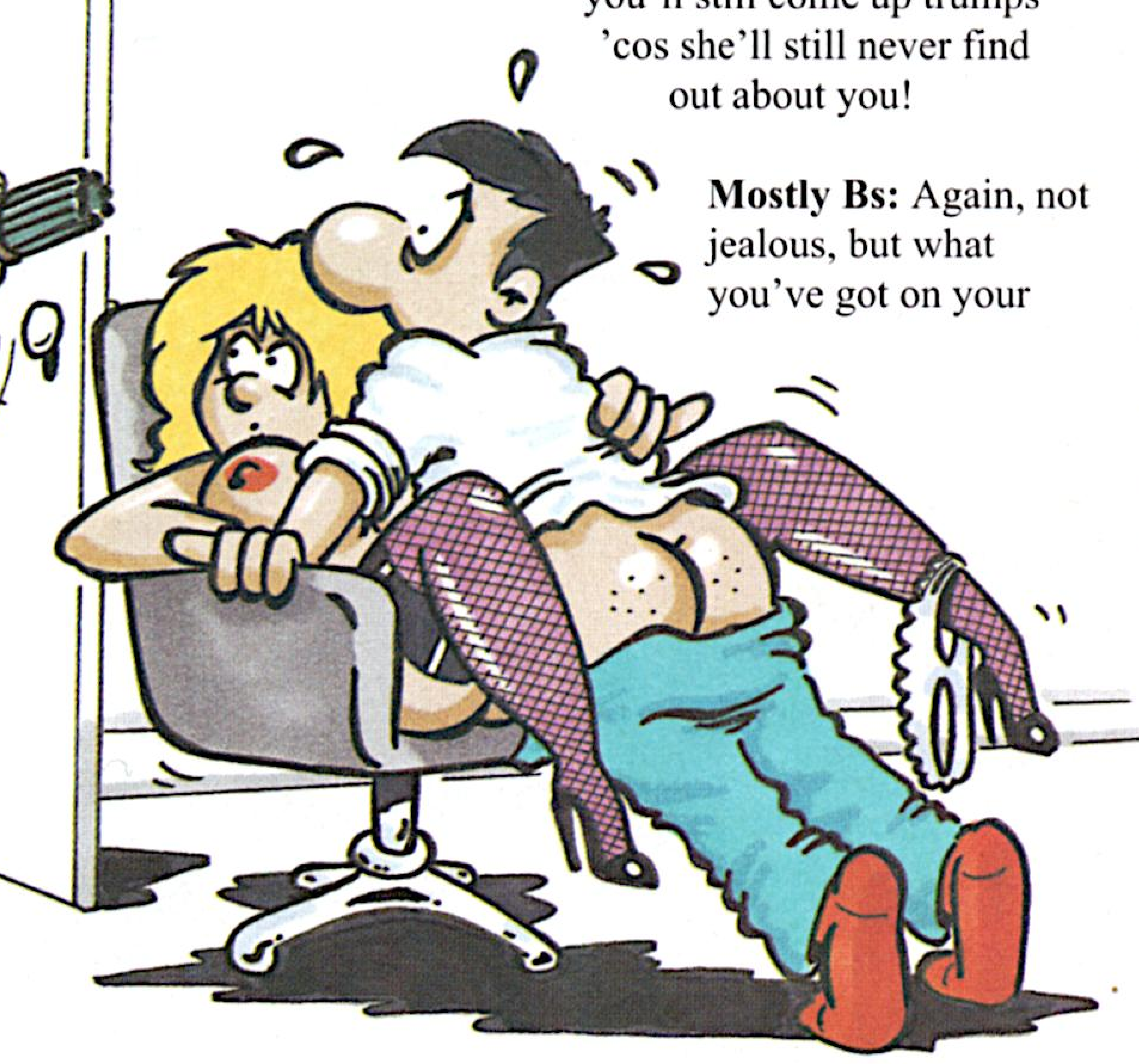
**room to find you with your face two inches from the telly where Selina Scott is doing a nude holiday programme. How would she react?**
a) Smile lovingly at you like a mother does at her son and tiptoe out of the room to leave you in peace.
b) Drop her knickers, lie on the carpet and ask if you'd like to bonk her while still watching Selina.
c) Take a few steps back, then run like she was taking a penalty and boot your head right through the screen, shouting with laughter as she does it.

**7) You are a little late home one evening. Where would she be?**
a) Fast asleep in bed with a Mills and Boon novel over her face, snoring loudly with a bath already run for you so you can wash the lipstick off.
b) Lying in bed with a blue movie on, a sexy book in one hand and a vibrator in the other, halfway through blowing up an inflatable man.
c) Hiding behind the bedroom door with a frying pan raised above her head and a rolling pin clenched between her teeth.

**8) You're at a party when you find yourself cornered by three sexy women. What would your girlfriend do?**
a) Stand there, waving at you from the opposite corner as she happily holds your coat.
b) Start eating cocktail sausages suggestively, get completely pissed and end up under the table *and* under the host.
c) Start up a chainsaw and swathe her way through them, laughing like a maniac and screaming, "You're next, lover boy!"

**9) She finds a phone number in your pocket. What would you have to do to calm her down?**
a) Assure her you won't lose it again and promptly write it down in your address book.
b) Give her a cold shower and promise that yes, she can meet the girl for a night of thorough shagging.
c) Handcuff yourself to her, burn your diaries and slam your balls in the piano lid.

**10) You accidentally call out another girl's name when making love. How would she react?**
a) Say, "Christina? I think Christina's a lovely name and I don't blame you for shouting it out. I certainly would, you know"
b) Ask in explicit detail if she was a good lay and if so, have you got any saucy pictures of it?
c) Freeze, let out a little whine, then explode.



*Well, how did your muffin do? If neither of you are sure and still want to go through the pantomime of checking your answers, then simply compare our estimates below. It's pretty damn obvious, though, so you're allowed to flick on to the next set of sexy pictures if you want to.*

**Mostly As:** No, she's not jealous, she's stupid. She has no idea what is going on in her life, let alone yours. She could come home to find you knee deep in Amazonian women and just go and make them all some tea. If she is put together like Cindy Crawford then marry the woman. If not, don't worry, you'll still come up trumps 'cos she'll still never find out about you!

**Mostly Bs:** Again, not jealous, but what you've got on your hands is a sex maniac. A woman who can never tear herself away from the fruit and veg section at Tesco's and whose idea of a quiet night in involves two men, a policewoman's uniform and a giant box of Cadbury's Flakes. She will wear you out in about six months, but at least you'll leave this earth with a smile on your face wider than her legs.

**Mostly Cs:** Ah, here we are. You've got a psycho on your hands, alright. She'll trash your room at the drop of a hat and if you give your mother a kiss don't be surprised to wake up in the middle of the night with her standing above you with a Flymo over your balls and blood dripping from her mouth. And the harder you try to escape, the more she'll try to keep you. The solution? Fucked if I know, but listen, if you do find out let me... hang on, she's calling me... oh, I'm not doing anything, dear. Yes, coming straight away. Oh shit, nooo! Aaaah... ♣

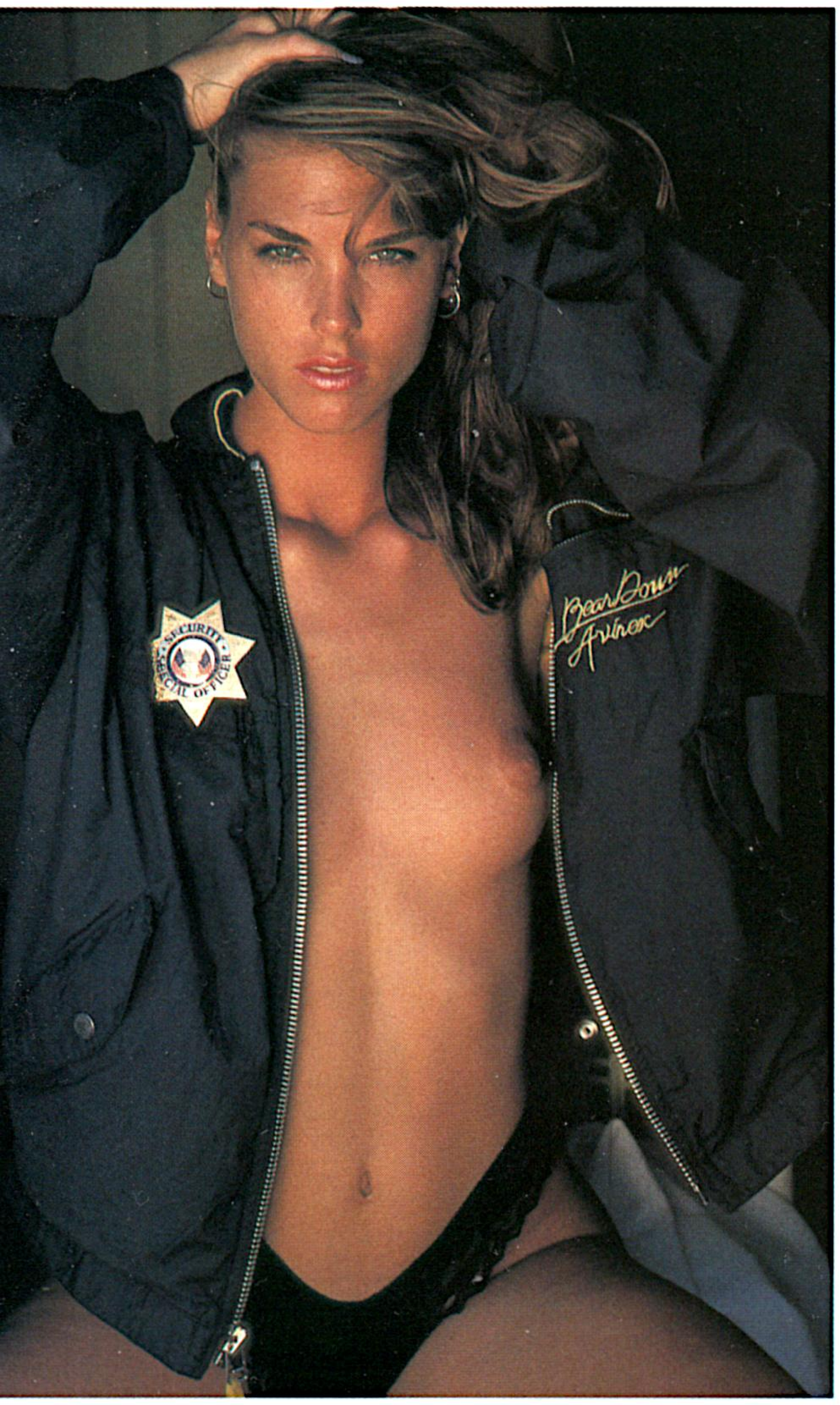
# becky

**Photographs by Michael Moore**

*If you've been wondering where Becky's been since her last appearance in Club (Vol 21 No 6), the answer's written all over her.*

*"I've been staying with a friend of mine in Texas," reveals the 20-year-old stunner. "She's a cheerleader over there – and she even persuaded me to put on a mini-skirt and tight tee-shirt and shake my pom-pom's at the side of the pitch too!*

*"I couldn't resist sticking my boobs right out and shaking my bum from side-to-side," purrs Becky, with a wicked glint in her eye. "But I stopped short of doing to a slow striptease to the* Star Spangled Banner*!"* ♣



DALL
COWBO

# SUCKER PUNCHERS

Club's sports scribe, **Maurice Short**, gets in the ring with the best of British and hits below the belt. Or something like that.

Regular viewers of ITV's much-hyped *Big Fight Live* might have formed the opinion that the world of professional boxing consists entirely of pumped up British middleweights fighting for spurious titles in a totally unconvincing new weight division.

Certainly that seems to be the view of the show's producers. With the honourable exception of the much under-rated Paul Hodgkinson, and the light-hitting but skilful Colin McMillan; the fighters featured on this prestigious Saturday night showcase have been the usual pantomime performers from the super middleweight class.

Yet, while the audience sit less-than-glued to Nigel Benn engaging in 12 rounds of Graeco-Roman wrestling with an Italian stick-insect, there's a whole globeful of brilliant fights going on out there which are never shown on our television channels.

Why? Because, according to the powers that be, "the public won't watch sport, if there's no British interest".

Nice theory, isn't it? Imagine if it were applied to other sections of the entertainment industry. *Terminator 2* (big with the Yanks and Austrians) would never make it to our screens, and no Englishman would want to see *Basic Instinct* because all of Sharon Stone's body is American (so what's the point in looking at that then, eh?).

Still, I'm sure they know what they're talking about. I mean, everyone knows the only reason we watch Wimbledon is because the Brits win everything. And any channel that showed Italian Football would go bust in a month, wouldn't it?

Personally, I'd swap all the rounds of rubbish that've been on so far for one fight featuring Julio Cesar Chavez. For those of you who have never heard of him (and if it was down to BBC and ITV you wouldn't have), let me provide some enlightenment. Chavez is a little Mexican who for the past five years has consistently been rated the best pound-for-pound fighter around.

***Ryan Giggs** (left): Poetry in motion. **Peter Osgood** (right): Going through the motions*

He first won a World Championship way back in 1984 when he took the vacant Junior-Lightweight title after stopping Mario Martinez. Since then he's battled his way to World titles at two higher weights, fought all the top challengers, usually at a rate of six per year, and remained undefeated.

Boxing tradition dictates that the Champion gets to choose the size of the ring and the thickness of the gloves. Watching Chavez fight you get the clear impression that if it were up to him he'd opt for bare-knuckles in a telephone box.

Forget Eubank's posturing, this man really is macho. A point he drove home earlier this year when he battered his way to victory over Hector 'Macho Man' Camacho – a Puerto Rican who once earned a degree of notoriety in this country by making rude remarks about Barry McGuigan's manhood.

The fight was a real cracker, pitching the Mexican's aggression against the slick moving and counter-punching of Camacho, and ended with an 11th round stoppage. Still, I expect we all preferred watching Chris Eubank outpoint an old age pensioner. It might have been crap – but at least it had some British interest!

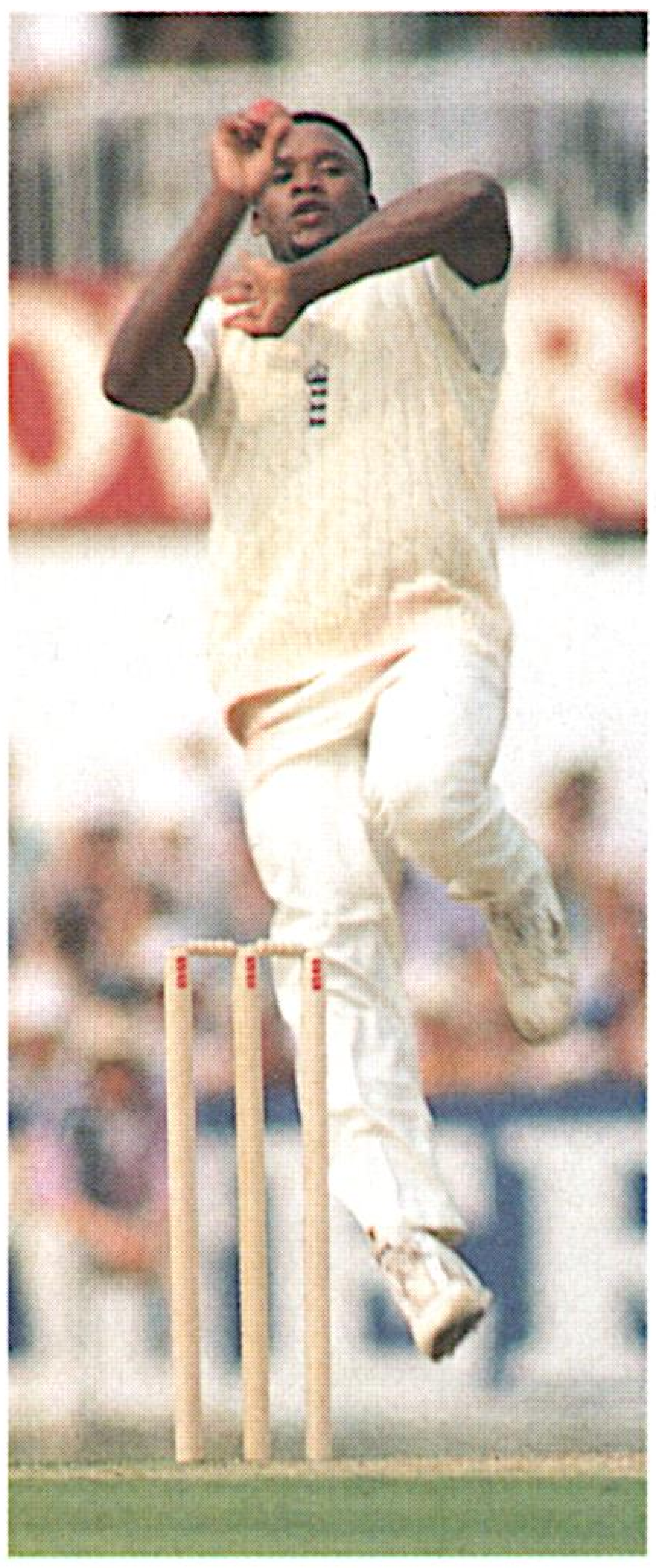
***Julio Cesar Chavez**: The best fighter in the world, never to be seen on our screens...*

● "The realisation that our (soccer) superstars can't pass accurately when the ball is soft, or the grass long, should surprise no-one: they have spent most of the past decade being trained to run forever, not to develop individual ball skills".

The media have been churning out lots of comments like that recently. Usually they are elicited from ex-pros such as Best or Marsh, ever keen to assure us that football just isn't as good as it was in their day. And the players? Tsk! They just don't have the flair anymore. Not like in the Seventies, no siree.

Funny to think, then, that the quote above featured in *Foul* (a precursor of modern fanzines) way back in 1974.

On Radio 5 recently I heard Peter Osgood mouthing off on the subject. Apparently of modern players only Gascoigne and Giggs have any flair (maybe he can't pronounce Cantona or Ndlovu), whereas in Peter's playing days, why every team had at least four such stars!



***Devon Malcolm:** Ded Texter's favourite bowler?*

He went on to name the ball-playing wizards in the Chelsea team: there was himself of course (modesty never was his strong point), Charlie Cooke, Alan Hudson, Peter Houseman and Ian Hutchinson. Crikey, that's five! Surprising they never won the European Cup really, isn't it?

Or is it? Because, you see, when these guys start on about the past something happens to what's left of their brain cells. Osgood was good (as the chant almost went), so was Cooke. Hudson had the potential to be brilliant, but he also had the temperament of Sinead O'Connor and was so injury prone he made David Hirst look like Captain Scarlet.

However, none of these three were in the same class as Giggs, never mind Gascoigne. And as for Houseman and Hutchinson, well comparing either of them to Gazza is about as sensible as saying 'Chopper' Harris was the English Beckenbauer (come to think of it, I'm surprised Osgood didn't).

This generational attitude to football is nothing new. A fact that was brought home to me many years ago when watching a match with my Uncle and Grandad. George Best was playing and I expressed the opinion that he was brilliant. "You wouldn't say that if you'd seen Tom Finney," my Uncle said.

Beside him my Grandad snorted derisively. "Bloody Tom Finney," he muttered. "Dixie Deans – now there was a footballer!"

Football, you see, just isn't what it was. But then it never has been.

● Finally, a little tale about the chairman of the England cricket selectors, Ted Dexter. 'Lord' Ted has always been a bit vague, (you may remember the time a few years ago when he lavished praise on an English fast bowler called Malcolm Devon) and it seems that before the West Indies tour he paid a visit to the squad as they trained at Lilleshall. Spotting a man in a tracksuit he recognised, Dexter went up to him, shook him warmly by the hand and exhorted him to "go out there and get us a sackful of runs". Sadly, the man failed to oblige. Which isn't surprising – he was the team physio.

Good to know the summer game's in such competent hands, isn't it? ♣

# tara

Photographs by Maria Clarke

*Check her out! After her last appearance in Club (Vol 21 No 11) we had to ask Tara back just to please all of you readers out there who demanded to see a bit more of that raunchy redhead.*

*"Well, there's not much more you haven't seen already!" giggled the South Londoner, who wanted this shoot to take place in her bedroom — again.*

*"Since you saw me last I've had my whole room done out, and covered the whole thing with*

*these sexy pink sheets. I've only got to lie back on them and shut my eyes and I feel so sexy there's only one thing left to do."*

*What, have a cold shower? Flick through a copy of Club? Do some intimate DIY?*

*"No, I can't be bothered with all that. I just ring my girlfriend Jenny and get her round to do it all for me!"*♣

# tara club

# Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA

The Marie Celeste, Lord Lucan, Eldorado – sudden disappearances from the files of **Brenda D. Cupp,** author, scientist and inventor of commiedom, the Eastern Bloc contraceptive that splits into tiny pieces unless you get the secret police to keep a tight hold on it for you.

This month we plunge ourselves into something wet and fishy – the sea. Yes, the oceans of the globe, as vast and blue as Chubby Brown – and just as likely to make you feel sick. The sea, a fickle mistress who may cradle sailors in her bosom or toss them off as the mood takes her.

## That's a Kracken!

Since time immemorial man has explored the Oceans – the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Billy – and has come face-to-face with strange creatures: serpents, squids, Hans and Lotte Hass. Most famously of all though, he has seen the mermaids and Merman, glamorous fish-people who sing very loudly.

Legend has it that the crews of ships would see the mermaids lying on their rocks. The sailors, who had not had anyone lying on their rocks for some time, would leap into the water only to be pulled beneath the waves and mugged for their bell-bottoms (which were just coming back into fashion).

The most plausible explanation for these occurrences seems to be that what the sailors had seen were not, in fact, mermaids but manatees or sea-cows. The sea-cow is very similar to the land-based mist-cow, but is not quite as noisy and would never dream of hosting a live nude chat show. Those who believe in mermaids dismiss this theory by saying that there is no way anyone could mistake the fat manatee for a beautiful young woman. My advice to them is to try abstaining from sex for three months, then get pissed, go down a nightclub and see what they wake up with.

Of course not all the mysteries of the deep involve strange animals. Everyone has heard of the Bermuda Triangle, an area of sea in which vessels and planes vanish.

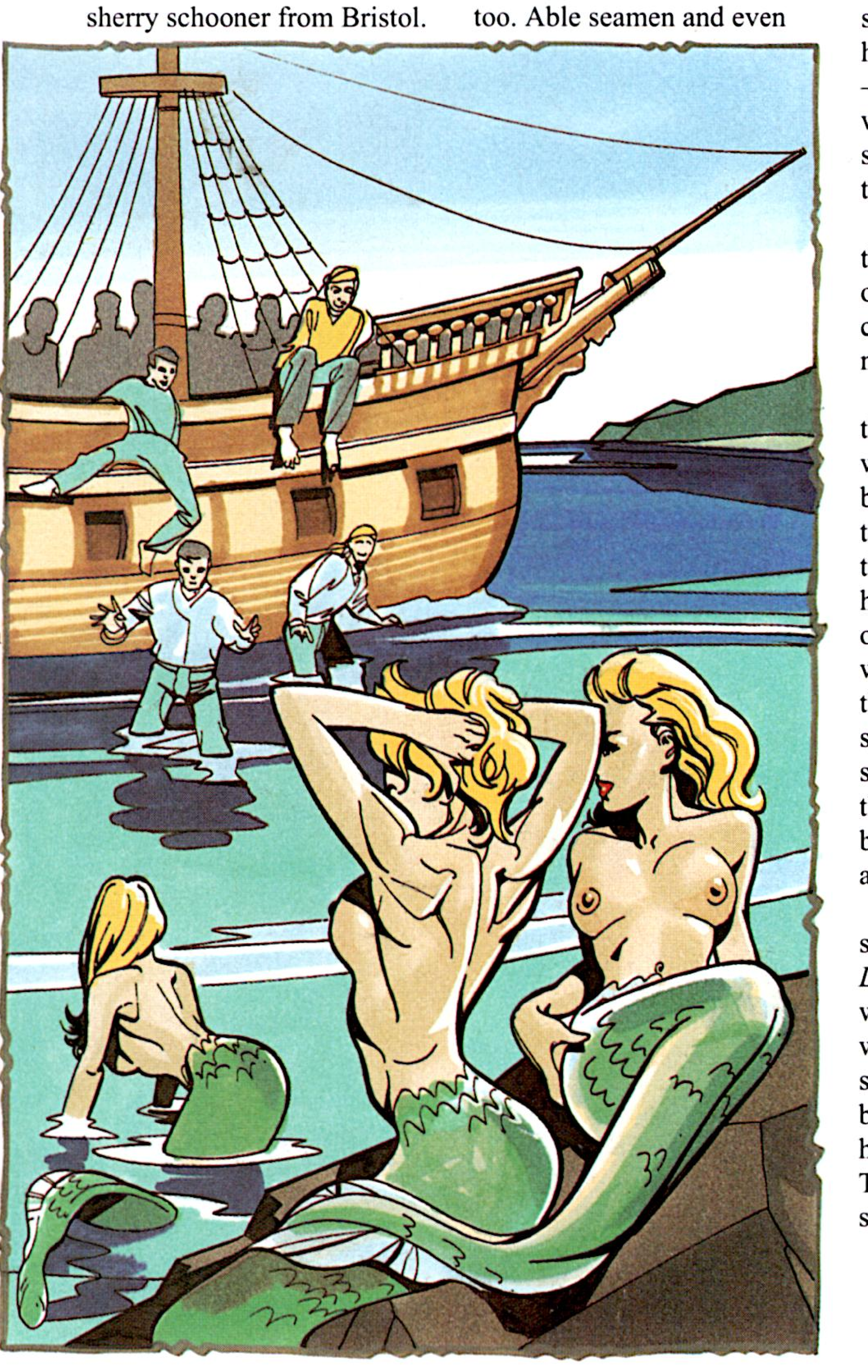
An explanation for the events that occur in the area is that the instruments of any craft entering it are distorted by a powerful magnetic field. If only Nirvana had a similar excuse.

Even ships themselves can become phenomena, as this account by Captain Wayne Anchor illustrates.

## Fish And Ships

"Twas in the summer of '53 that I did set sail from the island of Barenudies. The area of sea around them parts be well known to sailing folk.

**The sailors would leap into the water to get at these alluring females**



"I myself had reason to fear the place. Two summers afore, I had sailed across it in a steamer carrying red paint. In the fog I smashed head on into a tanker laden with blue paint. We were all marooned. Yo-ho-ho!

"We were washed up on a tiny island. For two months we survived on nothing but chocolate mousse, trifle and black forest gateaux – it was a dessert island. Then one day we saw a ship approaching on the horizon. We attracted her attention by setting light to the sparklers in the ice cream sundaes. Soon we were aboard. Ah, but what a strange vessel she was. She claimed to be a sherry schooner from Bristol. Her master was a certain Captain Pugwashengo, an immaculately coiffeured lady who looked like she'd just stepped out of a salon. There was a strange feeling about that ship, I tell 'ee! Way haul away and spank me spinnacker with a herring!

"Twas entirely crewed by naked jack tars of the female persuasion. Aye, there were mouth-watering midshipmen, busty bosuns, pokeworthy pilots and comely cabin girls; but they hadn't had a coxswain for many a year! A massive orgy ensued. There was coupling couples everywhere. It was all hands on deck and a number of knees, elbows and buttocks too. Able seamen and even pretty incompetent seamen were all at it – copulating in the crow's nest, fucking on the fo'csle and fellating on the for'ead bow. The hammocks was swaying like a go-go dancer's gazonkers. Twas only then I noticed the video cameras and satellite dishes and realised we were aboard the 'Flying Red Hot and Dutchman'. Aha-aha!

"Twas not until two months had gone by that I managed to escape from that vessel. A collection of decrepit looking shacks floated by one night. I recognised it instantly as a sea-shantytown. I swam for it. Though I called to my fellow crew members, none of them followed. All my seamen was totally shot, they had not the strength to escape – though one or two of them waved me farewell whilst smiling bravely in the face of their torment.

"So it was I left them to their ghastly fate – sailing the oceans as the sex slaves of a crew of ghostly nymphomaniacs, poor wretches.

"Now here I was again on that same ocean. Crossing the waters where only the week before a ship carrying yo-yos to Miami had gone down 25 times, and the SS Ollie Reed had got wrecked on hundreds of occasions. Twas little wonder, then, that I felt a tingle of fear pass down my spine and catch my defences square at the back when I saw the Marie Swellnest, lying becalmed upon the ocean like a post-coital walrus.

"Aye, that vessel was as silent as the audience at *The Little & Large Show*. Though when we entered her there was coffee a-bubblin' on the stove and Nelson Gabriel a-babblin' on the radio not a human being could we find. The crew had disappeared as surely as Bros and they'd left

Illustrations by Adam Willis

'Your large warm front. It's causing. A ridge of high pressure to develop. And push its. Wayupacross. My low lying areas'

just as little trace behind them."

The empty Marie Swellnest is one of the most famous mysteries of the seas. What had become of her crew? Had they been kidnapped by citizens of the underwater city of Manchester? (Don't you mean Atlantis? – Ed). Been sucked overboard by a freak whirlwind? Or had the ship been attacked by an unknown sea creature? The giant octopus-like kraken, perhaps. I decided to put this theory to France's leading marine biologist, Banana Coustard – the original frog man. He recently hit the headlines when he rediscovered a religious species of lobsters – the born-again crustaceans.

## Serving No Porpoise

Aboard his famous little ship, La Bial De Lite, Banana Coustard and his faithful crewpersons, Bridgite Bimbeau and Nellie Pneumatique, sail the oceans observing strange forms of marine life. What a pity it wasn't weird marina life they were after – they could have stayed at home and watched *Howard's Way*. I asked Banana why he chose this way of living.

"Well it iz very nice," he replied. "Every day I am going down below and probing around with Bridgite and Nellie. And zen I go in ze water, ho-ho! I may come across a little mussel I have never found before, which always delights the girls; or Bridgite could get her hands on a large cockle, while Nellie often finds an interesting perch for me. I always have fun with the groupers. Anyway, ze girls are more than capable of exploring on zer own. Only ze uzzer night I heard Bridgite shouting out, "Zat's the plaice, Nellie! Oh cod, yes!" When I looked in on zem ze next morning I was pleased to see zey had been hard at work examining a KY-jellyfish and a sea cucumber. So, you see, I know that even off duty they are on the look out for new things."

Having commended him for picking such a conscientious crew, I then asked if he thought it was possible that the Marie Swellnest had been attacked by marine creatures; and if so what form these animals might have taken.

**Coustard**: It is possible, yes. Nellie is somezing of an expert on zis subject, but she cannot speak at ze moment. She has a bit of a, how you say, frogman in her throat.

*Cupp*: I think you mean frog in her throat.

**Coustard**: I know what I mean. Anyway I will have to fill you in as best I can. Zer are a number of fishes which could have been involved. One is ze Bangkok Gobbler (Felatio Fantasticus). Zis member of ze blow-fish family has been giving relief to fisherman for years. Ze most popular method of attracting it is to whip out Monsieur Wobbly and whop him in ze water. It is possible zat ze crew of the Marie Swellnest had heard of ze Gobbler and were hoping to get in touch wiz it.

*Cupp*: But how could that result in their disappearance?

**Coustard**: Well, you see, ze Bangkok Gobbler is not found in ze Caribbean. However, sharks are. One nasty beast in particular, the Ford Fleet shark (Salesrepi Caricus).

*Cupp*: A very unusual name. Why is it so called?

**Coustard**: Because the species produces many sea-area tool-eaters.

*Cupp*: But there were women on board the ship too. This fish wouldn't have attacked them, surely?

**Coustard**: Very true. Zis is where ze Cayman Island Claustrophobic Carp (Panici Bang-Boomicus) comes in. Zis fish is small and looks like ze goldfish. However, when put in a confined space it gets frightened and explodes with the force of a hand grenade.

*Cupp*: But how would it have got in a small space on board the Marie Swellnest?

**Coustard**: Weel, ze women might have read ze sexy goldfish scene in 'Lace' and thought of trying it. Unluckily zey got ze Claustrophobic carp by mistake and kaboom! Another possibility iz zat ze ship was attacked by a giant prawn.

*Cupp*: You mean...

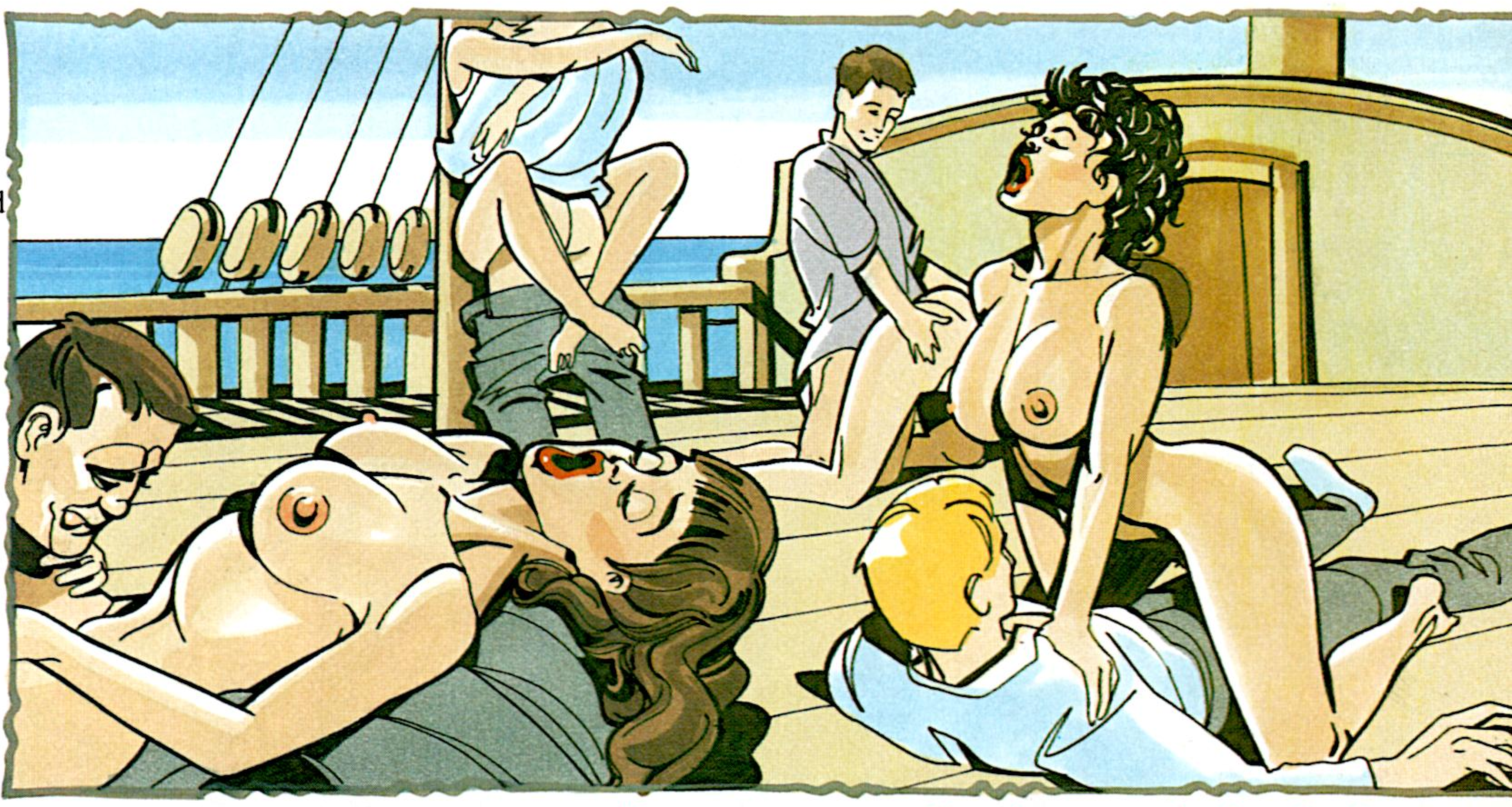
**Coustard**: Yes. Russell Grant. But perhaps zat is too nasty to contemplate. Also ze Old Moore's Barracuda, except that it has the following rhyme written on its forehead: 'If you can read what I've put/ You're just about to lose your foot'. Or perhaps ze ship suffered an attack from ze Great Carpet-Tile Ray (Contrashadow Flaticus). Zis is a huge creature measuring up to 55 square metres. A two-tone wipe-clean oatmeal shagpile surface means zat ze ray can blend in with ze ocean bed and roll itself up around unsuspecting shipping and rob it of all its cushion-underlay.

*Cupp*: And what about the kraken, is that a possibility?

**Coustard**: I do not believe it exists.

*Cupp*: But what about the descriptions of it? Long waving tentacles and a nasty looking beak, how do you account for them?

**Coustard**: Have you ever watched *Barrymore*?



'Seamen were all at it – copulating in the crow's nest, fucking on the fo'csle and felating on the for'ead bow'

## Penny For The Guyana

Perhaps the most likely cause of the crew's disappearance was not a creature but a piece of freak weather. And who better to ask about freak weather than Britain's own freak weatherman, Ian McGasgussets. Ian recently won an award from the Society for Plain English – a gag. However, he is reliable – you know that when he warns you about storms, gusts and gales you're going to get wet. Mainly from the stream of saliva he spits out. I donned my sou'wester and asked him about climatic conditions in the Caribbean.

**McGasgussets**: Yes. Therecanbesome. Variable-winds. So if you are. Thinking-of-venturing. Out. Do put. Your tam-o-shanter. On. Especially. In the Shet. Lands.

*Cupp*: Is there anything you could put your finger on?

**McGasgussets**: Indeedthere. Is. Your large warm front. It's causing. A ridge of high pressure to develop. And push its. Wayupacross. My low lying areas. We may see. Somewetpatches. Spreading over.The central midlands.

*Cupp*: What about a fog?

**McGasgussets**: I thought. Scchnkt tsk. Neverask!

## Conclusion

So what exactly did cause the crew of the Marie Swellnest to disappear? I believe that all the previous scientific examinations have ignored the key piece of evidence in Wayne Anchor's account – the radio broadcasting *The Archers*. My guess is that the seaman got so sick of hearing David and Ruth going on about their new baby, they went mad and then threw themselves overboard. ♣

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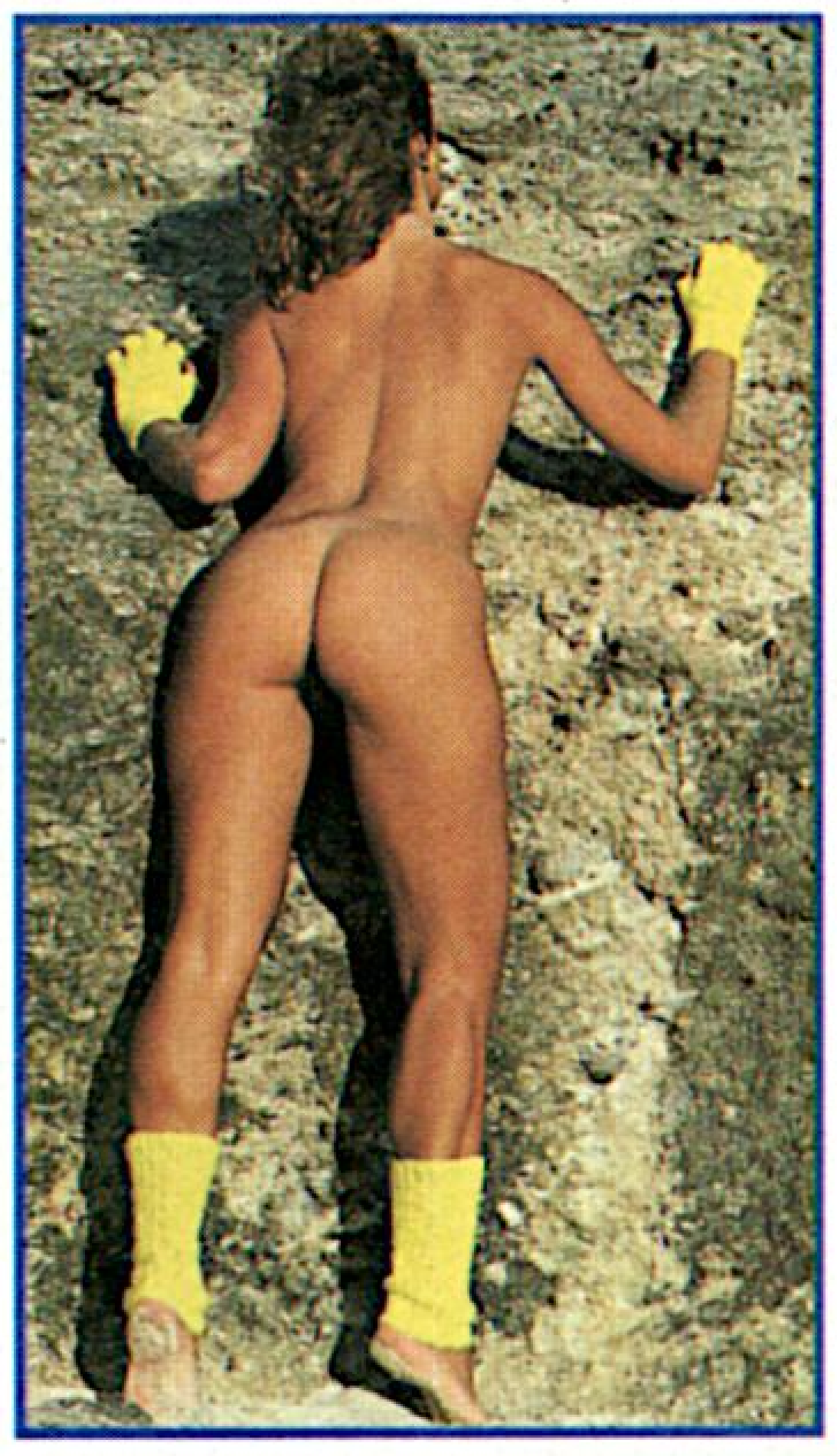
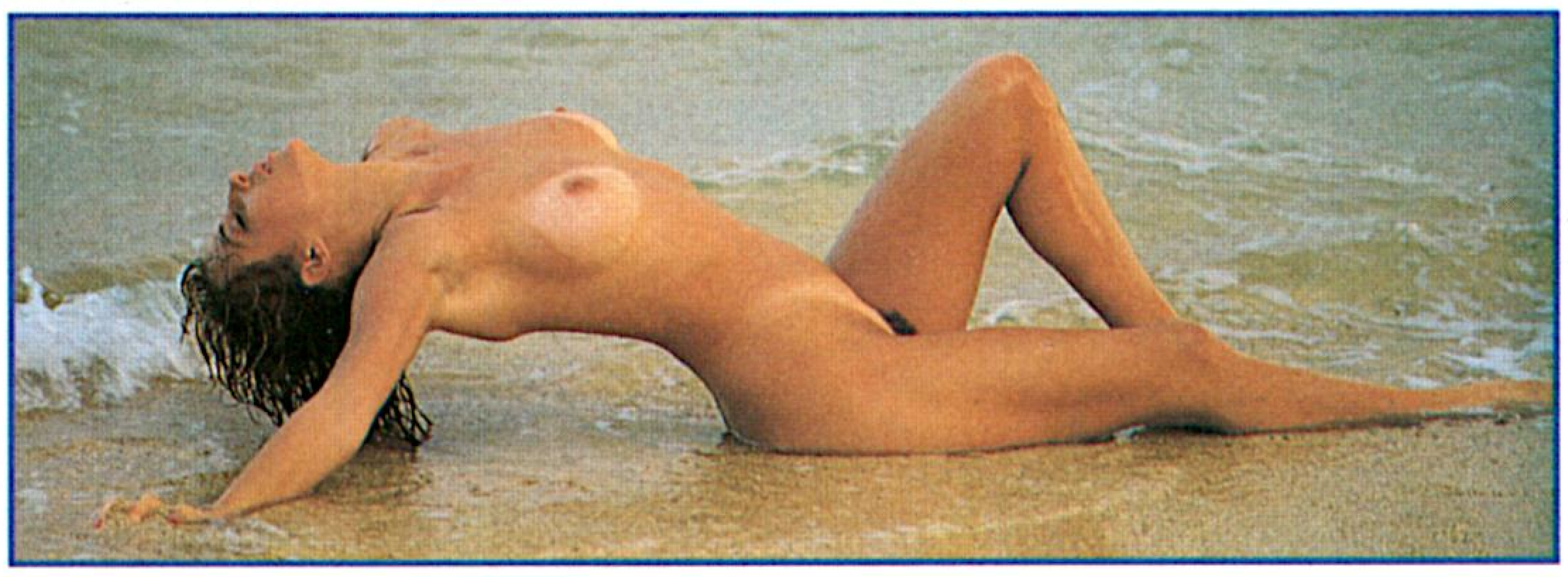
**About the author:** Now living in retirement in Denspenis, Cornwall, **Brenda D. Cupp** devotes her time to analysing the world's mysteries and working on her weight-watching book, 'The Hannibal Lector Hip & Thigh Diet'.

# Karen

Photographs by Paolo Tallarigo
and Stefano Santori

*Taking off all your clothes may seem like a novel way to relax, but you won't hear any of us complaining when curvy Karen's feeling a little stressed out. The stunning redhead from Chester claims it's the only way to unwind. "I lose all my inhibitions when I lose all my clothes," giggles the 21-year-old, slowly peeling off her panties. "It's very relaxing and a little bit naughty too. "Actually, it's only when I'm completely naked that I feel my happiest, you know." Mmm, funny you should say that, Karen...* ♣





# TALKIN' BLUE

**This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...**

## WOMEN'S WRITES

*Where the girls get down to business*

### Tight Fit

Now I know that the idea of two bored girls getting together to design and make themselves clothes might not sound particularly sexy to you fellas – but read on and think again!

Me and my girlfriend Carla live a few streets away from each other, and just for a giggle we've been meeting once a week to make and dress up in something extra special.

We're horny girls, so it's not surprising that our little get-togethers rapidly turned into a contest to see who could design the most outrageously sexy outfit. Week by week our hemlines rose as the necklines plunged dramatically, until we were turning out the skimpiest, tightest, knickerless numbers you ever saw!

"Helen, why are we keeping all this to ourselves?" Carla asked as we paraded around in front of each other one afternoon, dressed in our latest creations which revealed more than they concealed.

"I don't know. Who should we be sharing it with then?" I asked her.

"We should hold a surprise dinner party for the boys!" she suggested. What a brilliant idea! We giggled at the thought and set about planning an evening they wouldn't forget in a hurry.

The night arrived, and Carla turned up wearing something that could only be described as sensational. As I took her coat off she did a twirl to show me her gold lamé minidress, with a neckline so low the front showed off more than half of her boobs, and a back so plunging it nearly showed the crack of her bum.

I'm not quite as slim as Carla, but my tits are bigger, and I showed off even more with a black lycra minidress that hugged every curve and even showed a wisp of my black curls when I bent over. We went into the kitchen for a quick drink before the boys arrived, and were just about to have a second when the doorbell rang.

It was our guests, my Duncan and Carla's Barry. They both stared at us in disbelief as we led them into the dining room. We sat them down at the table, and to really get them in the mood Carla and I sauntered in and out of the kitchen with all the different courses, wiggling our bums and lifting our skirts even higher to show our pussy lips, which were getting pretty damp with the excitement!

After an hour of this torture we cleared the table and made our move. Duncan tried to protest as I sat astride him and started pulling his tie off, but I silenced him with a long, wet kiss. My tongue worked its way around his mouth as I ground my hot, naked crotch onto his stiffening bulge.

"We can't do this in front of them!" he mumbled; but when he looked over to see Carla and Barry ripping each other's clothes off, he surrendered with a grin. With an expert flick he undid his flies and whipped out his stiffening cock.

I kicked off my black heels and wrapped my fingers around Duncan's tool. Lifting myself up a little, I rubbed my stiffening clit with his bulging, purple helmet.

"Oooh, that feels so good," I murmured. "But I want you to fuck me..." He didn't need any more encouragement, and holding onto my hips he eased me down onto his rock hard cock till I was sitting

with all my weight on him. Then I started rocking forward and back, my hands clasped behind his head for support, and he began thrusting up inside me to completely fill my cunt.

Looking back, I don't know if it was just the fact that I was dressed up in my sexiest, tightest outfit, but I swear his prick had never felt so thick and hard before. My cunt walls were stretched to the limit as his delicious cock slid in and out of me, faster and harder as we both got closer to coming.

I was bucking and squirming around on him, my hair tumbling down around my face as my pussy juice dribbled down his shaft and over his hairy balls.

"Come on me, baby," he urged. "I want to feel you come on my cock!" The sod knew how to turn me on all right, and I gasped and moaned as I started to come. I could feel my throbbing pussy muscles squeeze his cock as I came, pouring love juice out all over the place.

But he didn't stop fucking me, which just made me come even more! When I'd come as much as I could take, I climbed off him and knelt between his legs.

I glanced over at Barry and Carla who were going at it like rabbits. She was stark naked, on all fours on the dining room table, or threes really because she was rubbing her clit with one hand as Barry powered away like crazy from behind.

Meanwhile, it was Duncan's cock that needed looking after, so with one swift movement I opened my mouth and slid that huge cock of his right to the back of my throat. I could happily suck his cock all day, but even he couldn't hold out for long that night. After no more than a minute of sucking and slurping on his cock and balls I could feel his whole body tense up and his trembling hands running frantically through my hair.

He held my head down as I felt the first jet of come squirt over my tongue, then another and another till my mouth was filling up with spunk faster than I could swallow it down. He stood up as the last few drops shot into my mouth, groaning as I sucked him dry.

Just as I was cleaning his cock with my tongue we heard another massive groan, and looked over to see Barry whip out his shining prick and spray his thick, white come all over Carla's bum and back. He must have been pretty turned on too as some even shot right over her head onto the carpet!

Well, after the success of that night we decided to make it a regular event. Thing is, now so many of our friends have heard about our little evenings and want to join in it looks like we're going to have to move to a bigger flat. Still, it's one way to get the property market moving! – *Helen, Cambridge*

## Pussy Party

By the time you read this I will probably be back home in Australia, but still, I had to write and tell you about what happened to me while I was in England this summer. After telling all my girlfriends at home about it, they all want to come over to England for a holiday too!

It had been arranged for me to stay with some old family friends in Sussex. Now they were really sweet, but after a few days I was bored stupid and desperately on the look-out for a little bit of fun – in every sense of the word! Well, at least I didn't have too long to wait...

I was sunbathing in the garden on my third afternoon there when I heard the neighbour's door slam shut. I lifted my head up and shielded my eyes only to see a dishy young hunk in nothing but a pair of shorts sauntering out into his garden.

"Going anywhere nice?" I called out, not wanting to let this one slip through my fingers.

"Oh, hello. No, just the same as you really," he smiled. "I'm Martin. And you must be that girl from Australia. I heard you were coming."

I could feel my fanny start to tingle as I introduced myself to him, and ran my eyes over his slim, tanned body, and I was just imagining what a girl like me could do with the promising bulge in his shorts when the phone in his house suddenly started to ring.

"Hang on, I'll be back in a sec," he said and bounded off up the steps. Well, he had a nice, firm bum as well I thought as he ran off, and really good legs too. He was definitely the one!

"Bad news?" I asked, noticing his frown when he returned.

FW. M.O. Division, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

# FIONA WRIGHT INVESTIGATES EUROPE'S HOTTEST UNCERTIFICATED VIDEOS

**THIS week I have personally been watching the hottest, horniest videos I've ever seen in my life—what a week!**

And it's all thanks to the bowler hat brigade in Brussels. 1992 is here and the import barriers are down just in time.

I have been able to get hold of sixteen, yes sixteen, **uncut uncertificated** films of highest quality from **Scandinavia** and can offer them to you at a fraction of what they should cost.

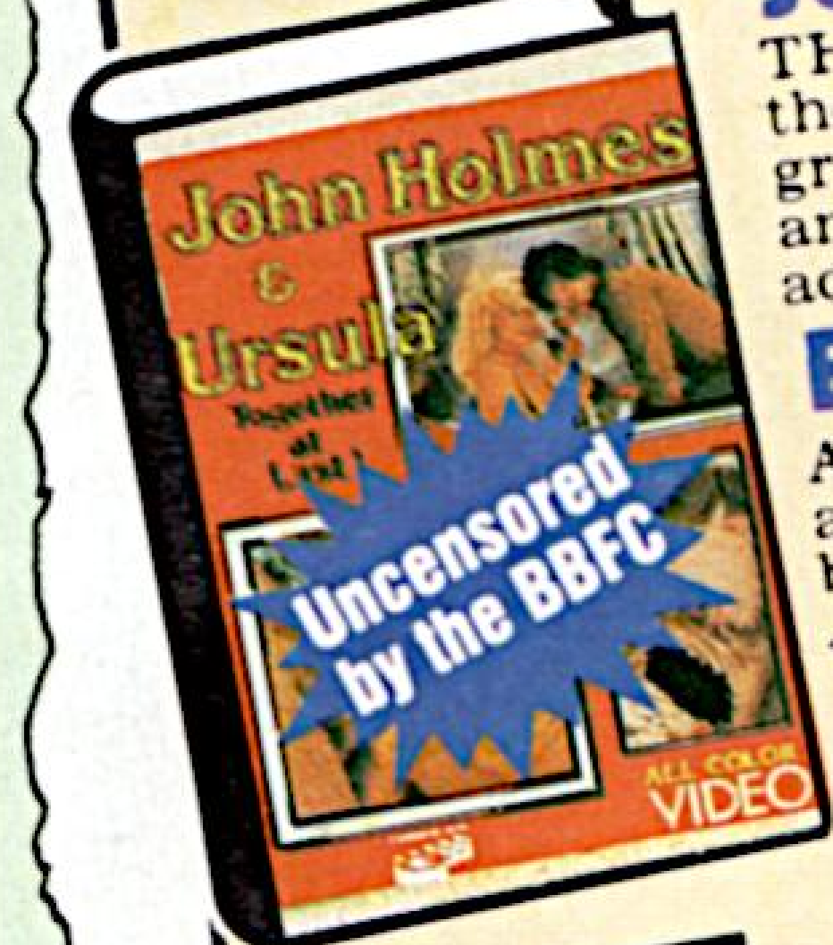
To get around import restrictions I've had to offer these very special films in pairs and sets of four but this will also reduce transport and handling costs so they come to you **even cheaper!**

Order your copies of the hardest most explicit **uncertified** videos at unbeatable prices

**WARNING: The following videos are uncertified, imported from USA/Europe. They are totally uncensored, hardcore explicit videos not for sale through any outlet in the UK. These are NOT similar to anything else on the market, they are truely hardcore and completely UNCENSORED by the BBFC. The hardest videos available in the UK. You have been warned.**

## SET ONE x 4

Mid-1992 prices will be £59.00 each
—SPECIAL OFFER—ALL 4 ONLY £19.95.

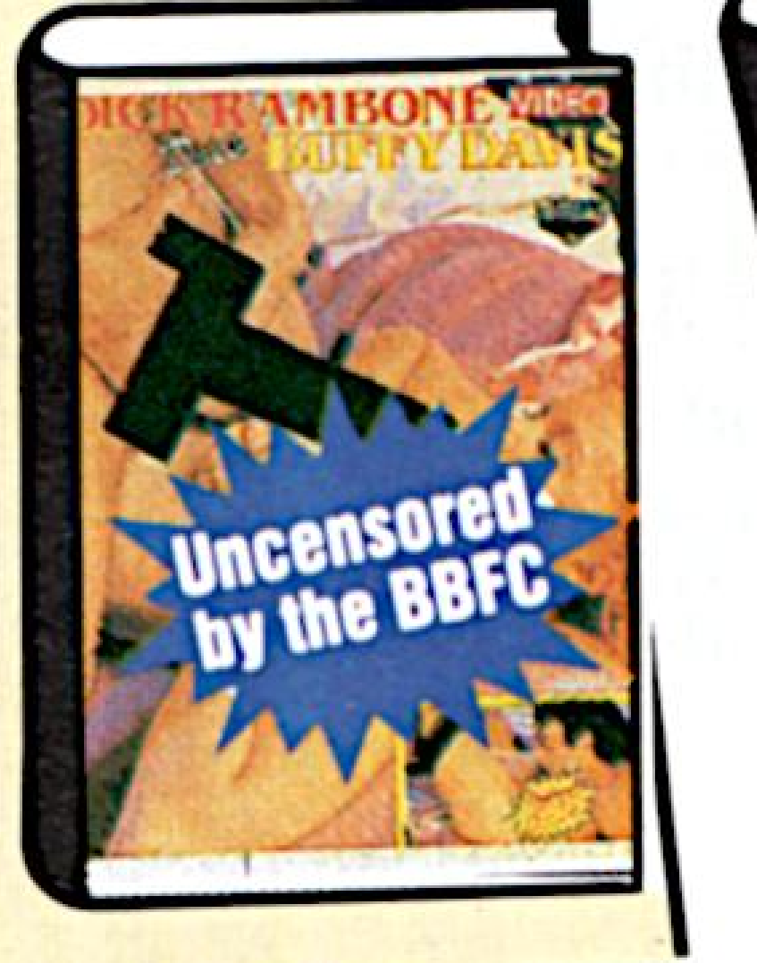


### John Holmes and Ursula

THE man with the biggest XXXX in the business uses his ten inches to great effect—Ursula takes it from every angle in this **uncut** special. Every sex act imaginable, all in graphic detail.

### Exciting

ANOTHER classic previously only available on the continent. Full of the best XXX penetration I remember. A sensational uniform lesbian scene. We're talking hot, hot action.



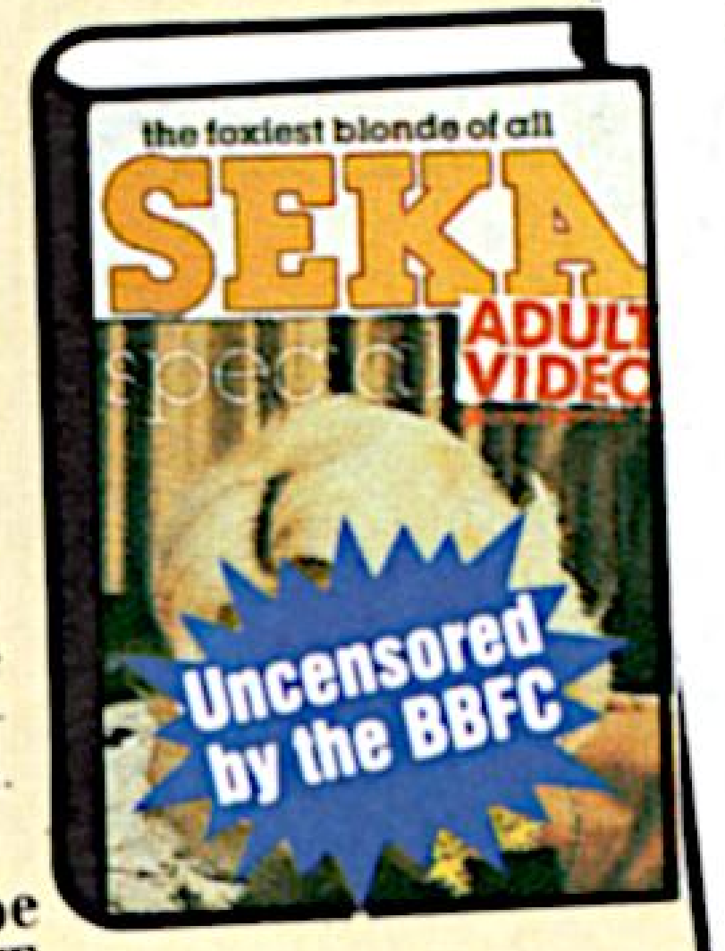
### Dick Rambone Does Buffy Davis

AND he does!! Big buxom Buffy is "done" in every conceivable position with Dick's XXXXX XXX (Censored) XXXXX. Finishes with a terrific two on one scene. Good close-up and penetration shots.

EXCITING
VIDEO
Uncensored by the BBFC

### Seka Special

PROBABLY the most explicit film I've been lucky enough to see. Superb oral action. An excellent porno nurse scene and a memorable orgy. Seka is incredible. This really should not be missed.



**This set of four will sell individually for around £59.00 each, but they can be yours for just £19.95—THAT'S RIGHT £19.95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £19.95 EACH.**

## SET TWO x 4

Mid-1992 prices will be £59.00 each
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Sexy GIRLS
Video
Uncensored by the BBFC

### Sexy Girls

PACKED with well-built sexy girls and a variety of household implements plus XXXXX XXX and a very large selection of very large XXXXXX. This was my favourite—and I made sure I kept a copy.

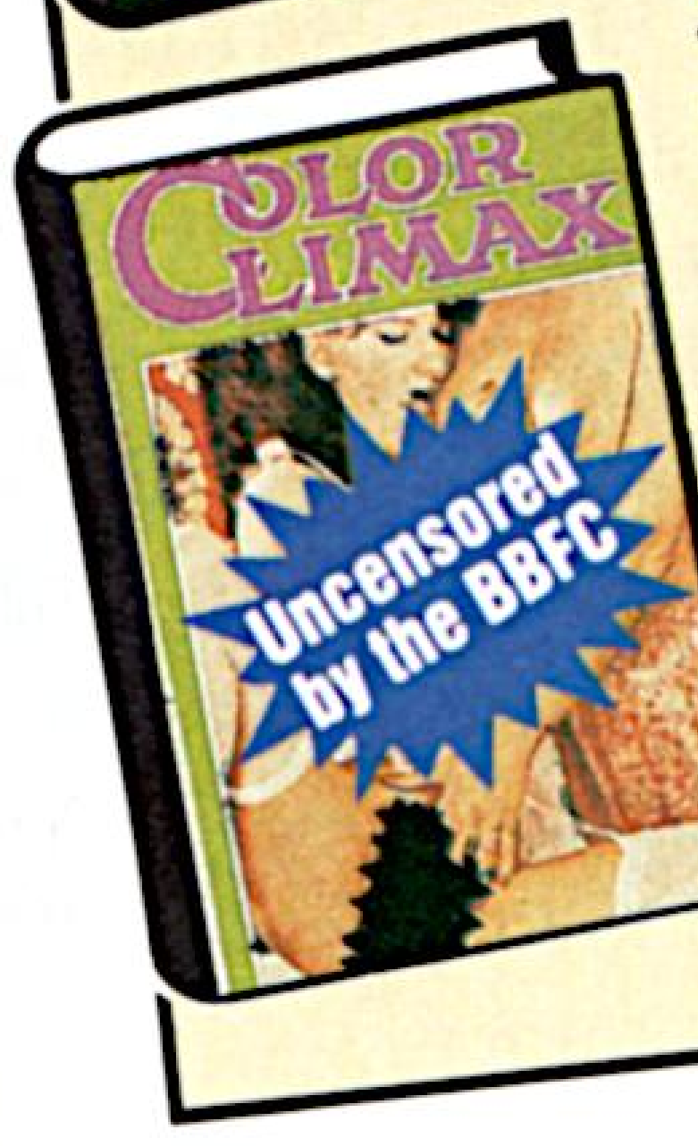
### Color Climax 125

EXACTLY what you would expect from this classic Scandinavian title. Excellent XXXXX action and hot lesbian scenes. One of my boyfriends favourites—I got a night to remember!

BLUE SCREW
Uncensored by the BBFC
ADULT ONLY VIDEO

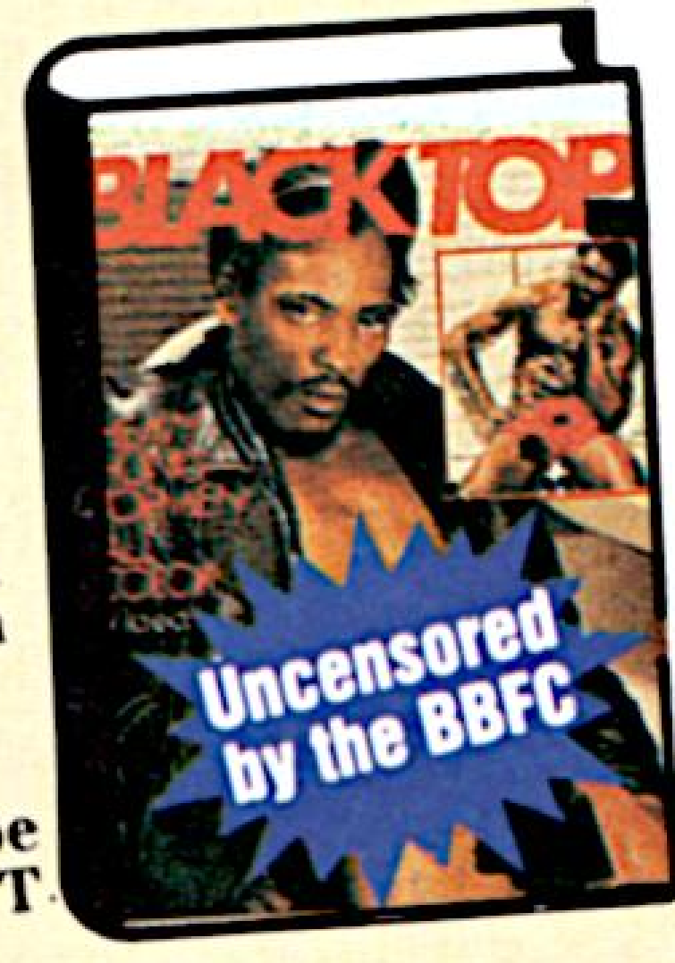
### Blue Screw

THE best group and lesbian action I've ever seen. Full penetration, orgasm and XXXXXXXX. This film is guaranteed to bring you instant sexual relief. The three girl lesbian orgy is a classic.



### Black Top

A SPECIAL for gays, and girls who like their man big. This is a hot all male film with more muscle than I've seen before. I loved it.



**This set of four will sell individually for around £59.00 each, but they can be yours for just £19.95—THAT'S RIGHT £19.95 FOR ALL 4 NOT £19.95 EACH.**

### EXTRA—EXTRA

**As well as the two sets of 4 films I have put together, 8 more that you can buy in pairs. Selling for up to ~~£59.00~~ each you can have any pair for just £11.95.**

### Pair A
### Rodox 21 and Rodox 28

GENUINE oral group and lesbian sex action. It's fast moving, explicit and horny close-up shots of sexual relief, see it all in full colour. *was ~~£59.95~~*

*You will not be able to buy anything else like this in the UK £11.95.*

### Pair B
### Color Climax 133 & Color Climax 142

ONE man tries to satisfy a group of horny girls. When he fails they turn to each other! Group female action in close-up feature shots. You will not believe your eyes when you see what these girls can do for each other. *was ~~£54.95~~*

*A lesbian fantasy £11.95.*

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"No, not really," he sighed. "I've been invited to this party I've been trying to avoid for months, and like an idiot I said I'd go."

"Well, I hardly know anyone here, so I'll come along too, if you want..." I suggested.

"That'd be great! I can't promise it'll be much fun though," he grinned. Oh, I think I can, I thought, and we arranged for him to call for me the following night.

Luckily, I was alone in the house that evening and when Martin turned up, I asked him in and told him to wait while I finished changing. I ran upstairs and stripped off my jeans and sweatshirt, and took out the one sexy dress I had bought with me. It was a slinky blue lycra number with a low cut front and a back that plunged right down to the top of my bum.

I stepped into the dress, and as I pulled it up over my hips and bottom I felt a tremble rush through my whole body, and when I smoothed it down my nipples were standing out like bullets. I was about to go back downstairs when I paused for a moment. What the hell, I thought, and removed my bra and panties and looked at myself again in the mirror. Perfect. The cheeks of my firm backside just peeped out from under the hem, and I pulled it down a little so it just covered my damp pussy.

My dress felt so tight and horny I couldn't help but slip my hands down between my legs for a moment to feel my wet, swollen pussy lips. I was ready for Martin now, and slowly drawing my hands away, I put on my highest heels, piled my long blonde hair up to really show off my neck and back, and made my way downstairs.

Martin nearly leapt out of the chair when he saw my transformation.

"Sit down," I told him, pushing him back down in his chair. "You're not going anywhere." And with that I put on a slow, smooth record and turning to face him began to dance.

My body was trembling with excitement as I began to move rhythmically from side to side. I ran my hands up my thighs and slowly worked the dress up a little till half my bum was on show, along with my soaking pussy. I slipped a couple of fingers up into my cunt and gently frigged myself, admiring Martin's raging hard-on.

I turned round and bent over to look at him through my wide open legs, knowing he could see right inside my puffy, shining cunt. By now my pussy was so swollen and wet I could hardly contain myself, so I leant against the dresser, my pussy pointing at Martin as if to say, "Come on, lover, I want your cock in me now!"

That was all the encouragement he needed. His trousers were off in a flash and his long, thick cock was standing up proud and hard, and waving in front of my pouting cunt. He held me close and with one hand parted my legs a little more, then, bending his knees slightly, he gently guided himself towards me.

I could feel his hot, hard helmet nuzzle against my pussy lips before, with one smooth movement, he slid his cock into me. He fitted me perfectly, and I instinctively clenched my muscles around his swollen shaft as he began pumping it in and out. He was fucking me so hard I could even lift my feet off the ground and wrap my legs around his back as he thrust into me.

We frantically smothered each other's face with kisses as I grabbed that lovely firm bum of his and pulled him even deeper into me. At the same time, Martin pulled down the front of my dress to expose my tits, kneading and tweaking them as he fucked me faster and faster.

I felt I was almost going to faint with the excitement of it all, until finally I felt Martin groan and start pumping his spunk into me. I let go too and came again and again on his cock, our juices mingling together as we both carried on fucking. He was still squirting the last of his come into me as his legs finally buckled and we collapsed into a heap on the floor.

"I'm sorry, Martin," I panted. "But I really didn't feel like going to a party. Anyway, I've met everyone I need to meet already!" Martin said he didn't mind in the slightest, and even suggested we make up for lost time!

So that night we spent hours fucking and sucking every little (and not so little) part of each other, and although I want to see my friends at home in Australia, I'll soon be back for more! — *Kathy, New South Wales*

# ON THE JOB

*In and out of the office*

## Driving Them Wild

A lot of people think it's funny when I say I'm a chauffeur. I know it's always traditionally been seen as a man's job, but I think I'm as good as any bloke – don't you dare make any jokes about lady drivers around me! – and I really enjoy getting behind the wheel of a big, powerful car like the ones I'm asked to drive. To tell you the truth, I actually find it a bit of a turn on to have control of a fast, perfectly tuned machine, and on nights when I've dropped off my clients I sometimes stop on a dark stretch of road, leaving the motor running so I can feel it throbbing beneath my thighs and bottom. Spreading my legs wide, I slip my hand down the front of my uniform trousers and into the crotch of my knickers, rubbing my fingers against my damp pussy hair and stroking my clit until I come. That's how much I love to drive!

I've had all sorts of people in the back of my limo: pop stars, businessmen, actresses; some of them tuck into the minibar with relish, some treat me like dirt, and some try to chat me up! I don't mind that though, although it would be unprofessional of me to fuck the clients. And I never thought I would do something naughty like that...

One day last month my boss told me that he had a special assignment for me. I was to drive a rich honeymooning couple for a few days, and they wanted an open topped car as they were planning lots of sightseeing.

I went to the couple's hotel to pick up the young wife and take her to meet her husband at his golf club. As soon as she got into the car I understood exactly what he saw in her. Caroline was a gorgeous, tanned blonde, and her elegant cream wrapover dress showed off her great figure to perfection. She asked if she could sit in the front beside me, and as we drove along my eyes kept straying to her full tits and lovely long brown legs. Her dress revealed her firm thighs, and I found myself wishing that it would slip open a little further and show me her crotch.

It's not the first time I've been attracted to another woman, and I kept imagining Caroline's slender fingers creeping between my legs and into my cunt, bringing me to the climax I was starting to crave.

"Driver, shouldn't you be keeping your eyes on the road!" Caroline suddenly piped up. I felt myself blushing, but when I plucked up enough courage to look at her, I found she was smiling mischievously. "It's okay, don't be shy," she laughed. "I can see the way you're looking at me. You want to know what I look like under this dress, don't you?"

I just about managed to nod, and to my amazement she pulled her dress open more, so I could just see the swell of her creamy, firm boobs covered by a bright blue teddy. The urge to reach over and touch them was overwhelming.

"Driver, why don't you pull over?" laughed Caroline. "I'm afraid you're going to crash the car!"

Luckily we were out of town by now and it wasn't difficult for me to find a deserted stretch of road. As soon as I stopped the car, Caroline turned to me and deliberately let the teddy slip down, exposing her beautiful tits and dark brown nipples. She licked her finger, then ran the wet tip around one nipple, making it hard.

"See, I'm getting turned on," she murmured. "You want to see my pussy now, don't you?"

Spreading her perfect legs, she let her dress fall open. The teddy was pulled tight into her crotch and I could see a small, dark patch of dampness right between her thighs. She wasn't lying when she said she was turned on – obviously she was as horny as me!

I could hardly believe it when Caroline pulled the crotch of the teddy aside, settling back in her seat so I had a terrific view of her sparse blonde pubes and plump pussy lips. Once again she licked her finger, then rubbed it over her clit.

"Ooh, that's good!" she purred. "I really need to come!" And with that she slid another finger right into her cunt and started frigging herself. It was the first time I'd ever watched another girl fingering herself and I could hardly catch my breath, I was so aroused. The sight of her sticky, juice-shiny fingers sliding smoothly between her

rosy lips had my nipples hard and my cunt aching with lust.

When Caroline started to come, arching her bum up off the seat and moaning, she suddenly grabbed my hand and pulled it towards her pussy. I got two fingers inside her just as her orgasm reached its peak and I felt her soft pussy walls contract around my fingers. As she sighed with pleasure and satisfaction I lifted my fingers to my mouth and tasted her juice.

By now I was as horny as I'd ever been in my life, and I couldn't believe it when Caroline straightened her dress, covering herself up, and said, "Come on driver! We're going to be late!" What a bitch, I thought!

My thighs squeezed together to try to ease the tingling in my cunt, I drove Caroline the rest of the way to the golf club in silence. I waited while she ran inside, returning soon after with her husband – a gorgeous, tanned hunk of a guy who looked perfect beside her.

This time Caroline sat in the back, with Anthony, and I soon realized she was still feeling as randy as ever. First they started kissing, then he was fondling her boobs, and the next thing I knew, Caroline was unzipping his flies and pulling out his cock!

"Can you pull over again?" she laughed as Anthony began to groan with the pleasure of her hand running up and down his shaft. "I can't wait to reach the hotel – I need this stud now!"

Despite myself the thought of this pair fucking in the back of my car was making me more aroused than ever, and I found a place to stop.

"Good," said Caroline. "Now, I hope you're going to watch – it makes it so naughty..."

I turned around in my seat and met Anthony's eyes as Caroline lowered her head into his lap and began to suck on his cock.

"That's great," he groaned. "My wife's such a wonderful cocksucker... and she's very horny. But I guess you know that already, don't you?"

I smiled and nodded. "How about you?" Anthony said. "Are you turned on? I can see you are. Why don't you unbutton that blouse and let me see your body?"

Without even thinking, I unbuttoned my blouse and let Anthony feast his eyes on my braless boobs. The glint in his eyes told me he liked what he saw, so I moved forward, within his reach. At once his hands cupped my tits, stroking and caressing them. Caroline looked up, grinned, and resumed her sucking.

"I bet you've got a great little bum too," Anthony said admiringly. "How about showing me?" I nodded obediently and slipped out of my trousers, sitting up on the back of my seat so Anthony could fondle my curvy bum, barely covered by transparent black panties.

"Driver, get into the backseat so my husband can eat your cunt," Caroline ordered me. "I know you want it!"

I certainly couldn't deny that, so I climbed over into the back. Anthony lay flat on his back so Caroline could continue slurping on his dick while I straddled his face. After all that anticipation, the touch of Anthony's tongue on the crotch of my knickers was almost too much for me, and when he pulled the knickers aside and plunged his tongue right into my quivering, bare pussy, I knew I would come very soon.

Caroline turned around to face me, spreading her pussy and letting Anthony's rigid cock thrust right up into her juicy hole as she straddled him. In this position she was able to play with my tits, and I started to come hard as she touched me for the first time.

"Oh, that's right, driver! Ride that tongue!" she yelled, her own climax coming too. We kissed as we both came. Then as I started to recover from my climax Caroline suggested we change places.

"Look how big this cock is!" she said as she climbed off it. "Wouldn't you like it deep inside your hot cunt?"

Of course I wanted it, and I swiftly sat astride Anthony. Caroline spread my pussy lips and guided Anthony's prick inside me, then got over his face so he could lick her while he fucked me.

It had been ages since I'd had a cock so big, and I could feel it stretching my pussy walls in the most delicious way as it hammered into me. Caroline was really enjoying the look of ecstasy on my face, kissing and stroking me as I milked her man's prick with my strong pussy muscles. Then as she started to come again she yelled,

"Now, Anthony! Spunk in her cunt! Give it to her!"

I felt his cock flex and then his hot spunk surged up deep inside me, setting me off on the most powerful orgasm I'd ever had. Caroline had to hold me up as I came and came, feeling Anthony pump me full of spunk. When I did eventually calm down, Caroline pulled me off Anthony's dick and told me to kneel up so she could wriggle under me and lick up all the come from my sticky pussy. Since I'd been longing to feel her tongue in my cunt all afternoon that just set me off all over again, and it was even more perfect when Anthony offered me his dick to suck back to hardness. Feeling it stiffen in my mouth while Caroline ate me out was really something!

"There's something I've always wanted to try, and I think you're just the girl who can help me do it," Anthony told me as he asked Caroline and I to lean on the bonnet of the car with our bums pointing towards him. Caroline and I held hands as he took turns to fuck us both in that position, giving each pussy a couple of strokes with his dick before swiching to the other. With that technique he managed to make us both come at the very same time, then sprayed his second load of spunk over our trim little bottoms and watched us hungrily lap it up.

It seemed very strange after all that to put my blouse and trousers back on and drive Caroline and Anthony back to their hotel, but I knew I had another few days of chauffeuring them to enjoy. And enjoy it I did, as they proved to be just as horny for the rest of their stay! The best moment of all was when they had a couple of friends over to their hotel for drinks. They got me to dress up in my uniform and act very formally, then do a striptease for their delighted guests!

I was so disappointed when they left, as I'd been getting so much great sex, but Caroline promised to recommend me to all her horny friends – and she was as good as her word. These days my job is so exciting that I really am the hottest thing on four wheels! – *Jennifer, Dorset*

# COUPLES CONFESS

*Share and share alike!*

## Model Lover

I know that many Club readers will be interested in my story, though it happened a couple of years ago. I was just 18 at the time, and although I wasn't at all an innocent virgin, I didn't have what you might call a whole lot of experience in that department. I'd had straight boy-girl sex, but nothing fancy – and to be honest, I'd never even considered the fact that there were other forms of sex. My parents weren't the sort of people who thought that sex should be for open discussion, and so when I lost my virginity, I thought that all sex was about was a couple of minutes of thrusting, then feeling the hot spunk rushing up inside my cunt. I never thought there could possibly more to it than that. How wrong I was!

My life totally changed – and my sex life perked up – when I was discovered as a model. I don't mean the sort of modelling that's done in Club (well, not at first, anyway!) – I mean the catwalk kind. Suddenly, from being a humble but happy shop assistant, I was working the London catwalks. And my long, slim, shapely legs, smooth, firm thighs, blonde hair down to my waist and big blue eyes made me a bit of a hit with the designers.

It was a few months before I realised what a hit my looks had made me with some of the other models too. I soon found out that most of these girls were bisexual, or at least, more than willing to experiment with sex. Just think about it: there you are, surrounded all day by beautiful girls, their bodies being constantly exposed, bare skin everywhere... It's no wonder that the girls couldn't keep their hands to themselves!

It wasn't long before I was having a raging affair with a lovely model called Debbie. She was about six feet tall with a mane of red hair, really pale skin and the most delicious bottom I think any of you could possibly imagine. The first time I felt a tingle of sexual attraction for her, I was pretty nervous – but the stroking of her fingers on my perky little boobs soon made me feel relaxed about the fact that I was sleeping with another girl for the first time.

The sensation of her rough tongue exploring all the crevices of my pink, moist pussy sent me spiralling towards orgasm after orgasm, her hands roughly moulding my curves as I nibbled on her boobs and pushed my tongue hard into her mouth – Debbie really did teach me that girls can enjoy each other's bodies to the full.

I was just getting used to that when Debbie took me to the next stage of the game: she introduced me to the orgy scene that is rife among the modelling fraternity. Imagine: I was 18, still almost an innocent, and here was my female lover telling me that she had arranged a special treat for me – a group sex session where I would be able to be fucked by another man and woman, while Debbie watched! I was almost beside myself with excitement.

When the night came when I was to make my 'couple sex' debut, Debbie made sure that she dressed me properly. It was very erotic feeling her hands soaping me all over in the shower, the soap and her fingers straying more deeply between the folds of my cunt than my own would if I'd been washing myself, then having her dry me with a huge fluffy towel, rubbing me briskly to make my nipples stand right out. By the time I was ready to make my debut, I was trembling with sexual excitement, my cunt all pink and juiced up, my clitty darkened and swollen.

"Is it turning you on, knowing that you're about to fuck another girl while I watch you?" Debbie asked me, running her tongue down between my boobs. "And I'll watch you fuck a guy too – you'll love to feel that thick rod in your cunt, won't you?"

I nodded as Debbie led me towards her sitting room. I knew that her friends Lindy and Danny were in there, clearly in the same state of sexual excitement that I was. "They've been getting each other ready for you," Debbie grinned at me.

"Have they done this before?" I asked, wide-eyed.

"They're old hands at it," Debbie replied, smoothing the soft white cotton baby doll nightie that I was wearing over my hips. It just skimmed my tight little bum and showed off my newly fluffed up pubic mound to perfection. "And I can assure you that they're both well worth waiting for!"

I knew what she meant when I saw them. Lindy was tiny and Oriental looking, with smooth olive skin and black eyes, while Danny was a real hunk, about 30, and had obviously been a male model when he was younger, judging by his chiselled features and his beautifully smooth pecs. I could feel my cunt tightening as he gazed over my body lazily – and the feeling was compounded when Lindy came over and started stroking me in front of her husband. She stood behind me and ran her hands down my front as I leaned back, her fingers kneading my skin through my nightie before lifting it up and burying themselves down in my pubes.

"We'll give Danny a real show, right, Carol?" Lindy grinned at me. "This is his birthday treat, so I want it to be the best he's ever had."

All I could do was nod as Lindy kneeled down in front of me and ran her tongue all around the outer edge of my pubic mound, my bush nuzzling into her nose as she experimentally licked my exposed clit very gently, testing out the strength of my arousal. "You just tell me what you want to see, Danny," she said to him, "and Carol and I will do it."

I glanced around at Debbie and grinned. "You bet I will!"

Debbie was brandishing a camera, which I wasn't surprised to see. Photography was a big hobby of hers, and she'd often taken shots of me posing in bed just before she brought me off, and had even managed to set some timed ones up so that we could enjoy shots of the two of us having great sex. Now, she was going to take shots of me getting a really good tongue-fuck from Lindy. What an incredible turn-on!

"Really deep, do it really deep!" I told her. "I love feeling a girl's tongue right up my cunt."

Lindy's hands really gripped my buttocks hard, my pussy muscles clenching as the tip of her tongue pushed right into me, probing and licking and making me arch my back under my thin nightie. My nipples were so stiff, they were almost tearing a hole in it, and I reached my hands up and played with my titties sensuously, moulding the soft, hot flesh through the material.

I heard Danny groan as he became aroused, stripping off the tiny thong pouch that was the only thing he was wearing so that he could massage his cock as he watched us. His shaft already looked huge and swollen with come, his balls swinging as he knelt beside us and watched closely as his girlfriend brought me even closer to coming. I was really gasping and panting wildly now, her experienced tongue hitting my G-spot time and time again.

"That's it – get me there!" I yelled out. "I'm going to come in your mouth!"

When I climaxed, Debbie was right there with the camera, catching a good close-up shot of my creamy juices dripping out of my cunt for Lindy to swallow. And she licked up every drop, giving my cunt a thorough cleaning with her tongue which left me even hotter and more aroused than I had been before.

"Now do Lindy – do her from behind!" Danny groaned, his hand flashing back and forth on his cock shaft. Obligingly, Lindy knelt on all fours in front of him, reaching her hand back so that her fingers could part her steaming, wet love lips, giving him a worm's eye

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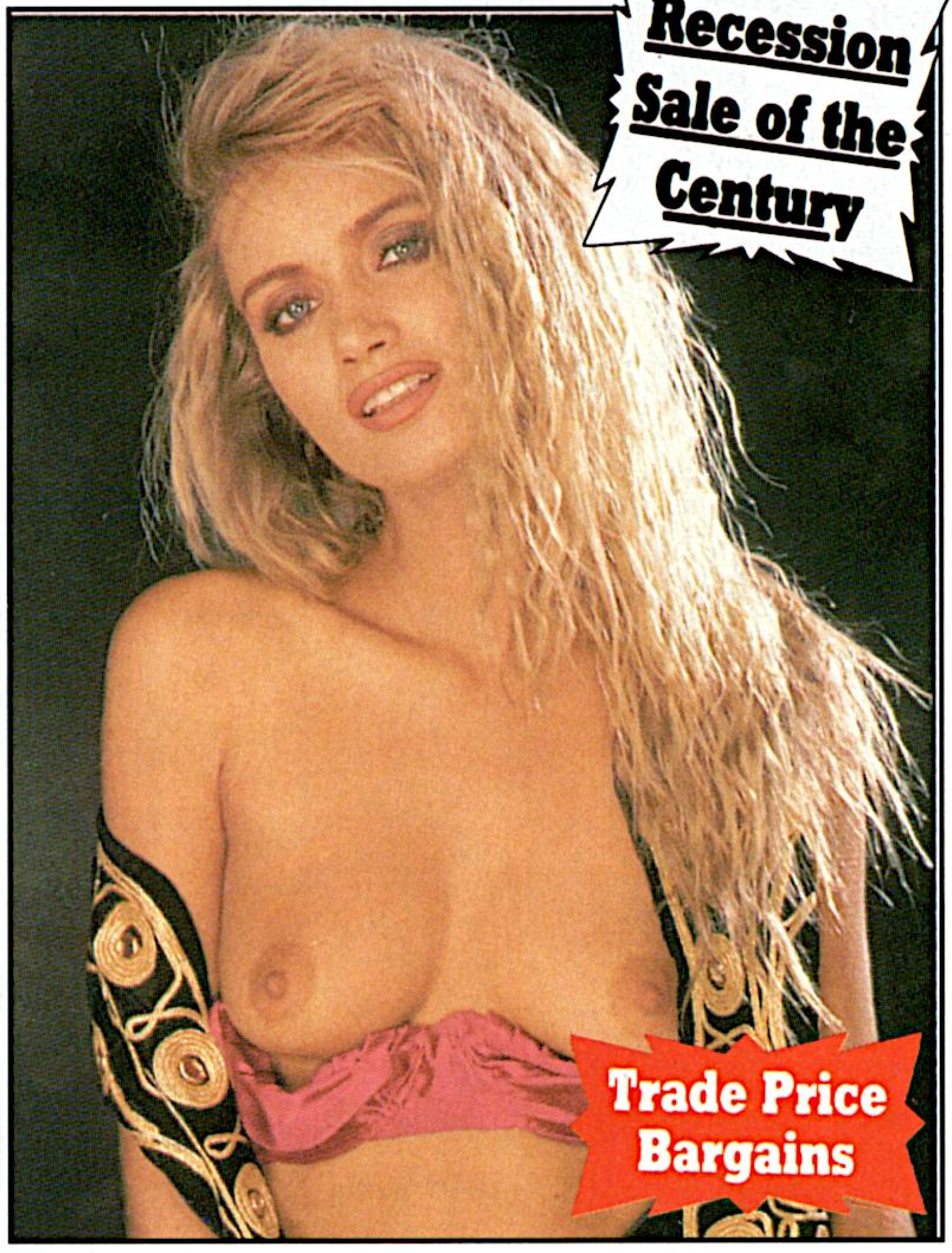

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view right up into her pussy. Burying my face into her wiry black pubes from behind, I started tonguing her for all I was worth.

Lindy tasted delicious, her juices really tangy as they hit my tongue, and I'm not ashamed to say that I lost control totally, nibbling at her clit and pushing both tongue and fingers into her greedy pussy. At the same time, she was thrusting her pelvis back so that we'd got a really good, hot fucking rhythm going – and it felt so erotic to be doing this for an eager audience like Danny and Debbie. She was still clicking away with the camera, and then I felt Danny lever himself up on to his knees and enter me from behind, spreading my buttocks wide the way Lindy had done to hers, then easing his shaft slowly, deliciously, up into my cunt.

Then he really started fucking me in earnest, with hard, long, fast strokes which had my dangling boobs quivering like jelly and my pussy muscles clenching tightly around his cock as he shafted me. I felt the helmet of it push as far up as it would go, and then he'd leave it there, wiggling it around and rotating it inside me so that I could feel the maximum effect of its size. Danny's cock really was thick and juicy, and I was soon thrusting back in time with Lindy's rhythm, impaling myself on her husband's cock as his balls slapped against my bum.

Debbie was crouching right next to us, snapping away at the sight of our daisy chain, though I'm sure her hands were shaking as much as I was. It was all I could do to hold myself in position to receive the fucking Danny was giving me, while at the same time still managing to keep my tongue busy on Lindy's cunt. She shouted out that she was going to orgasm, and that just spurred me on further, licking and sucking her cunt until the juices were flooding out and covering my face. I gulped them down eagerly – and at the same time I was about to come myself, as Danny unloaded his wad of creamy come right inside me.

It was an incredible feeling, having my tongue inside Danny's wife, still eating out her muff as he shot his load into my grasping pussy. I thought the hot spurts were never going to end, but eventually he pulled his shaft out and fell back on to the floor, exhausted. I uncoupled from Lindy, and thought that was going to be it, except that she immediately went over to her husband and started massaging his shaft, licking it clean of all his come and my own love juices.

I could hardly believe that they had the energy to do anything after that – but I hadn't forgotten Debbie. She looked really turned on as I suddenly came over all dominant.

"Come over here," I told her. "My pussy needs a good cleaning."

I stood up above her as she nudged her tongue in between my moist love lips, really probing me deeply as she ate out all the juices and come that were oozing out. "That tastes so delicious," she murmured – I suppose she hadn't enjoyed the taste of a guy's come for a while, as we'd been lovers for the last three months. "I need more of it."

Luckily for her it wasn't long before Lindy had Danny's shaft back to full hardness again, and we both watched as he lay on the floor and invited Debbie to straddle him. Her eager cunt engulfed his shaft smoothly, and within minutes she was riding him hard, her boobs and hair flying as his tool pumped into her.

"Come on her tits," Lindy begged him as Debbie started to orgasm, shaking violently with the force of it. I was coming again myself, with a little help from my own fingers on my throbbing clit, and at the sight of Danny pulling out of Debbie's cunt and shooting another copious load of spunk all over her boobs. It dripped off her nipples and she smoothed it into her skin, licking the residue off her fingers slowly and sensuously. I couldn't resist taking a couple of cheeky snapshots of that one!

As I said at the start, all this was a couple of years ago. My relationship with Debbie lasted for a year, during which time we both had various male and female lovers, but always came back to each other. After we broke up and both got married, I gave up modelling – though I must admit that I'd love to get back into it with a session for Club! – so I haven't seen Debbie for ages. I wonder if she's reading this now? – *Carol, Kent* ♣

# Michelle

Photographs by Jack Harrison

*Blonde, beautiful, and – oh Lordy – just look at that bottom! Yes, the girl with tits that could give you an injury (if handled properly) and the sort of smile that could defrost a fridge from thirty yards is back! Or Michelle to all you first timers...*

*"It's been a while, I know; but since my last appearance in Club I've been snowed under with offers," grinned the sexy 20-year-old. Bet there's*

*been a few naughty ones in there, we said.*

*"Not at all! I've been in the back of a few limo's, been asked to open some things and bare my all for my local newspaper. See? Nothing naughty at all..."* ♣

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OLDER WOMAN
WANTS HER
TITS SUCKED
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0338 402 694

I'll Toss You Off!
0338 402 596

Spurt in my Face-Big Boy
0338 402 456

Secretary Needs Spanking
0338 402 450

I'll Talk Filthy-you W**k
0338 402 451

My Bum is Sore
0338 402 598

My wife (25) tongued [redacted]
0338 402 594

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With Me
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2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK
0338 40 30 84

NEW

NEW

0338 402 994

NEW

PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
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TOGETHER
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0898 884 717

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0898 884 725

DO ME ON THE FLOOR
0338 402 212

CLIT LICKING ACTION
0898 884 727

I'LL SQUIRM ON YOUR TODGER!
0338 402 205

SPREAD THEM AND MAKE ME SCREAM
0338 402 213

HOLD MY LIPS OPEN
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**SHOOT IN MY MOUTH 0338 402 222**

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| My well used vag! 0898 884 720 | My roaming razors taken my bush off!!! 0338 402 215 | Girls who lick love juice 0338 402 221 |
| I'LL SUCK your b***s 0898 884 722 | Slap it between my boobs 0338 402 210 | Put it between my lips & I'll suck 0338 402 227 |
| Her nipples excite me!! 0898 884 726 | Voyeurs!! welcome - cum watch & listen 0338 402 216 | I'll suck your hot love pump 0338 402 225 |
| Tarts love tit w**ks 0898 884 729 | Sod the hubby, lets just screw 0338 402 217 | Enter the dungeon of Dom!! 0338 402 224 |
| I dominate the office junior 0338 402 201 | Unzip and insert 0338 402 218 | Moaning wife mouths off!!! 0338 402 223 |
| Headmistress & the Gym teacher 0338 402 202 | | |
| W**k off in my face 0338 402 206 | | |
| Get it out & shove it up! 0338 402 211 | | |
| Put it in my mouth & I'll suck 0338 402 207 | | |
| White lace & stilletoes 0338 402 214 | | |
| Holding myself open so you get a peek 0338 402 208 | | |
| Between my cleavage 0338 402 229 | | |

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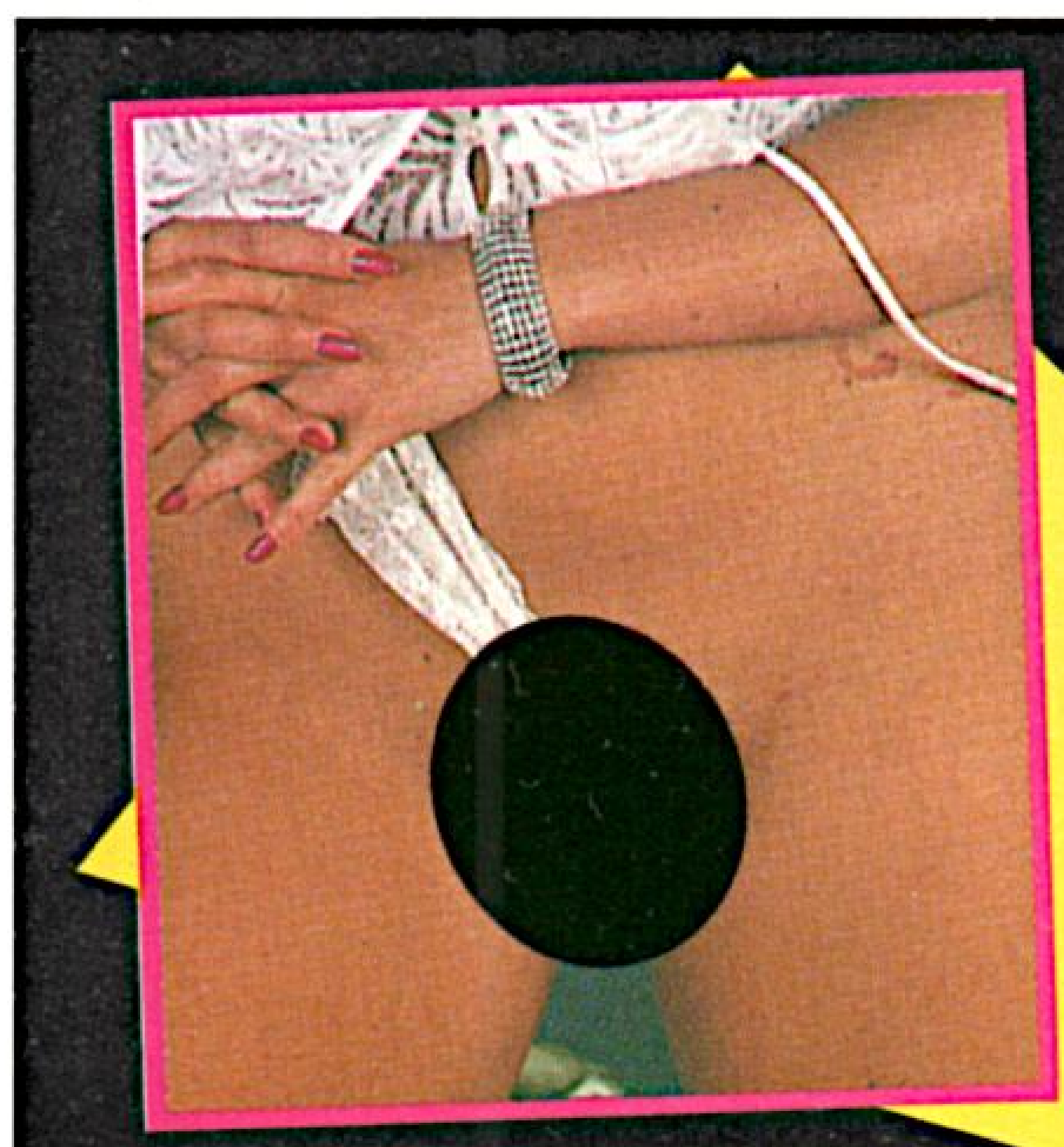

**PUMP ME WITH YOUR TRUNCHEON 0898 884 713**

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I'M ON ALL FOURS & BEGGING FOR IT
0898 884 708

FUDGE ME BACKWARDS
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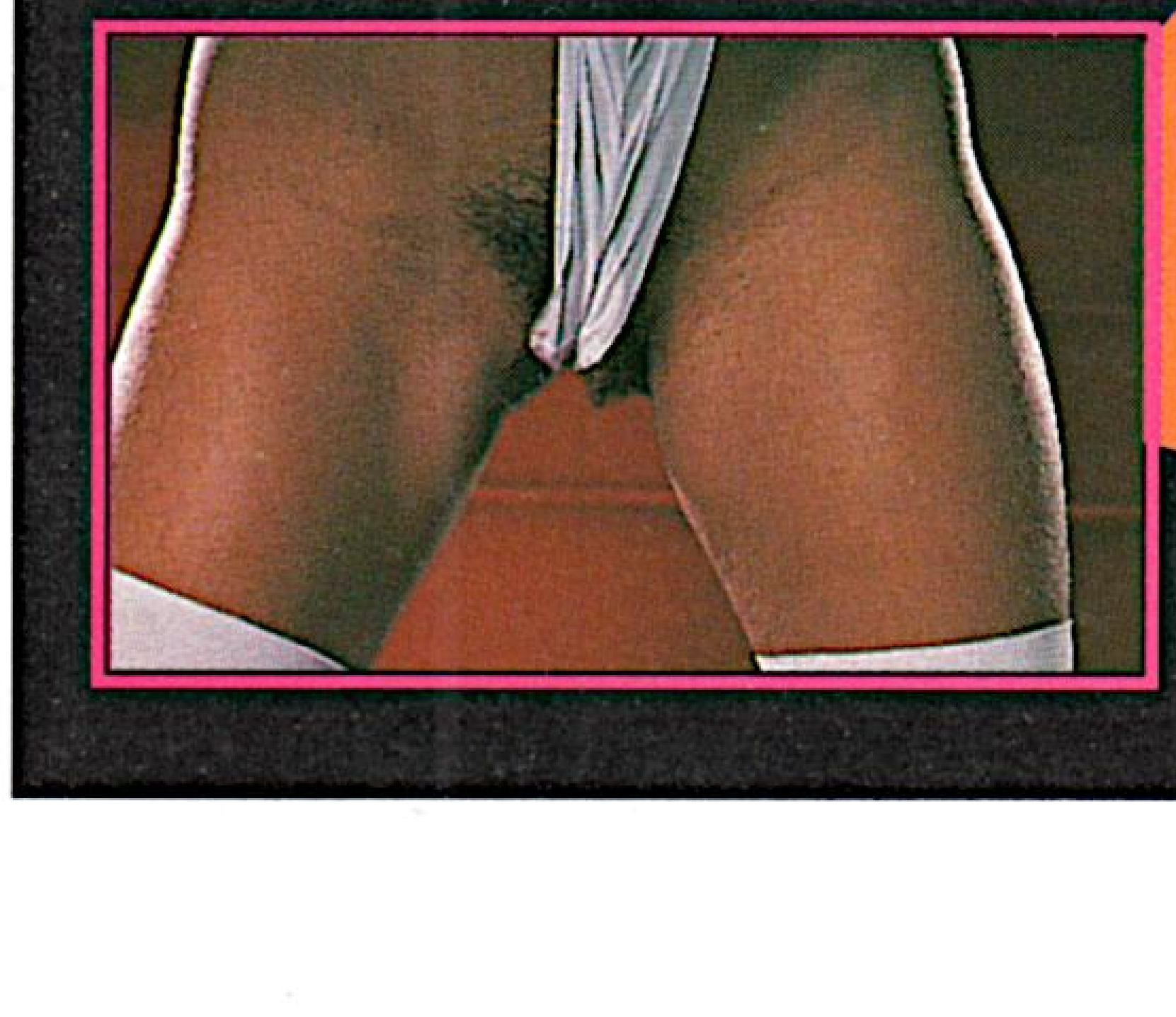
BARE BOTTOM WAITING IN THE OFFICE
0338 402 219



**MY BUM NEEDS ATTENTION 0338 402 228**

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HOT SEX LINES

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*and do me hard!!!* **0338 402 204**

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*PAM THE SHAVEN HUSSY* 0898 884 715
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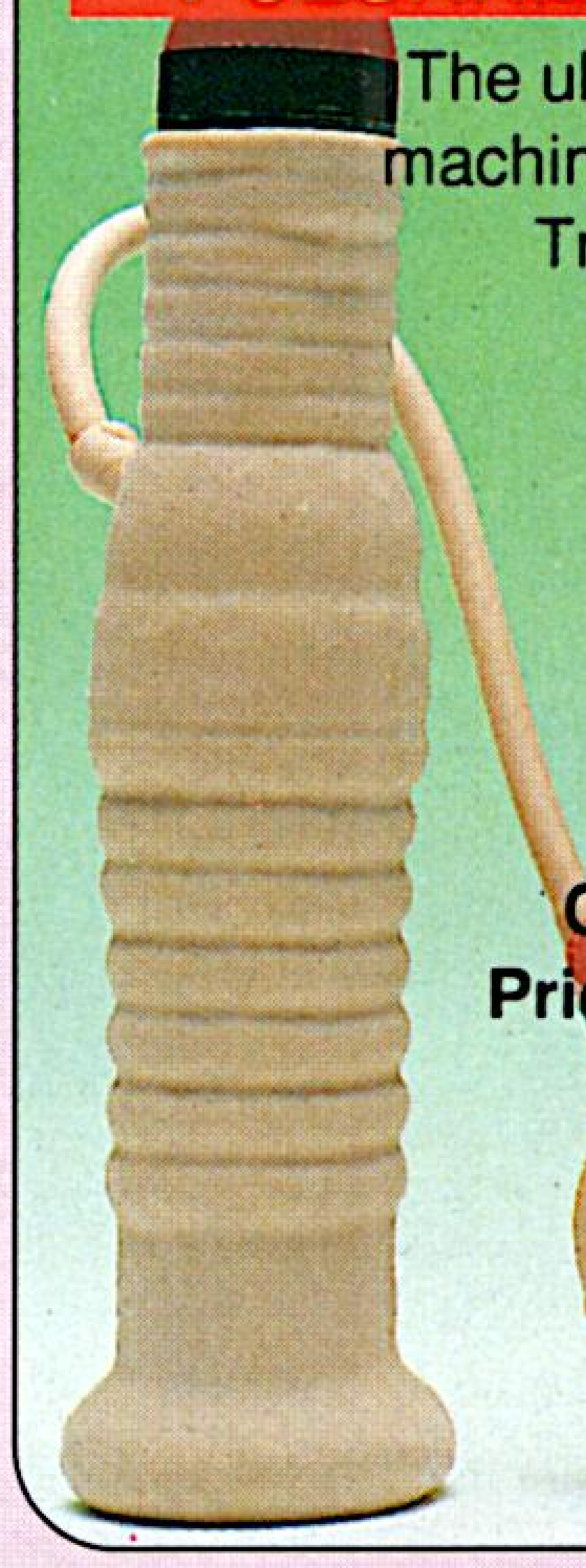

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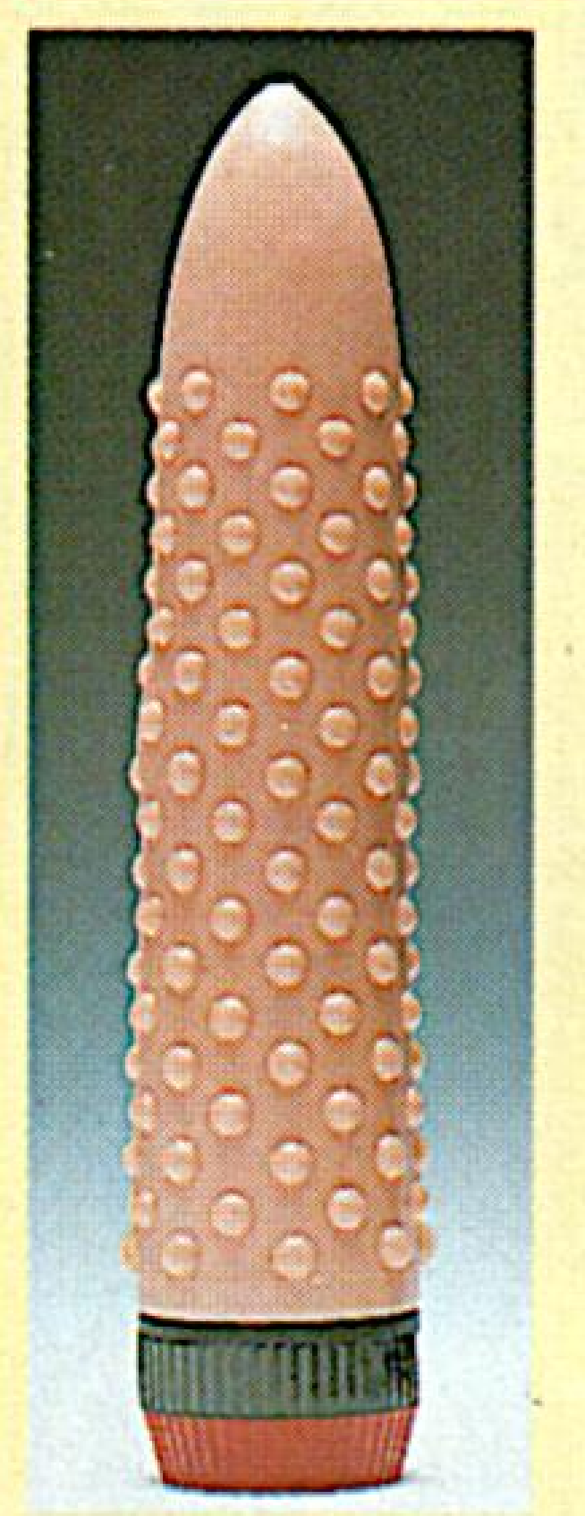

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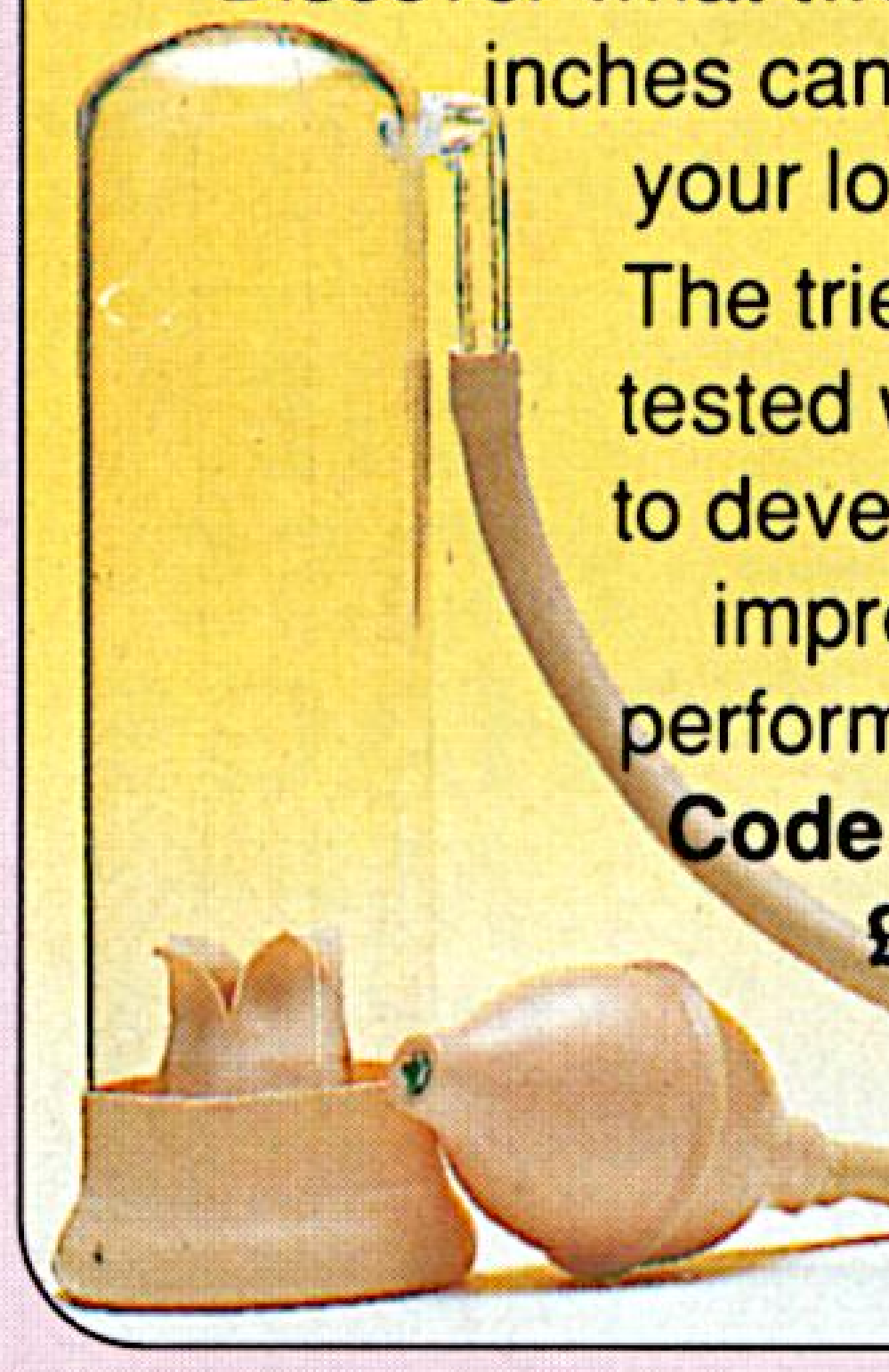

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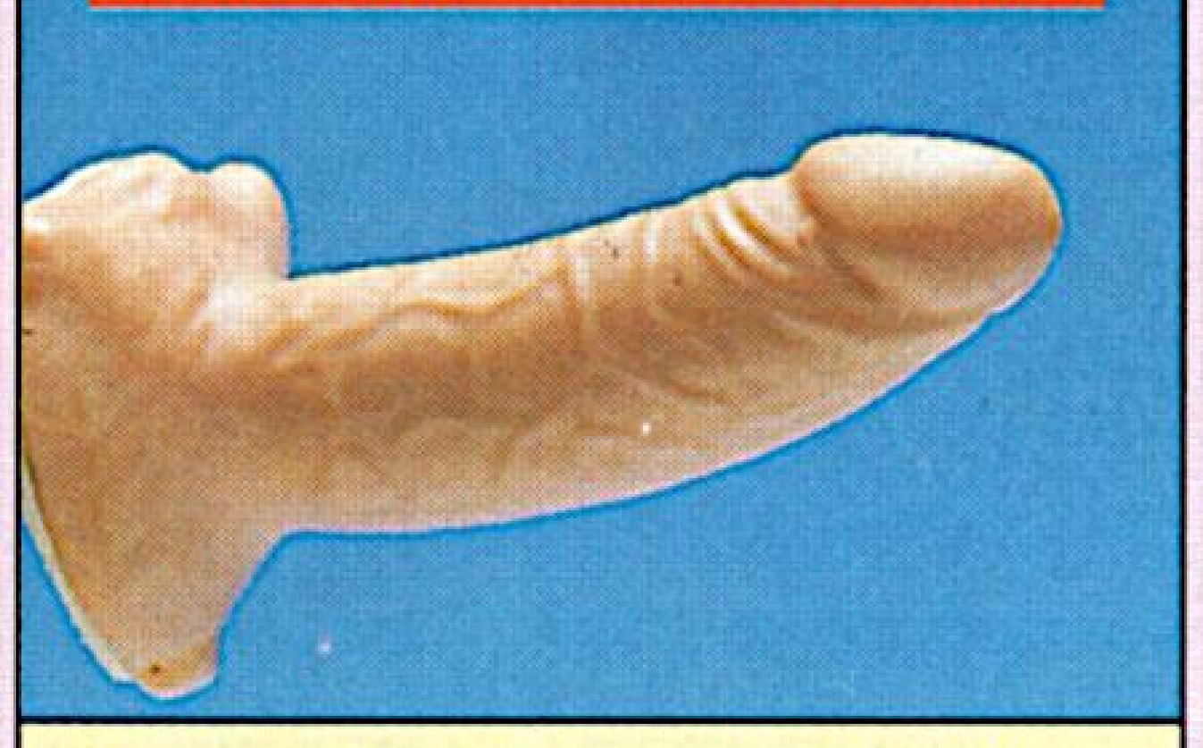

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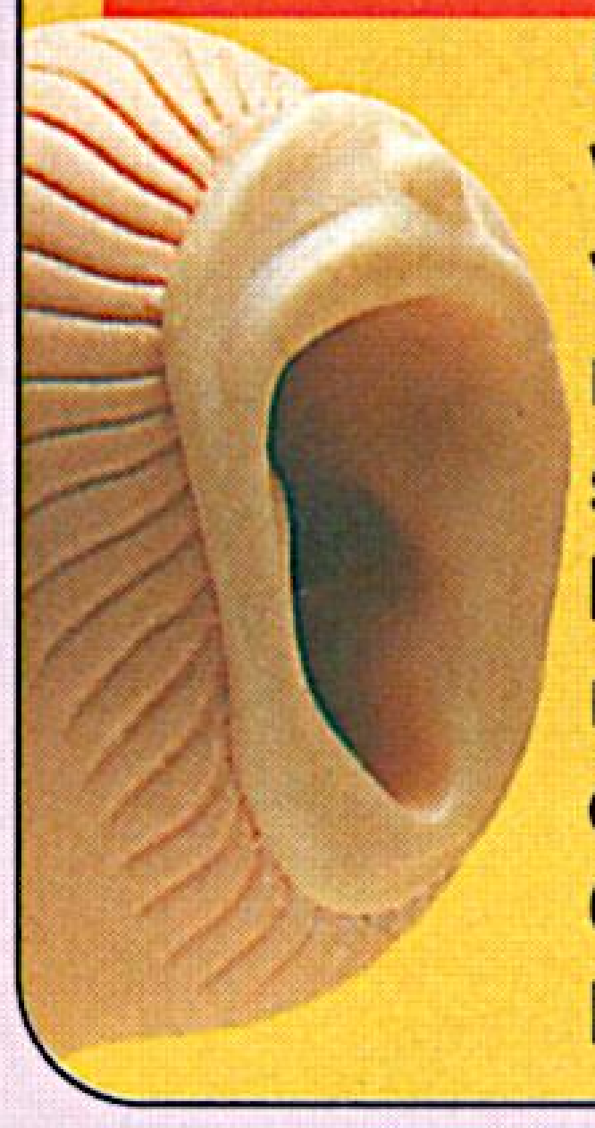

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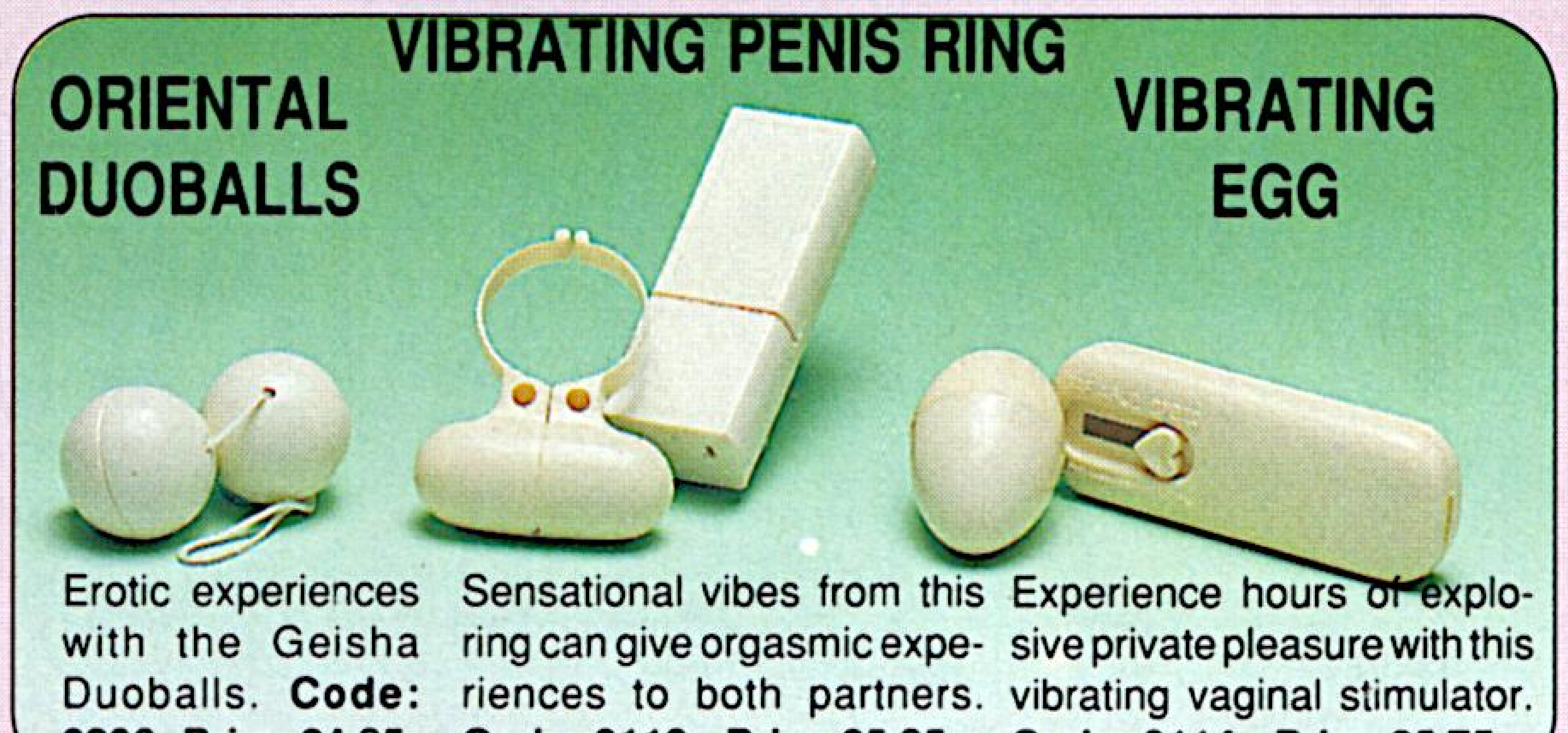

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| TOTAL £ | | |

OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS ADD 20% P&P

I am over 18 years of age. Please rush me the items below in plain sealed container. I enclosed a cheque/P.O.(payable to L.C. Products)/cash totalling £ ______ or please debit my Access/Visa card number: Expiry Date /

Signature: ______ PRINT BLOCK LETTERS BELOW
NAME Mr/Mrs/Miss ______
ADDRESS: ______
______
Postcode: ______

Post to: **LOVECARE** (Dept. *C16* ) 328 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks, RG3 1AF

**PERSONAL SHOPPERS WELCOME MONDAY TO SATURDAY.**

# THE NATIONAL SEX HOT BOX

NO ADVERTS NO PRE WARNINGS ... JUST HARD / LIVE SEX ACTION

LISTEN IN TO GAY SEX CHATS

0898 442 397

NYMPHO LESBIANS DOING IT LIVE

0898 442 840

0898 442 895

LISTEN TO ME COME AS I SHAVE MYSELF

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS !!

0898 442 533

ORAL GOBBLING CHAMPIONSHIP RECORDING

0898 442 534

SPECIALIST SEX TALK ( ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE )

0898 442 894

USED PANTIES [YOU CAN EVEN BUY THEM]

0898 442 884

I WILL GIVE YOU A TELEPHONE BLOW JOB

0898
442
399

SEX TALK
I will be your SEX SLAVE

0898 442 819

RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME

0898 442 415

DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK

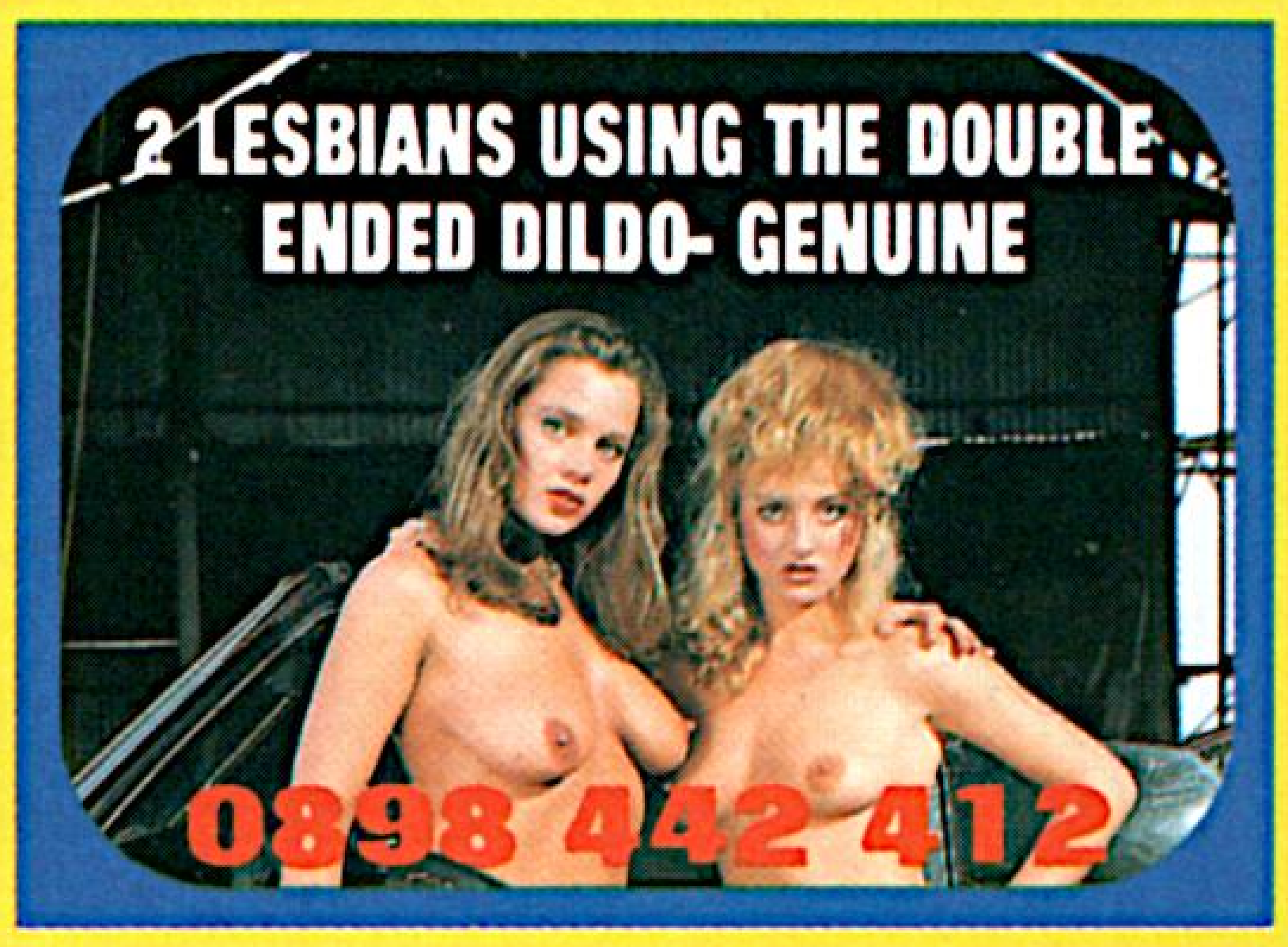
0898 442 906

TWO GIRLS TWO TONGUES

0898 442 544

SEX DATE
IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH
NOW

0898 442 398



2 LESBIANS USING THE DOUBLE ENDED DILDO- GENUINE

0898 442 412

COMPUTERISED SEX MACHINE TO MAKE YOU CUM IN TWO MINUTES

0898 442 987

SEX TALK PUSSY POKERS

0898 442 845

EXTREME SEX
ALL FANTASIES
EXPLOITED

0898 442 414

**FREE SEX VIDEO**

(DELIVERY 14 DAYS)

DIAL 0898 442 896
TO ORDER

NO ADVERTS
NO WARNINGS
NO NONSENSE
ALL HARD ACTION

**FREE**
SEX CHAT
LIVE ONE TO ONE

081 871 2181

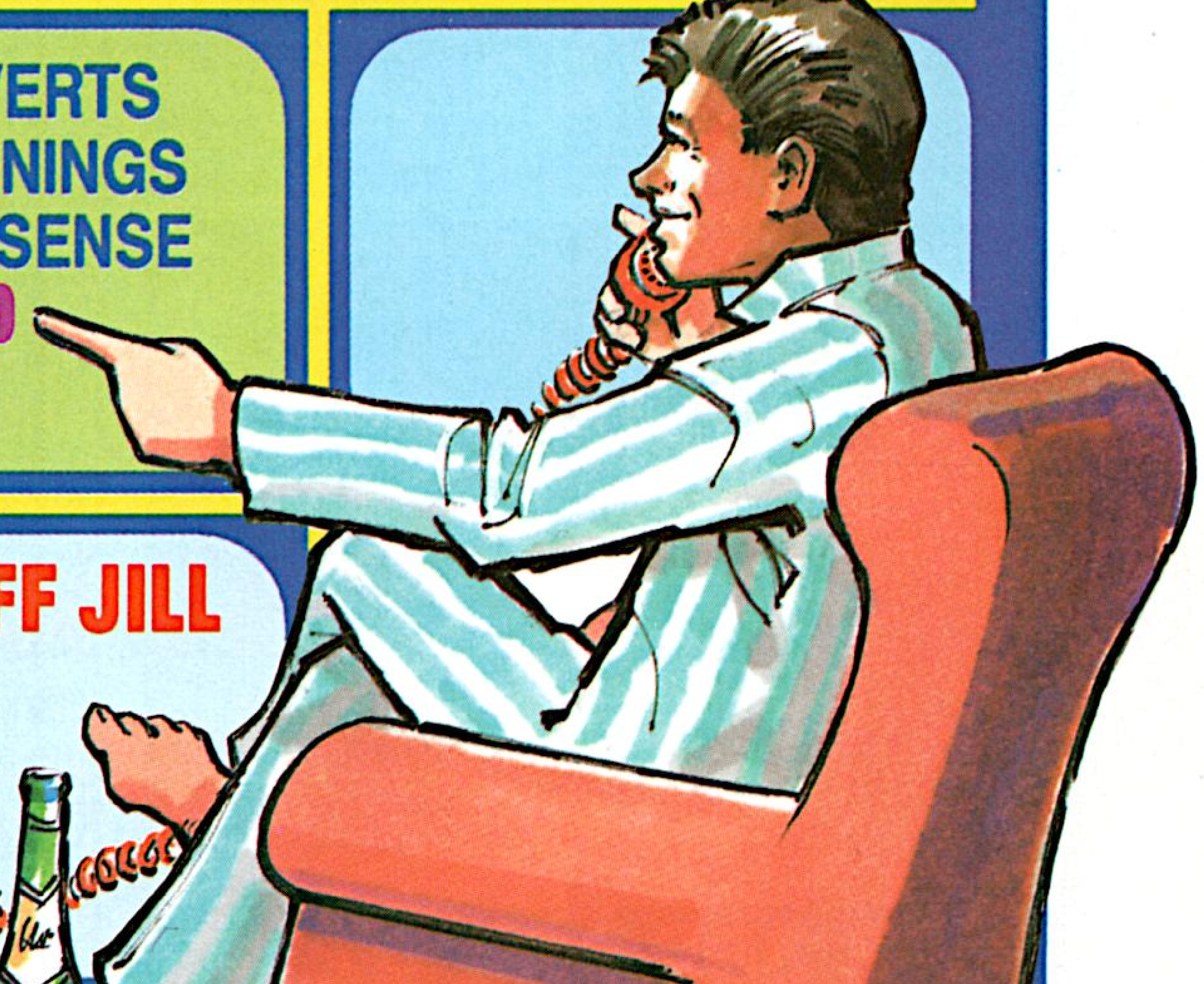
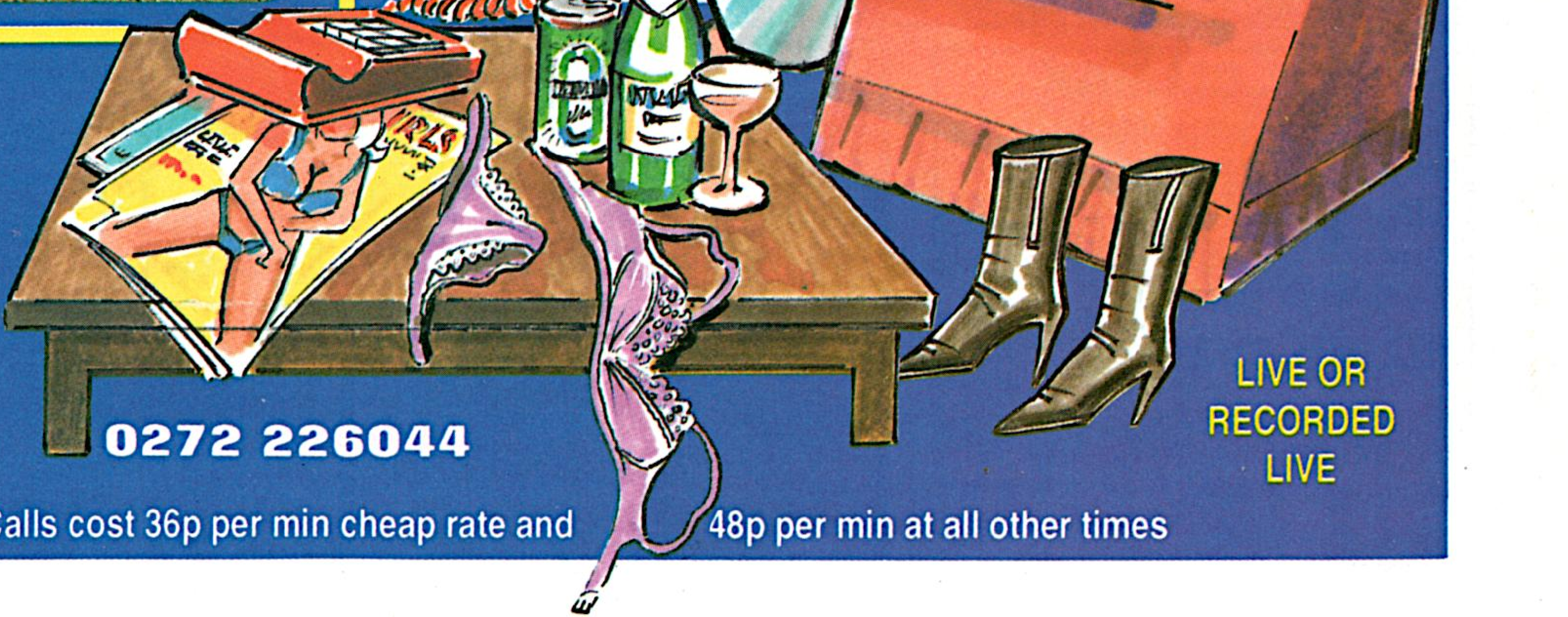
I DO IT LIVE WHILE YOU LISTEN & CUM

0898 442 891

**JACK- OFF JILL**

HAVE A BAR OF
SOAP READY

DIAL 0898
442 893

| | |
|---|---|
| I' LL TAKE IT ALL IN MY MOUTH | 0898 442 897 |
| DIRTY HOUSEWIVES SOUNDS | 0898 442 887 |
| TWO GIRL SEX WITH TOYS! | 0898 442 449 |
| I CAN TAKE IT ALL UP ME | 0898 442 413 |
| PERSONAL EXPERIENCES | 0898 442 876 |

"FREE" All free products mean you do pay the 0898 charges

0272 226044

LIVE OR
RECORDED
LIVE

STG. P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SWI5 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

RELIEF LINE
Run by women for men only
I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!
0898 442 183
*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS
LIVE DIAL
Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755
LIVE 0272 227721

## DIAL AN ORGASM

**0898 442 002**

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 575

## WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

| | |
|---|---|
| Nympho talking to XXXX | 0898 442 742 |
| Older Woman | 0898 362 574 |
| 19 Year Old & 20 Year Old | 0898 362 581 |
| Two Girl Special | 0898 442 777 |
| Lesbian Talking to Lesbian | 0898 442 760 |
| Gay talking to Gay | 0898 442 198 |
| Heavy Girl talking to Wimp | 0898 442 187 |
| TV Talking to Older Woman | 0898 442 751 |
| General Listening Line | 0898 442 756 |

## LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

| | |
|---|---|
| GAY TALKING TO GAY | 442 186 |
| LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN | 442 746 |
| BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP | 442 759 |
| GENERAL SEX LINE | 442 741 |

## GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

**0898 442 775**

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

## DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

NO nonsense
NO run around
Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure
0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

| | |
|---|---|
| Playing By Myself | 0898 442 191 |
| Big Bang Line | 0898 442 190 |
| I'll Get It Out | 0898 442 184 |
| Horny College Girls | 0898 442 740 |
| Sucking Girls | 0898 442 774 |
| Blonde 20 Year Old | 0898 442 752 |
| With My Neighbour | 0898 442 189 |
| Three In A Bed | 0898 442 772 |

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!
0898 362 556
If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours
SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

## XXX CLIMAX

| | |
|---|---|
| Let's Come Together | 0898 442 182 |
| Inside My Panties | 0898 362 579 |
| I'll Lick You All Over | 0898 442 745 |
| Let Me Suck You Dry | 0898 442 754 |
| Take Me From Behind | 0898 442 188 |
| Come Over My Boobs | 0898 362 557 |
| Short Skirt, No Knickers | 0898 442 185 |
| My Hand Gives Relief | 0898 442 770 |

## 24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

**0898 442 748**

## DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

## LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

*Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!*

**REAL HARD TALKERS**
0898 442 004

**LESBIAN LINES**
0898 442 005

**STRICT & MATURE**
0898 442 066

## CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 700 392

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

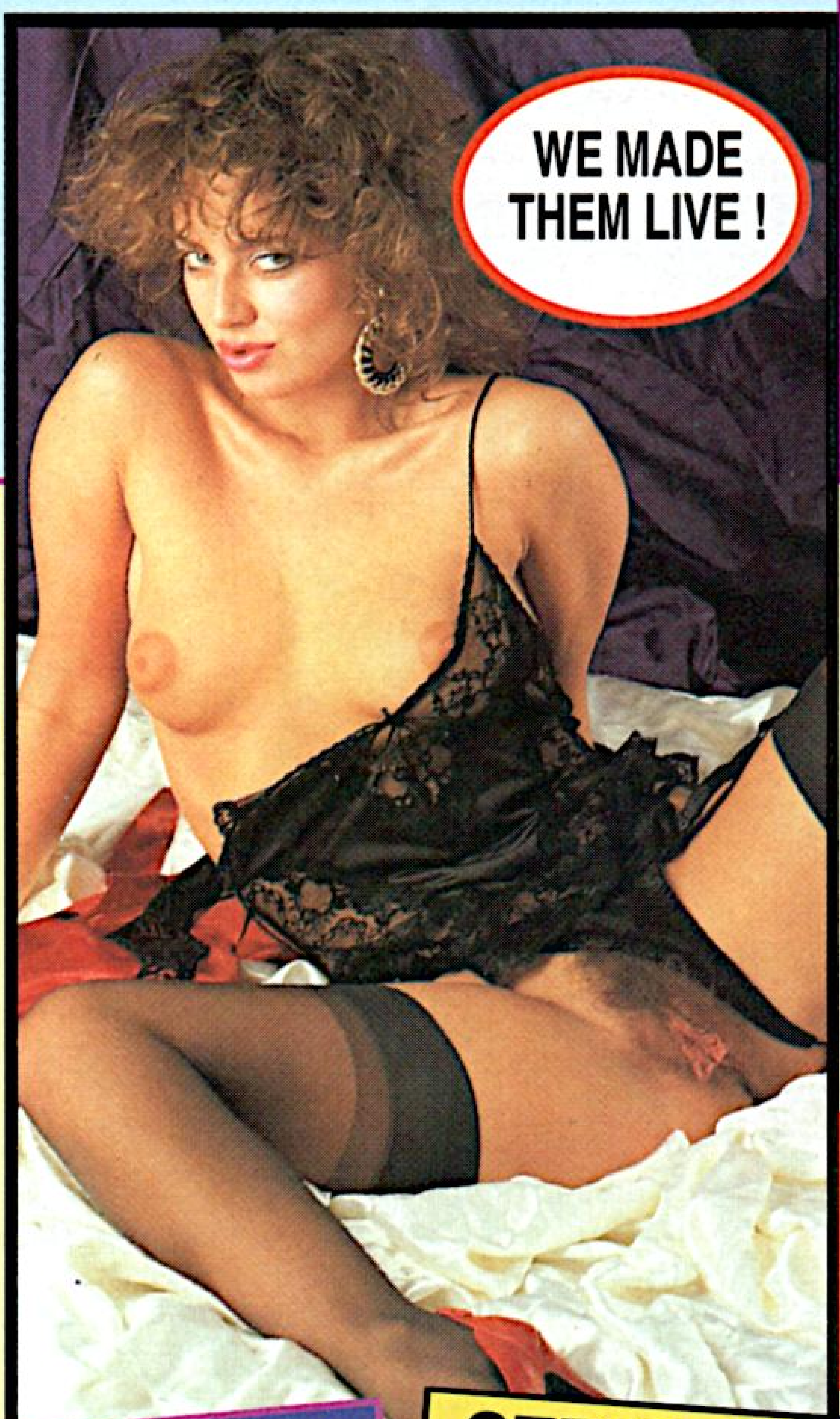
or just listen on
0898 442 075

**GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 084**
(Recorded live on the job!)

## SEX NOISES

**WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS & GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE**

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo | 0898 700 393 |
| 19 year old first time sex | 0898 100 443 |
| Disgusting sexual noises | 0898 100 498 |
| Straight Masturbation | 0898 362 503 |
| Sticky and wet Wendy | 0898 362 508 |



WE MADE THEM LIVE !

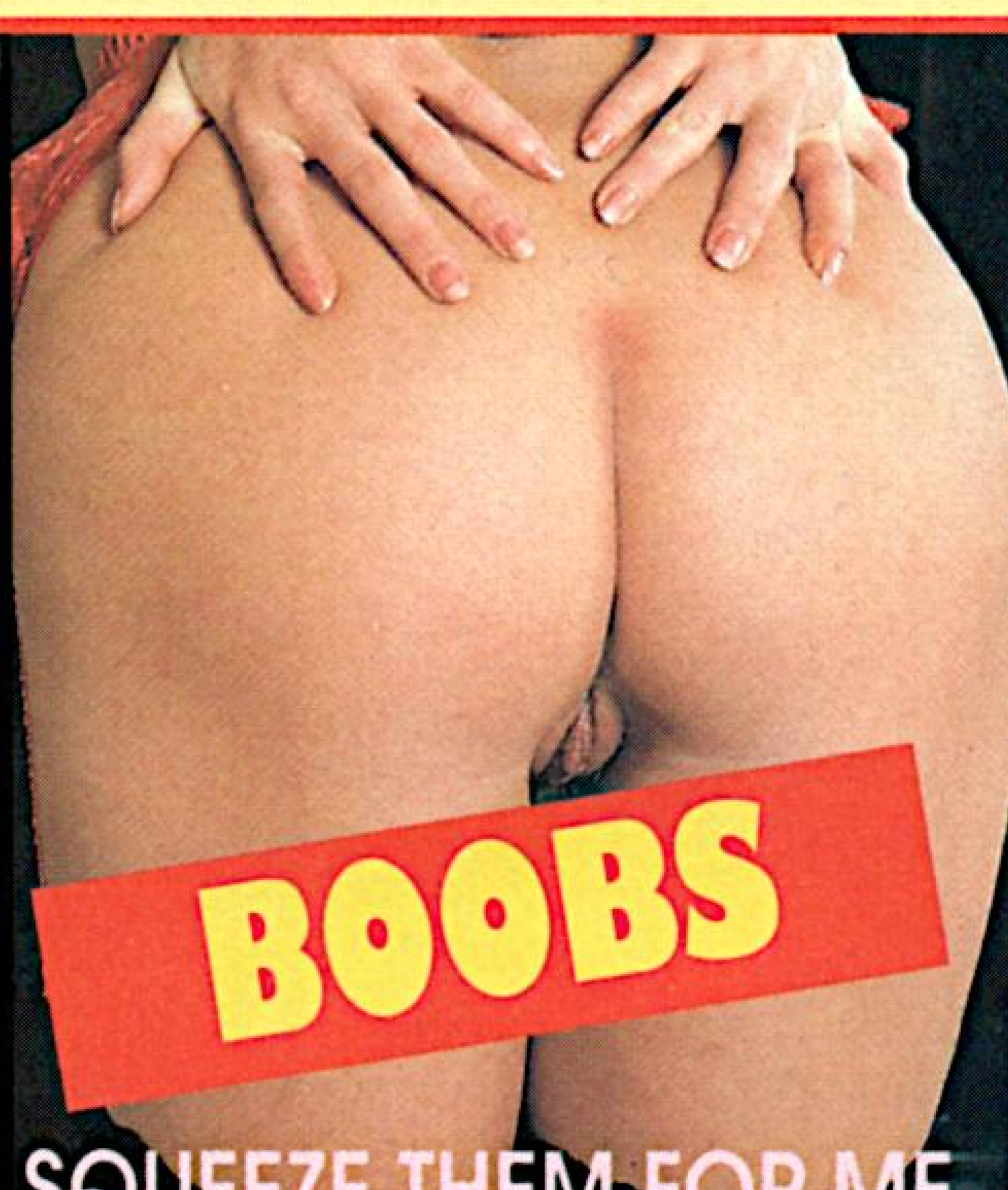
I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 639

**ALSO:**
18 year old
0898 362 640
Older Woman
0898 362 642
Strict talker
0898 362 643
Talk filthy to me while I do it !
0898 362 645

## SEX TALK

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 362 603
LISTEN TO SEX SCREAMS
0898 362 610
HEAR ME SHAVE
0898 362 611
DOGGY TALK
0898 362 613

## BOTTOM FETISHES



RUDE FETISH
0898 362 646
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 362 647
MY BIG BUM
0898 362 662
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 442 799

## LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

**STRICTLY ADULT**

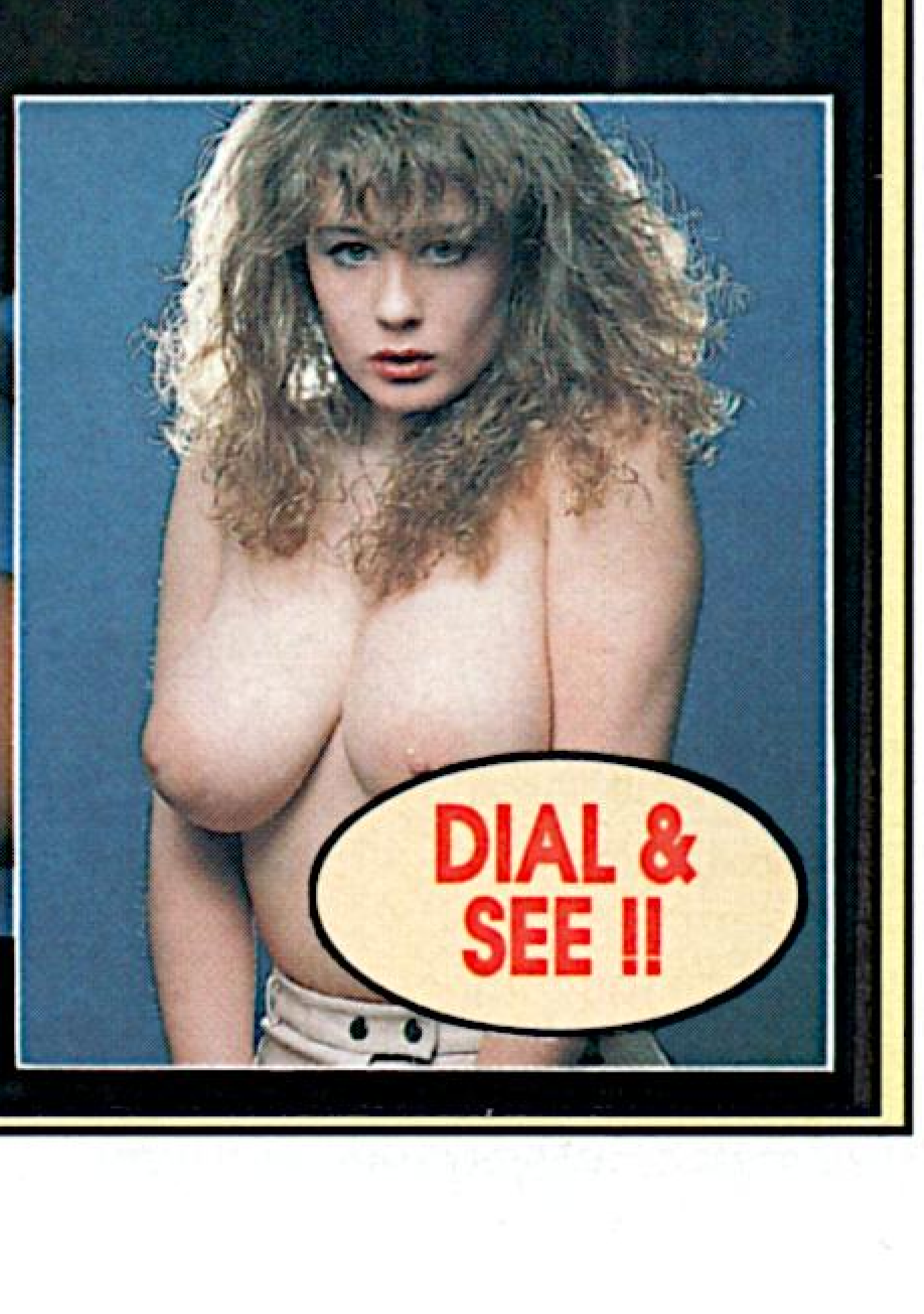
**WE TAPE RECORDED HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !**

| | |
|---|---|
| STRAIGHT SEX | 0898 300 875 |
| LESBIAN LINES | 0898 300 883 |
| GAY LINES | 0898 300 889 |
| PERSUASIVE WOMAN | 0898 300 893 |
| STRONG WOMAN | 0898 300 896 |
| BIZZARE | 0898 300 899 |

WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway !!

## BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME
0898 300 872
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 300 873
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 300 874

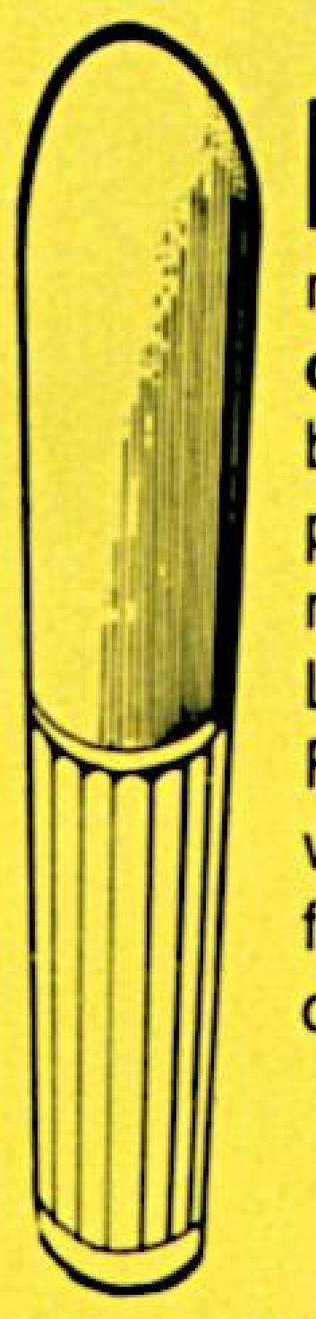


CALLS CHARGED AT 36P PER MIN CHEAP RATE AND 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
STG P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2RJ

WE AIM TO PLEASE

# SUPERIA *SUPER SAVER* SEX AIDS

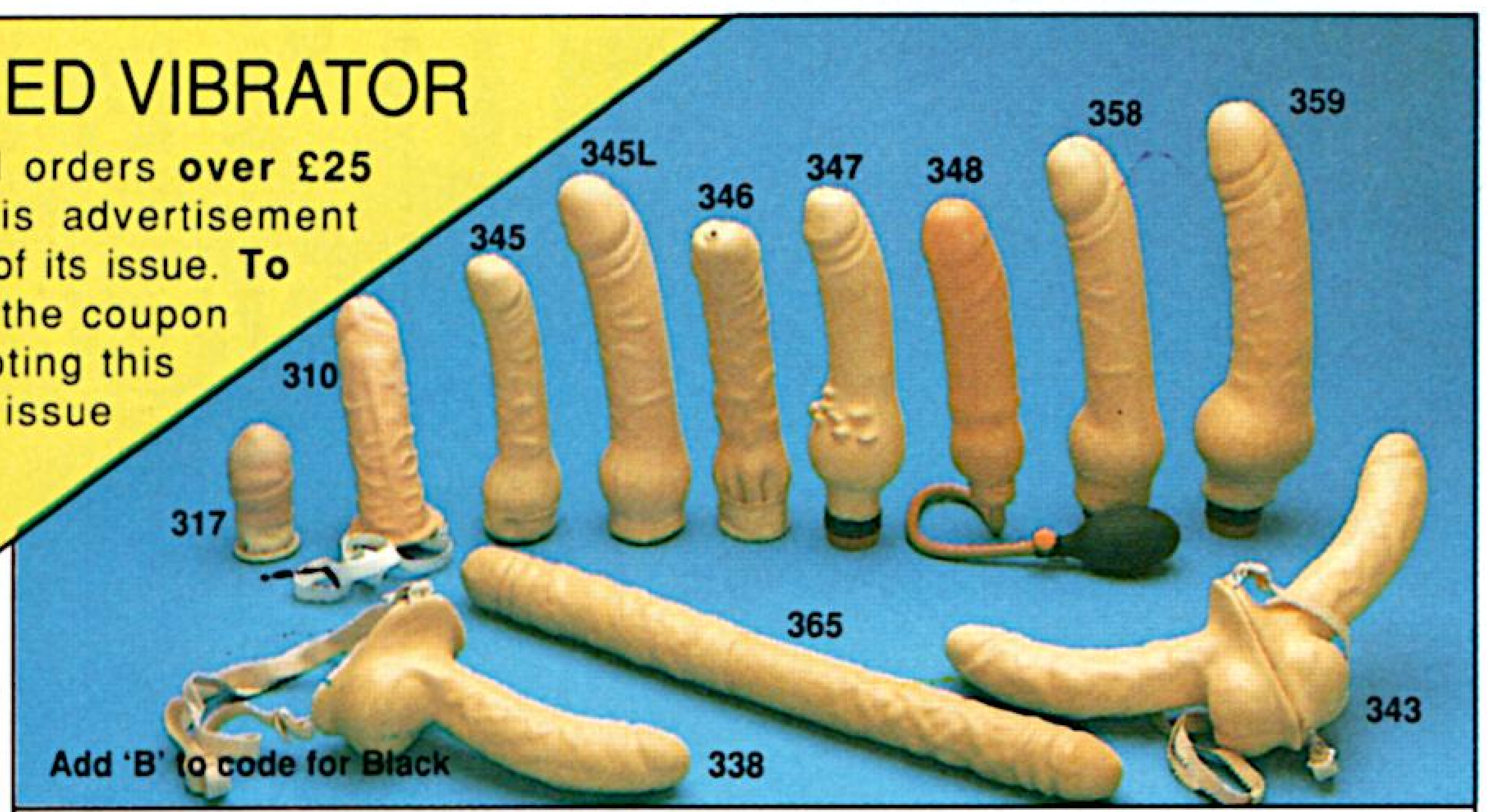
ESTABLISHED 1970



## 10" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR

**FREE** With all orders **over £25** from this advertisement made within 12 months of its issue. **To qualify** you must fill in the coupon below or telephone quoting this publication and its issue number.

Lots of other exciting FREE GIFT offers when buying from our catalogue.



Add 'B' to code for Black

**PADDED SHEATH 303**
It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra $1\frac{1}{2}$" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

**SUPPORT SHEATH 310**
As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

**EXTENSION SHEATH**
A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds $1\frac{1}{2}$" effective length to the male organ.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **317 F** Flesh or **317 B** Black | | **£4.00** |

**HAND PROSTHETIC**
For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **345** | Standard model | **£8.75** |
| **345L** | Large standard model | **£10.50** |
| **346** | De luxe model with ejaculating action | **£14.00** |
| **347** | Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator | **£14.50** |
| **348** | Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment | **£14.00** |

**358 BULLY BOY**
A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

**359 GIANT BULLY BOY**
The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. **£14.75**

**PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS**
Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **338** | Standard model | **£18.50** |
| **339** | Ejaculating action | **£20.00** |
| **340** | Vibrating model | **£21.00** |

**DOUBLE DILDO**
As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **343** | Standard model | **£25.00** |
| **344** | Vibrating model | **£27.50** |

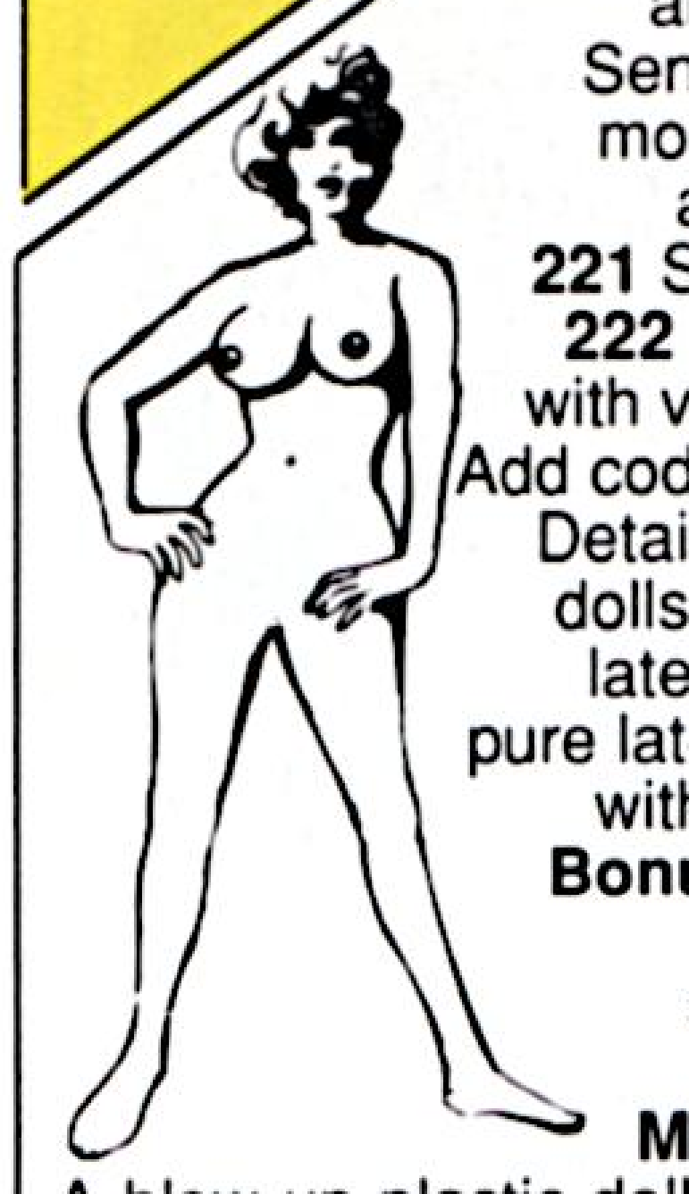
**DOUBLE DONG**
Highly flexible for every need.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **365** | Standard model | **£16.00** |
| **366** | Vibrating model | **£18.00** |

**THRUSTING DEEP STROKER 149**
Vibrates and moves up and down. The THRUSTER is truly a dual-action delight for every woman. Switch on the battery-powered control unit and its softly cushioned rubber head vibrates purringly. Now push the switch to the second position and the THRUSTER also begins a straight up-and-down movement, extending and contracting with a smooth power. An exquisitely sensual Experience. **£9.95**

**NON-DOCTOR 191**
**De luxe version**
with 4 heads and 3 sleeves
Universally the most popular vibrator with MULTISPEED control enabling both the speed and intensity of the vibrations to be adjusted to suit the mood. The complete kit, including batteries is only **£9.25**

**SEX DOLLS**
Quality blow up plastic dolls with hair – always willing – always available. Sensuously inviting mouth plus vaginal and rear orifices

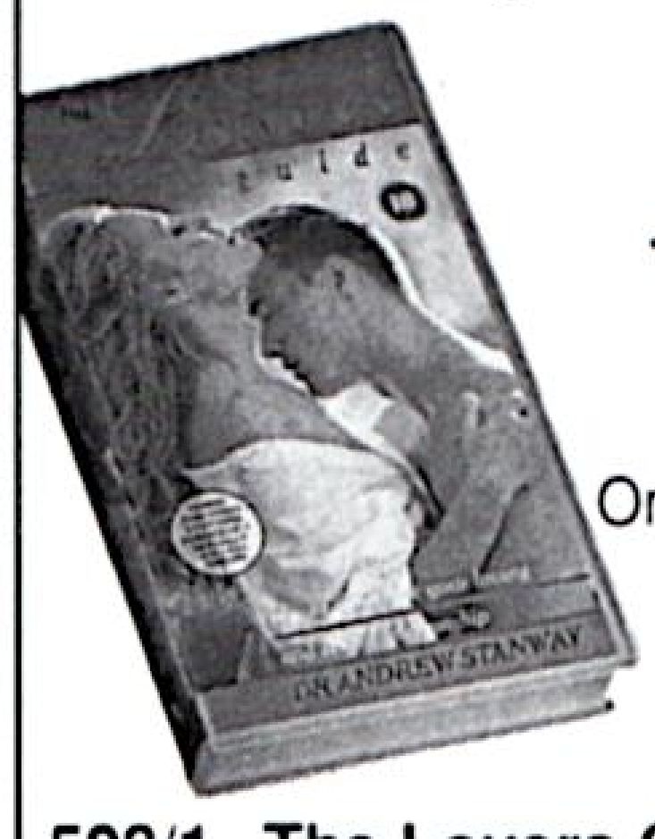


| | |
|---|---|
| **221** Standard | **£25.50** |
| **222** De luxe version with vibro unit | **£27.50** |

Add code **'B'** for Black.
Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue.
**Bonus 'LOVE-PAC'** of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.

**MALE DOLL 225**
A blow-up plastic doll with erect $7\frac{1}{2}$" penis, plus mouth and rear openings
Add code **'B'** for black **£28.00**

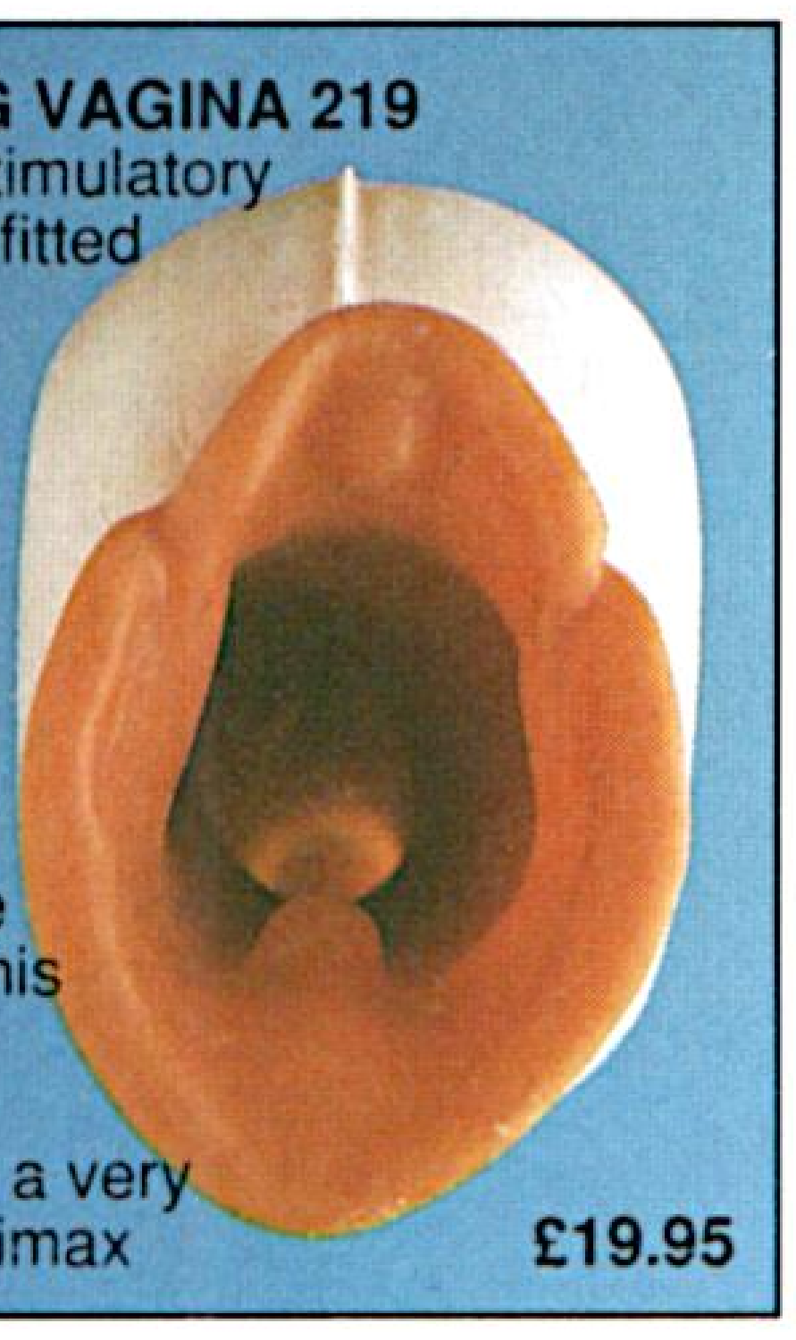
**Sexually informative and explicit**

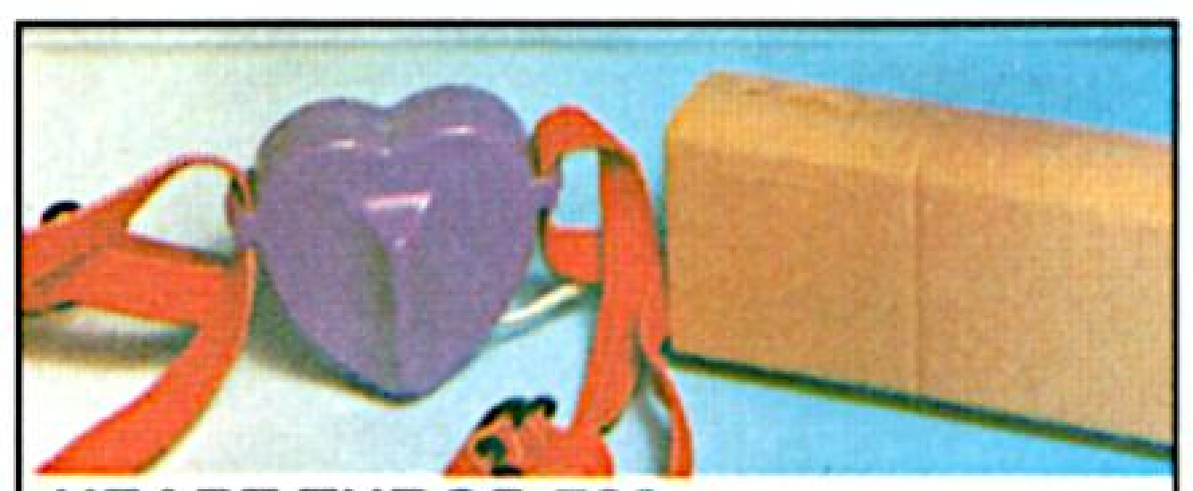


Dr Andrew Stanway's
**THE LOVERS GUIDE**
•
One hour VHS video
•
Both videos only £28.50

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **503/1** | **The Lovers Guide 1** | **£14.95** |
| **503/2** | **The Lovers Guide 2** | **£14.95** |

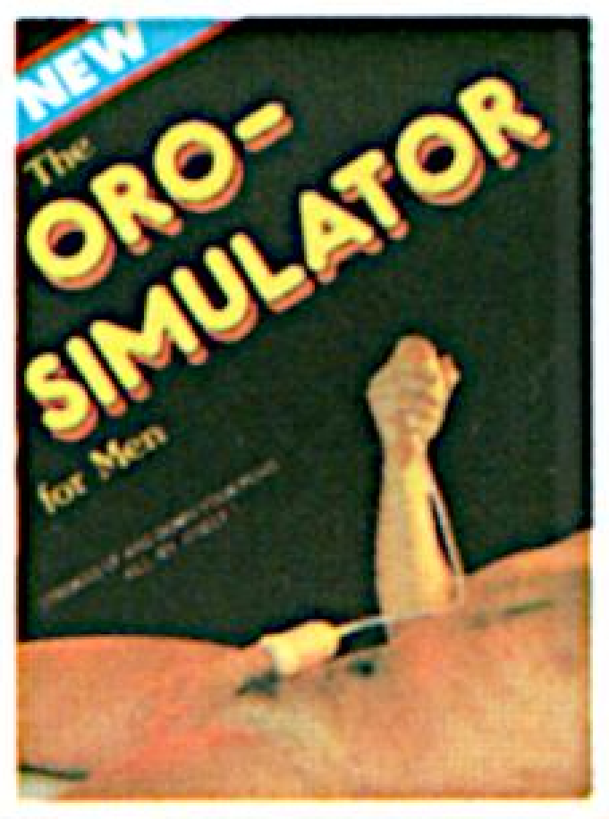
**VIBRATING VAGINA 219**
A superb stimulatory device. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. Vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a highly erotic way – leading to a very satisfying climax **£19.95**





**HEART THROB 782**
A unique strap-on mini clitoral excitor only $1\frac{1}{2}$" across but with powerful vibrations at full throttle or gentle teasing at low speed. Separate battery box with multi-speed control. **£6.50**

**ORO-SIMULATOR 254**



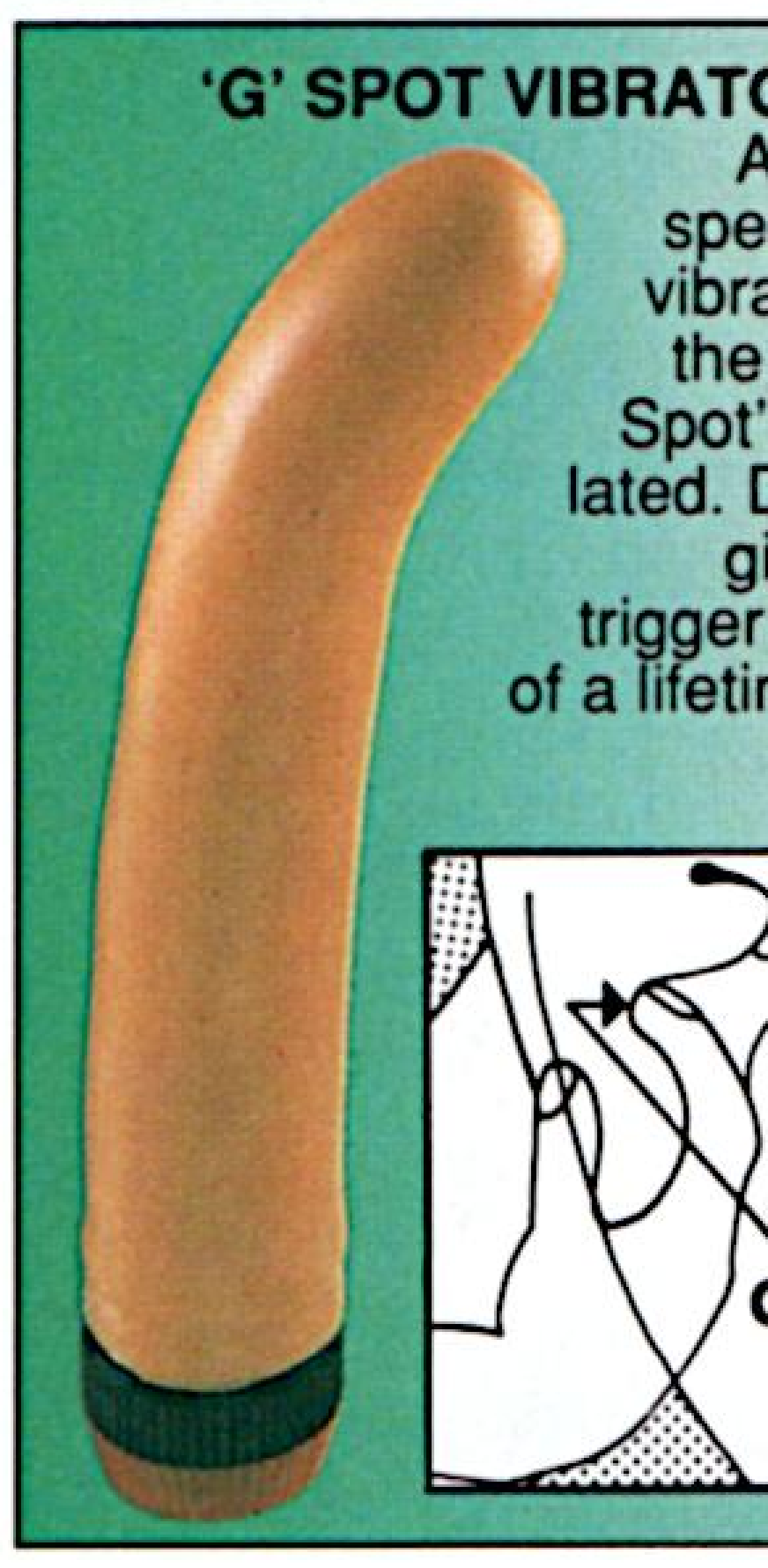
Strokes up and down the penis stimulating oral delights under *your* control. You can use it in any position. This incredible new male device comes complete with instructions. **£9.95**

**PHEROMONE X FOR MEN 432**

Pheromone X
Pheromone X
Pheromone X
ROMONE

**Attracts Women! Lasts Weeks!**
Attracts women without them being aware of it. The undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.
**Giant 100g can only £11.00 (or 2 for £20.00, saving £2)**

**'G' SPOT VIBRATOR 189**
A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime. **£11.00**



Grafenberg Spot

104
108
117
106

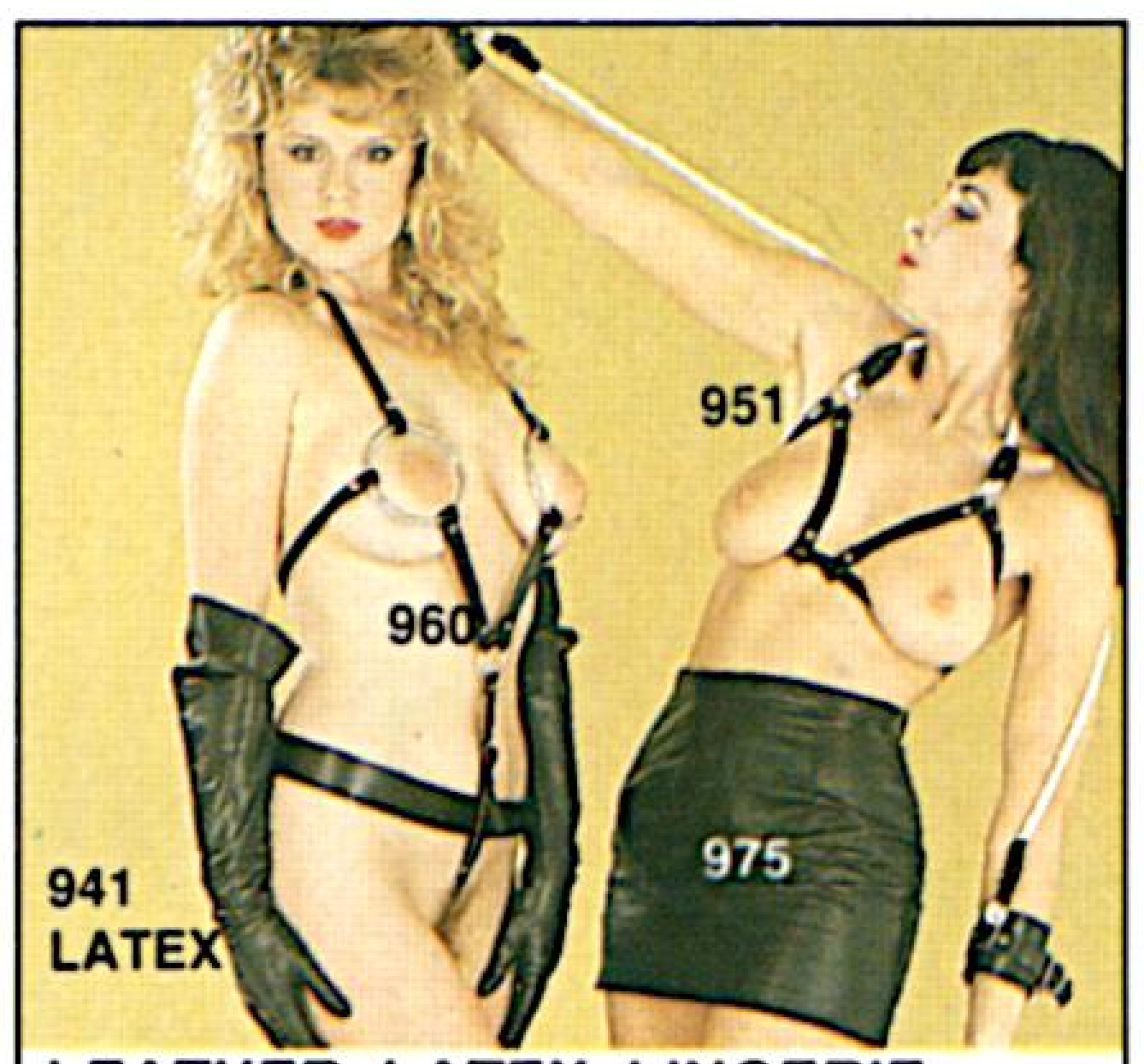
**TORMENTORS**

**De luxe Mini Mystique 104**
6 inches long with 'gold' head. Multi-speed switch. **£6.00**

**Firefly 108**
The head lights up and gently warms. Multi-speed switch **£9.50**

**King Slim Stim 117**
9 inch multi-speed, with very powerful vibrations. **£5.75**

**Torpedo 106**
Almost 10" long. Double rippled, flexible and multi-speed. **£9.75**



**LEATHER, LATEX, LINGERIE**

**941 Latex Gauntlets** (illust.)
Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£8.00**

**951 Rope Bra** (illust.) Leather bra and wristraps, rope harness **£28.50**

**960 'Hoop' Body Harness** (illust.)
Metal breast hoops harnessed by a network of leather body straps. **£26.50**

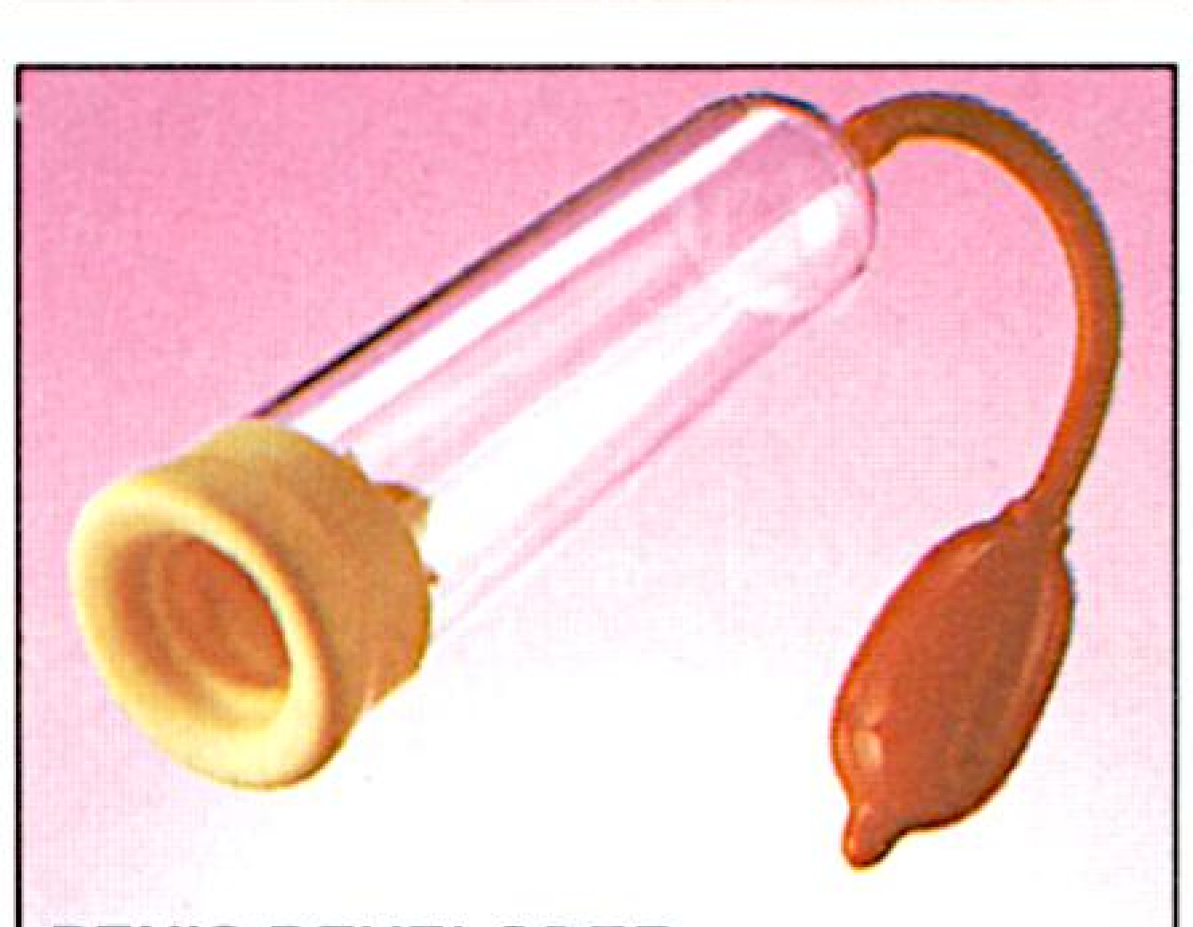
**975 Skirt** (illust.)
Leather with heavy duty popper fastening and zip opening. Lengths: 12/15/18". Waist: 24/26/28/30" **£36.00**

**864 Maid's Set** 100% Nylon. 34–38" bust. Black skirt, White bib and briefs. **£17.50**

**865 Nurses Uniform** Body 60% Polyester/40% Nylon: Size 34–38" bust. **£16.50**

**866 College Girl Uniform** 100% Nylon. Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£26.00**

LOTS MORE SEXY GARMENTS IN OUR CATALOGUE



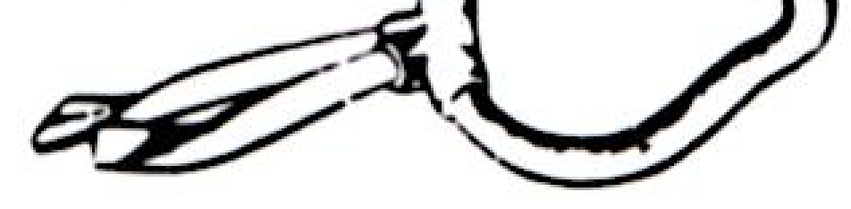
**PENIS DEVELOPER**
Asserted by leading sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for enlargement to the male organ. Do not be deterred by our very low price – this developer is the latest model, with variable-size cuff to ensure a perfect fit and comes complete with full instructions and lubricant. **FREE** copy of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Penis Enlargement included.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Price beater Model 211** | **£9.85** |
| **Standard Model 212** | **£13.25** |
| **Deluxe Model 210** with large pump | **£14.50** |

**PENIS STRETCH 233**
Amazingly effective, particularly when used with the Penis Developer. No matter what size your penis is PENIS STRETCH can make it measurably longer. **£3.60**

**SUPER-HERMIT 175**
A new 'real feel' version of the Hermit that gyrates with all the sexuality of a belly dancer. At the same time you can add another dimension of excitement with its multi-speed vibrations which are controlled separately. This double action vibrator with its 'real feel' flesh-like profiled surface adds an exciting new dimension to sexual enjoyment. Separate battery control box. **£12.00**

**MENFIT 772**
**Erection Strengthener**



Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit individual requirement. **£4.00**

**LEWDO** The board game that's guaranteed to release one's inhibitions. Sure to lead to a really swinging party. Strictly for the most liberal-minded. For two or more players.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Standard Lewdo** | **506** | |
| in postal tube | **£9.00** | |
| **Deluxe Lewdo** | **505** | |
| Boxed with folding board | | **£15.00** |

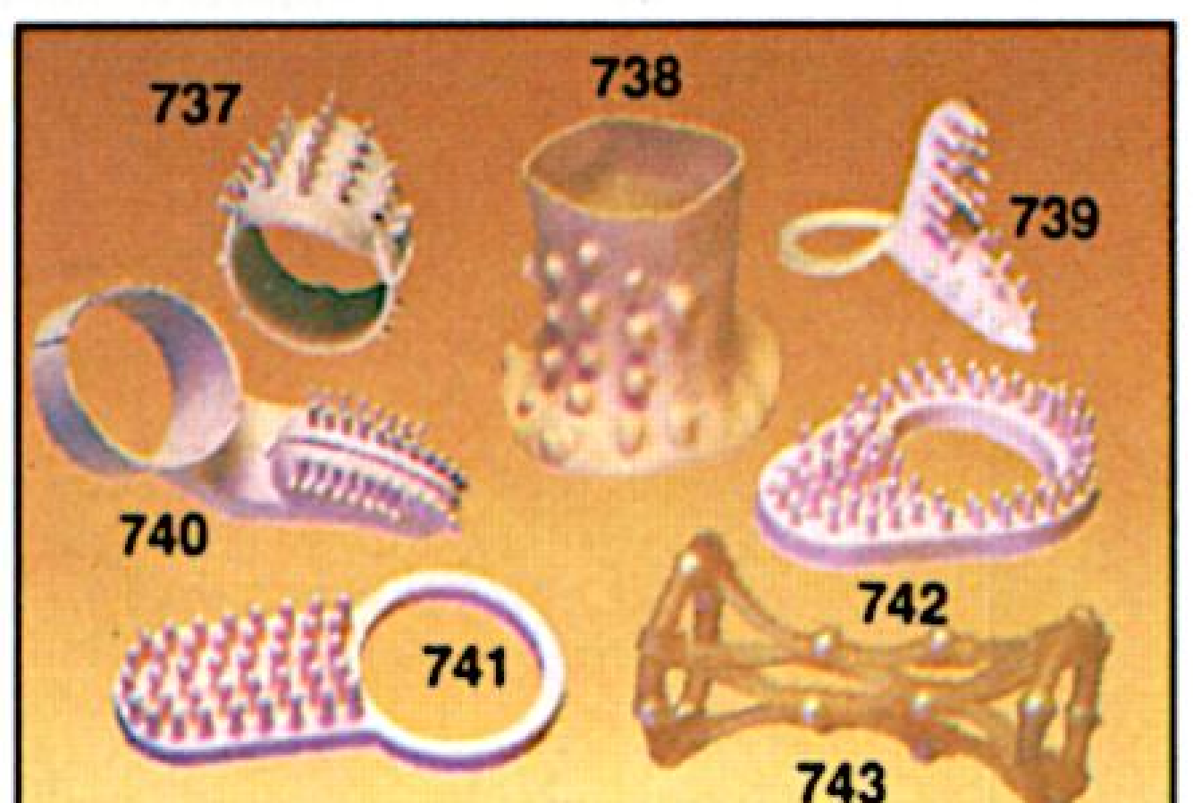
**LOVE PLUG 725**
A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control **£7.75**

**DUO-BALLS 730**
Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.

**Standard duo-balls 730 £4.95**

**De Luxe Super Soft Duo-Balls 731 £7.00**

*Vibrating* **Duo Balls 729 £10.00**



**CLITORAL STIMULATORS 737-743**
Seven special clitoral/vaginal stimulators specially designed to increase female arousal during intercourse by the gentle brushing of the clitoris and vaginal lips, while helping to prolong the male's erection. **£1.95** each

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **(752)** | Selection of 4 | **£5.90** |
| **(753)** | All 7 | **£9.50** |

**SUPERIA SUPPLIES**
**PO Box 424, HOVE,**
**East Sussex, BN3 1EU**

Should the coupon already be used send a PO/Cheque for the items you require listing the product code number(s) and your name and address. Add 20% for Foreign postage. State and sign that you are over 18.

ACCESS/VISA PHONELINE 0273 778816

Registered in England 1675538
9 Brunswick Street West, Hove.
Use P.O. Box No. only – No callers.

**Enter code in box**

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ | ☐ |
| ☐ | ☐ |
| ☐ | ☐ |
| ☐ | ☐ |
| ☐ | ☐ |

I am over 18. Please rush me the item(s) listed, post free, under plain cover.
I enclose P.O./cheque for £ .............................. or use GIRO transcash 3164853
or please debit my ACCESS/VISA/CONNECT/EUROCARD account: Expiry Date:

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NAME Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms ..........................................................................
ADDRESS ..........................................................................
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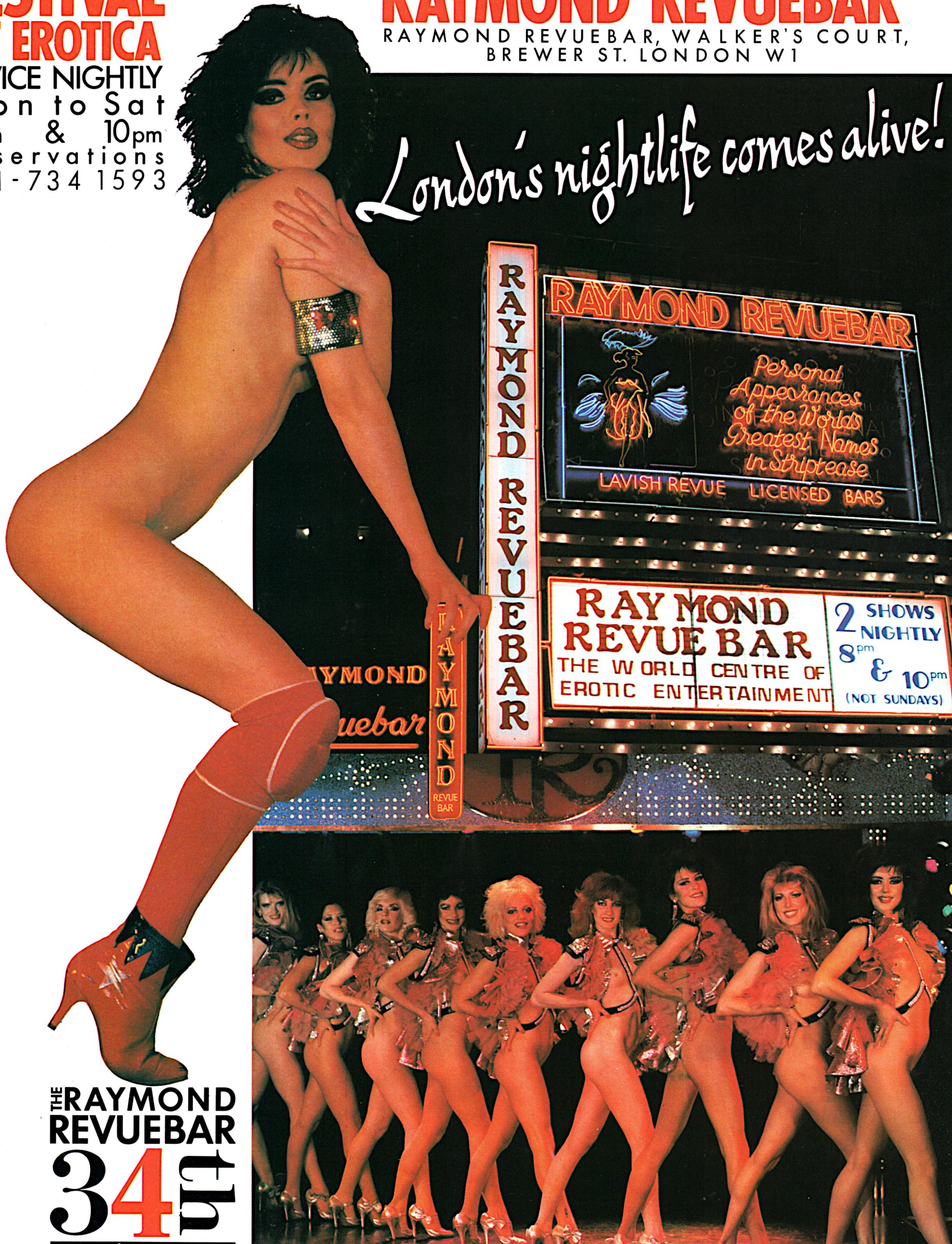
RAYMOND REVUEBAR, WALKER'S COURT,
BREWER ST. LONDON W1


London's nightlife comes alive!
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Personal Appearances of the Worlds Greatest Names in Striptease
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THE WORLD CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
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THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR
34th
anniversary

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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# CLUB

POUR HOMMES

LE CUL DE CHARLOTTE VOUS BOTTE

NEW YORK: CROQUEZ LA GROSSE POMME PERVERSE!

VIDA BATIFOLE DANS LE FOIN

LA PATRONNE ET LA SOUBRETTE SE FONT MINETTE

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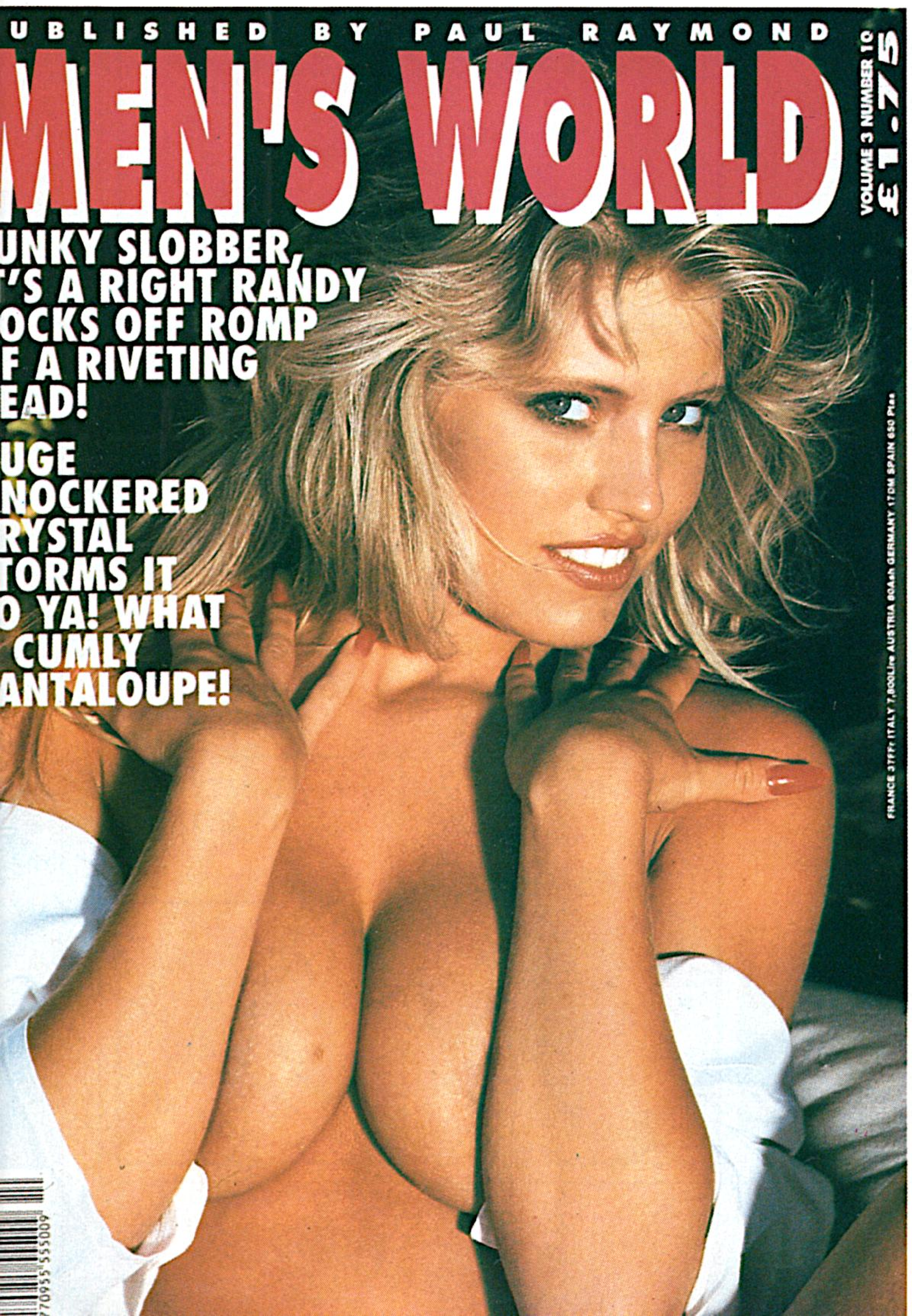
DIVE IN EVERY MONTH!
RAZZLE
RAZZLE


UBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
MEN'S WORLD
VOLUME 3 NUMBER 10
£1·75
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'S A RIGHT RANDY
OCKS OFF ROMP
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EAD!
UGE
NOCKERED
RYSTAL
TORMS IT
O YA! WHAT
CUMLY
ANTALOUPE!

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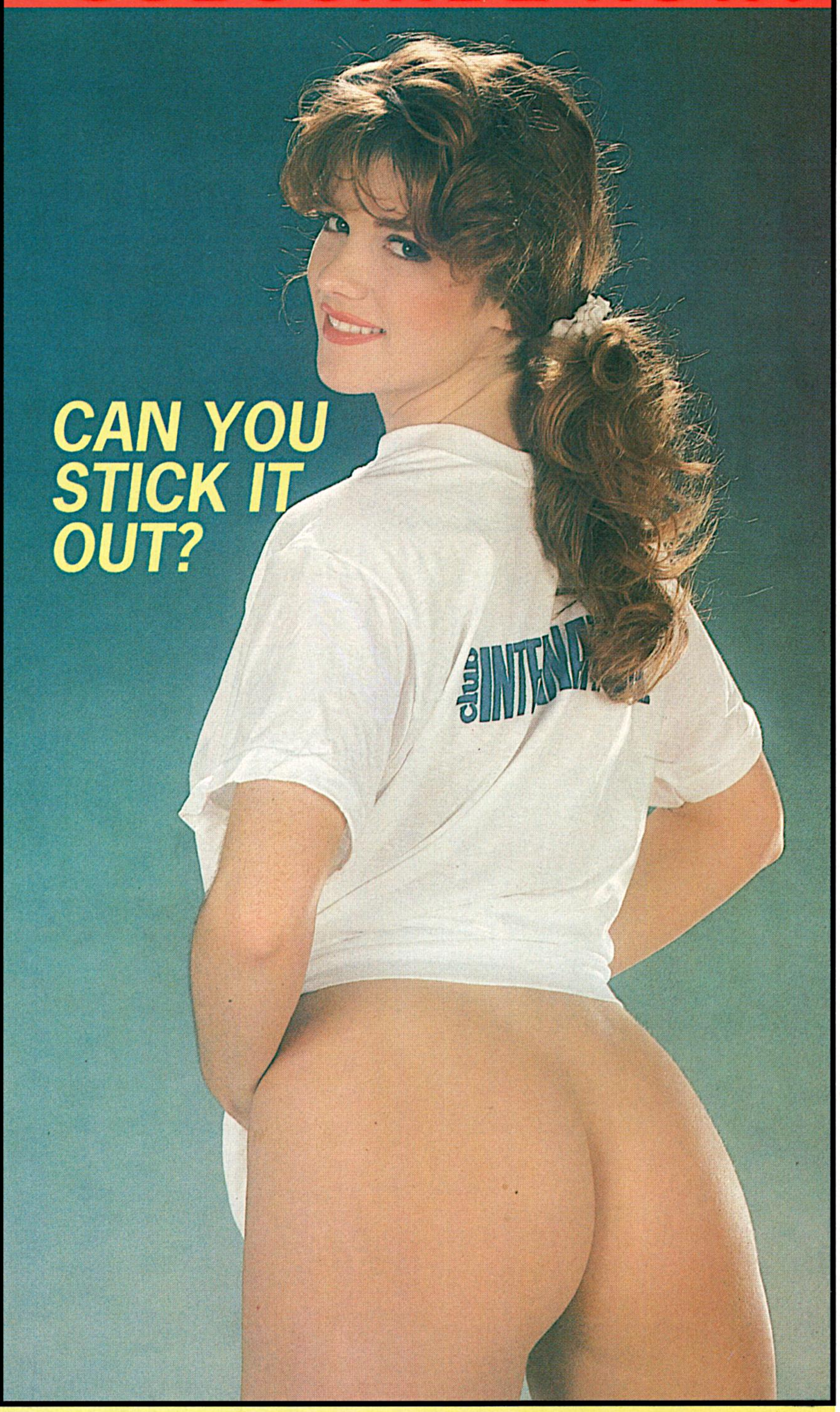
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club INTERNATIONAL

Do you find it hard to last four weeks between each passion-packed issue of Club International? If so, why not keep your suffering to a minimum and place your subscription today: that way, at least you'll ensure you don't miss your favourite magazine when it finally comes out. And remember, every hot-off-the-press copy that drops on your mat will carry an exclusive fantasy photoset with our new regular girl Lucy! Fill in the form below to make sure you don't miss a single strides-strangling photoset!♣

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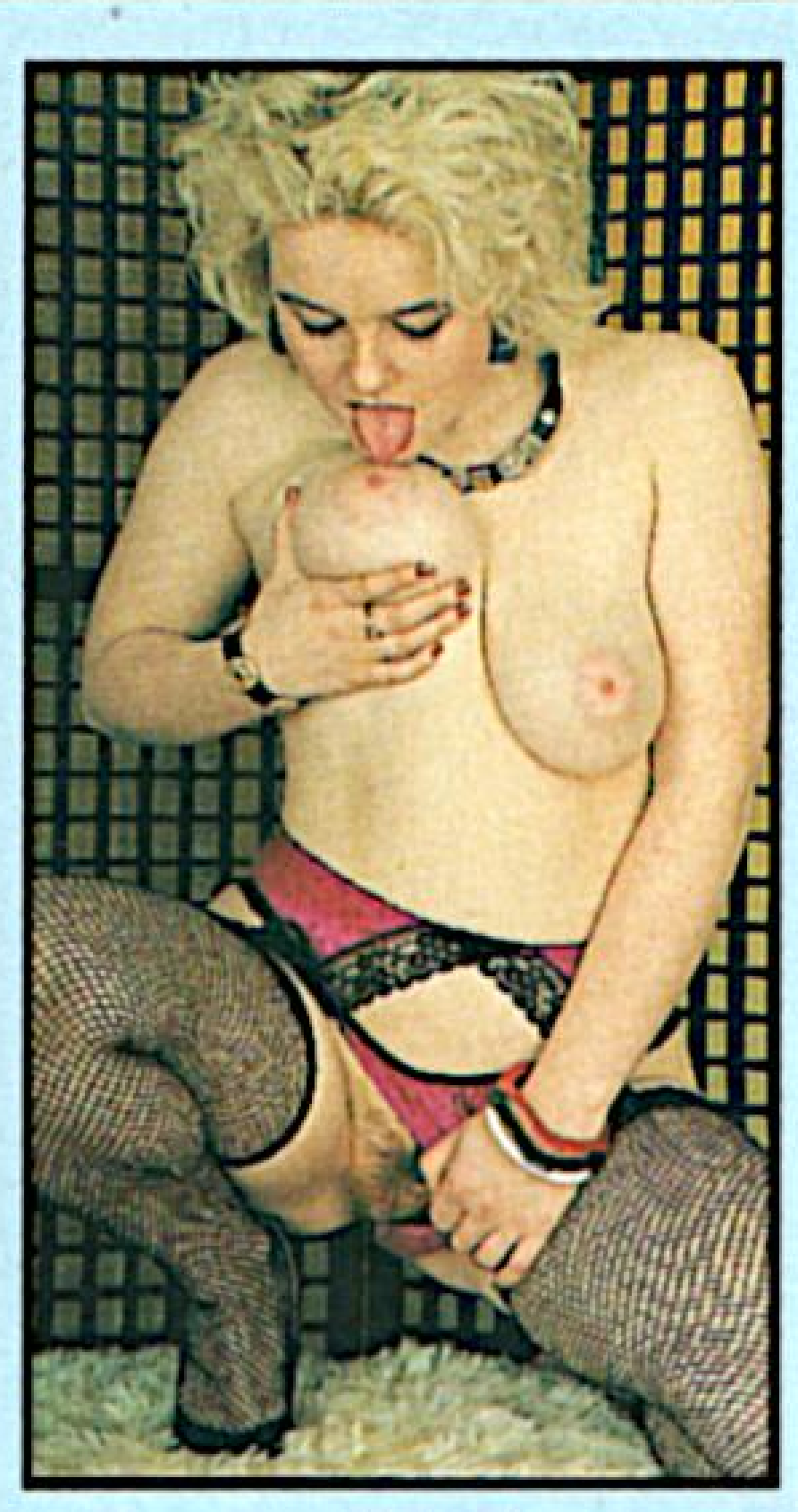
HOUSEWIFE'S STUBBLY PUSSY



0898 122 131

## WANTED

Horny men to call me...

*Get your face in my fanny!*
0898 884 307

*Lift my skirt and jump me...*
0898 884 308

*Perverts call*
0898 884 323

*Do me in wet rubber*
0898 884 324

*I'll sit on your face!*
0898 884 322

## C**TS & CUCUMBERS 0898 122 122

MULTIPLE ORGASM MOLLIE
0898 122 127

WARNING:
These sex lines for very broad minded adults ONLY (you know what we mean!)

I'VE WET MY KNICKERS
0898 122 108

DO ME IN MY CROTCHLESS KNICKERS
0898 122 109

TELEPHONE XXX HAND JOB
0898 122 123

FEELING MY HUGE JAMMS!!
0898 122 128

CUM OVER MY STOCKING TOPS!!!
0898 122 101

FI THE FISHY HOUSEWIFE
0898122 133

## MY Favourite TOY!

0898 122 126

MILKY HANDSHAKE MESS
0898 884 306

PUT IT BETWEEN THEM, AND "DICK" ME
0898 884 310

I WANT YOU HUNG LIKE A DONKEY
0898 884 311

FONDLING BETWEEN MY STICKY LEGS
0898 884 312

TV WILL TELL YOU TALES
0898 884 314

HOT BITCH ADULTRESS
0898 884 319

MASSAGE MY MINGE THROUGH MY PANTIES
0898 884 309

# CLASSIFIED PORN LINES

## LESBIAN CLASSIFIED

**Girls** take each other in hand
0898 884 302

**Sucking** Suzie and frigging Fiona
0898 884 321

## ORAL CLASSIFIED

**Fill** my mouth - I love it 0898 122 111

**Feel my lips** around your stick
0898 122 113

**Climax** in my mouth 0898 122 110

**Lick** the juices from my toy
0898 122 114

**I give** good head 0898 122 112

**Spread legged,** clit tease using my tongue 0898 122 116

**A service** from my lips 0898 122 115

**Lick** all my juices up! 0898 122 117

**Jerk** off in my open mouth
0898 122 119

**Tongue** my burning clit
0898 122 118

## PURE SEX

**My panties** on your face 0898 122 104

**Stockings and suspenders** - rip them off!! 0898 122 103

**G-string dreams -** unpluck it from my bum 0898 122 105

**Bent over,** pull them to one side and do me 0898 122 107

**Mmmm!!** probing my private places
0898 122 124

**Pulsating pleasure** between my legs
0898 122 125

**I'll talk dirty** while hubby's out
0898 122 134

**Horny** housewife friggs herself off
0898 122 139

**Hubby** caught me masturbating
0898 122 135

**Pancake Pam** needs them sucked
0898 122 147

**Tight Fanny** - the newly wed wife
0898 122 136

## BOUNCING BREASTS!

**Bury** your head in my chest
0898 122 141

**Put** your rod between my tits
0898 122 140

**Cum** over my cherries 0898 122 144

**Small** tits big nipples 0898 122 142

**Tits and clits** 0898 122 145

**Tune in** my hard nipples 0898 122 143

**Dirty talk** from a big busty girl
0898 122 146

**Tongue** my large dishes 0898 122 148

**Fondle** my ample assets 0898 122 149

**Flat chested** Fanny, can you get them erect? 0898 884 326

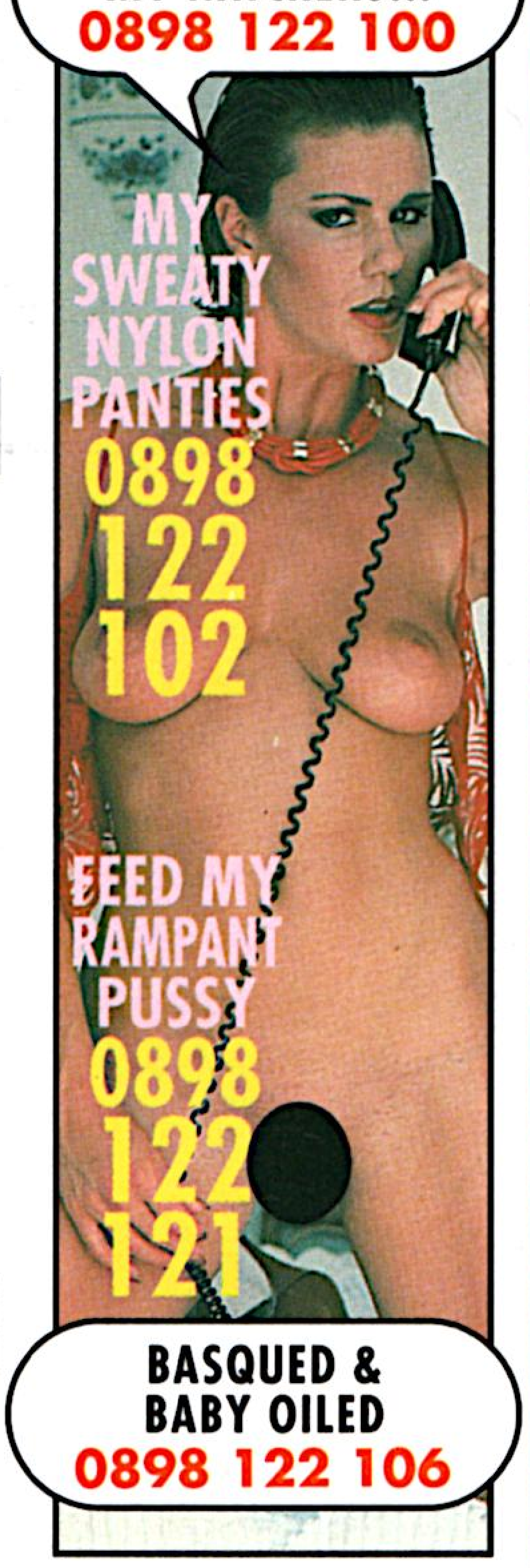
**Tongue** my hard nipples
0898 884 329

MY STICKY MESS!!!
0898 122 129

DENMARK DIAL, P.O. BOX649, LONDON EC1V 9UU.. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p/MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES. PRG/23/A.

## KNICKERS FETISH LINES

KNOBBED THROUGH MY KNICKERS!!!
0898 122 100



MY SWEATY NYLON PANTIES
0898 122 102

FEED MY RAMPANT PUSSY
0898 122 121

BASQUED & BABY OILED
0898 122 106

## WET DREAMS

SHAVE ME THEN SHOVE IT UP!!
0898 884 315

WHILST MY HUSBAND WATCHES
0898 884 317

THE PLUMBER CAUGHT ME FRIGGING
0898 884 318

PLAYING WITH MY FLAPPY PARTS
0898 884 320

I'LL TAKE YOUR GISM DOWN DEEP
0898 884 325

I'LL LICK UP & DOWN YOUR SHAFT
0898 884 327

THROUGH THE NET CURTAINS
0898 122 137

THE WIFE LOVES A GOOD SPANKING
0898 122 130

WIVES STEAMY COFFEE MORNINGS
0898 122 138

## CALL 0898 884 300 PART MY BUM CHEEKS!

*If you're a man you've got to call these specialist horny BOTTOM lines!!*

| | |
|---|---|
| *GRAB MY BUM CHEEKS!!!*<br>0898 884 304 | *SPANK ME IN THE BOARDROOM*<br>0898 884 301 |
| *I'LL SIT ON YOUR C**K*<br>0898 884 305 | *PUT IT BETWEEN MY CHEEKS*<br>0898 884 313 |
| *BENT OVER - PEEK UP MY TIGHT HOLE!*<br>0898 884 316 | *BIG BUM LINE*<br>0898 884 328 |
| *CUM AROUND THE BACK*<br>0898 122 132 | MY DIRTY STICKY BITS<br>0898 884 303 |

0898 122 120

Call me for hardcore cum talk!

HARDCORE

**HARD CORE**

XXXXXX
F**KING
ACTION

**0898
224 286**

## HOME-MADE PHONE SEX RECORDINGS

Specially selected phone sex lines brought to you by horny porn glamour models turned on and ready to do it for you - join in or just listen!

| | |
|---|---|
| Do me in chains | 0898 224 269 |
| Spanked to orgasm | 0898 224 260 |
| Make my bottom red, spank me | 0898 224 263 |
| Domination in P.V.C. | 0898 224 264 |
| Camilla's hot cane | 0898 224 268 |
| My wife sucks hard | 0898 224 254 |
| Screw me hard | 0898 224 298 |
| Group sex orgy | 0898 224 288 |

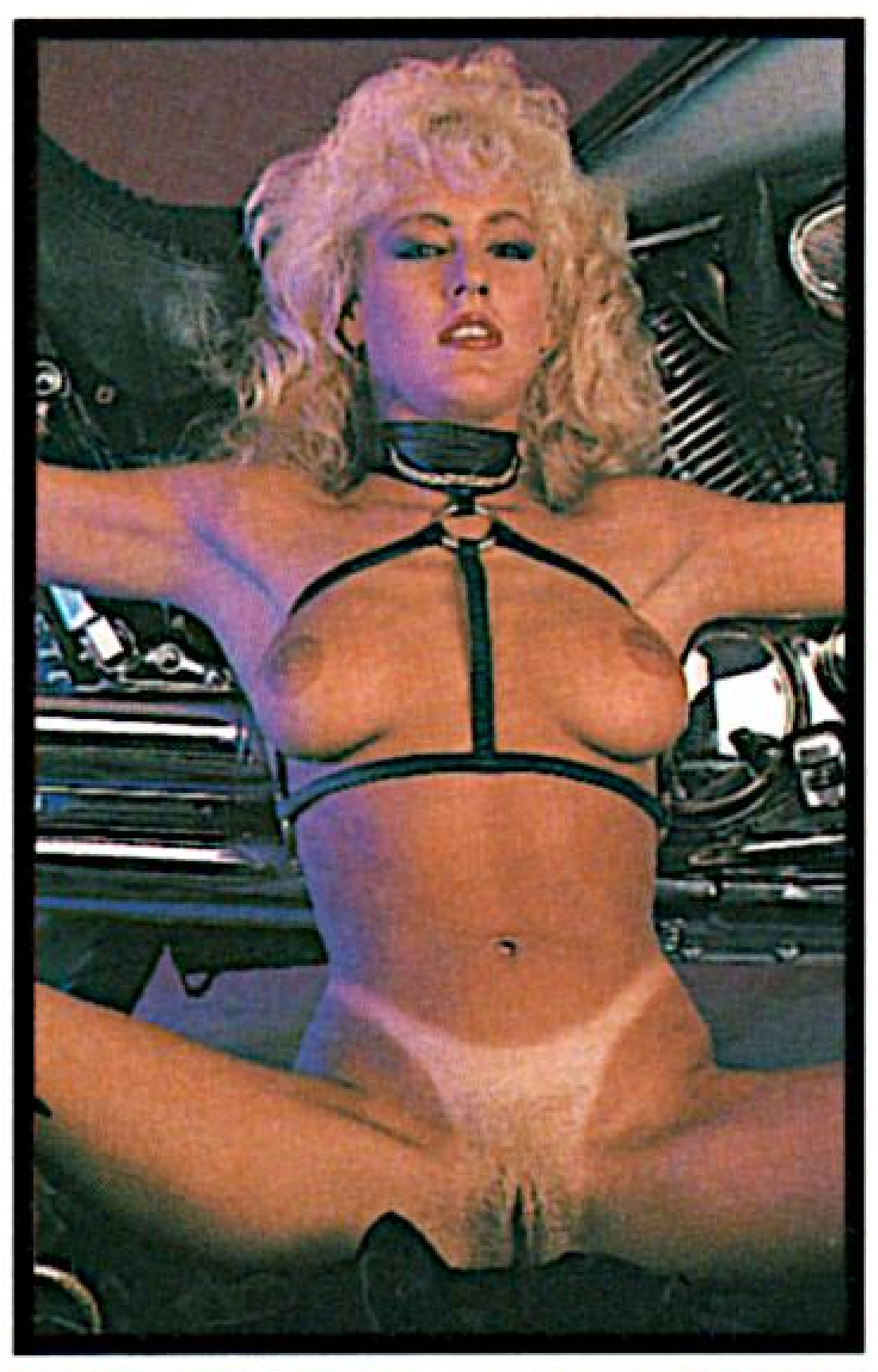
SCREW MY HORNY WIFE
**0898 224 250**
SAMANTHA'S HAIRY BALLS
**0898 224 275**
MY WIFE, THE NEIGHBOUR & THEIR SEX TOYS
**0898 224 257**
WEAR MY LACY WEDDING DRESS
**0898 224 272**
EAVESDROP IN ON NEWLY - WED SEX!!
**0898 224 253**
WIFE WANTS PENIS PLEASURE
**0898 224 258**
JERK OFF BEFORE YOUR MISTRESS
**0898 224 266**
SHAVE YOUR PUBES & WEAR MY PANTIES
**0898 224 279**
CUM IN MY SILK PANTIES
**0898 224 271**
DANISH DOLL WILL MAKE YOU SHOOT
**0898 224 282**
XXX UNCENSORED RECORDING
**0898 224 284**
I'LL TALK YOU OFF ALL THE WAY
**0898 224 290**
SENSATION IN THE FLESH
**0898 224 297**
I CAN TAKE THREE FINGERS!!!
**0898 224 299**

The U.K.'s Nº1
Private Phone
Sex Service

*Horny girls go all the way...
Join them while they do it!*

**SEX STARVED LESBIANS
GO DOWN**
**0898
224 280**

NYMPHO SPANK LINE
**0898 224 285**



## HARDCORE
STRICTLY OVER 21's ONLY

Swedish dykes in sex action
**0898 224 289**

Push your c**k deep inside me
**0898 224 292**

Wife loves it on all fours
**0898 224 251**

Your fist, my wife!!
**0898 224 255**

Riding crop & saddle, let me tack you up!!
**0898 224 261**

Hubby away - shag me hard!
**0898 224 252**

Do me in my apron over the bed
**0898 224 256**

Spanking shoe shame
**0898 224 262**

Wife gives sex extras, bad boys only
**0898 224 259**

Call whiplash Wendy - she'll spank & cane
**0898 224 265**

White panties, tight cheeks
**0898 224 267**

T.V. fully shaved in stockings
**0898 224 270**

Hairy legs, sheer stockings
**0898 224 273**

T.V. dresses up in tarty gear call...
**0898 224 276**

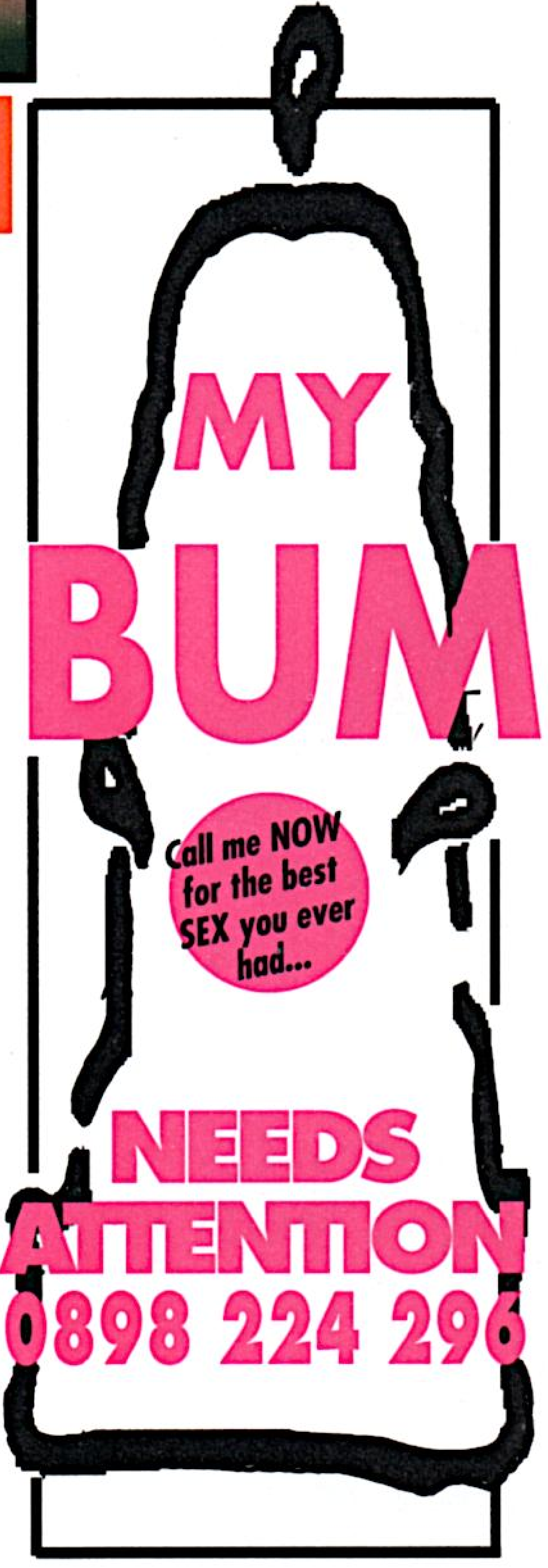
Corr!!! Gloria's got a willy **0898 224 274**

Wear my leather basque
**0898 224 277**

I'll dress you like a call girl **0898 224 278**

D.D., PO BOX 649,
LONDON, EC1V 9UU.
CALLS 36P/MIN. CHEAP,
48P/MIN. OTHER TIMES.
PRG/27/A.

**WARNING:
XXX RATED
SELECTED
HARD SEX
LINES**


Call me NOW for the best SEX you ever had...

MY
BUM
NEEDS
ATTENTION
0898 224 296

**Hardcore Phone**

I'LL MAKE IT GROW
**0898
224 281**

WHIPPED INTO A FRENZIE
**0898
224 294**

2 BLACK MAMA'S FOR YOUR PLEASURE
**0898
224 287**

ON MY KNEES WAITING FOR YOUR ROD!!
**0898
224 293**

RELEASE MY LIQUID GOLD
**0898 224 295**

BONK ME FROM BEHIND

CALL
**0898 224 291**

LIVE GROUP GANG BANG
**0898 224 283**

# DEBBIE

Photographs by Glenn Morales

*We have to admit that we've got a soft spot for beautiful women in leather boots here at Club, and Debbie is certainly no exception. The 21-year-old secretary from Hammersmith believes in showing off her pins at every available opportunity.*

*"My legs are definitely my best feature," purrs Debbie, running her hands over her thighs. "I like to have them kissed, caressed and touched as much as possible. Fellas certainly seem to like them too – maybe that's why they spend so much time between them!"* ♣

# QUIVERING QUIM!!!

HARD CORE PORN LINES

CALL 0898 777 812

UNCENSORED GIRLS TALK

GROPE IN MY KNICKERS 0898 777 904

NEW!

POKED HARD 0898 777 911

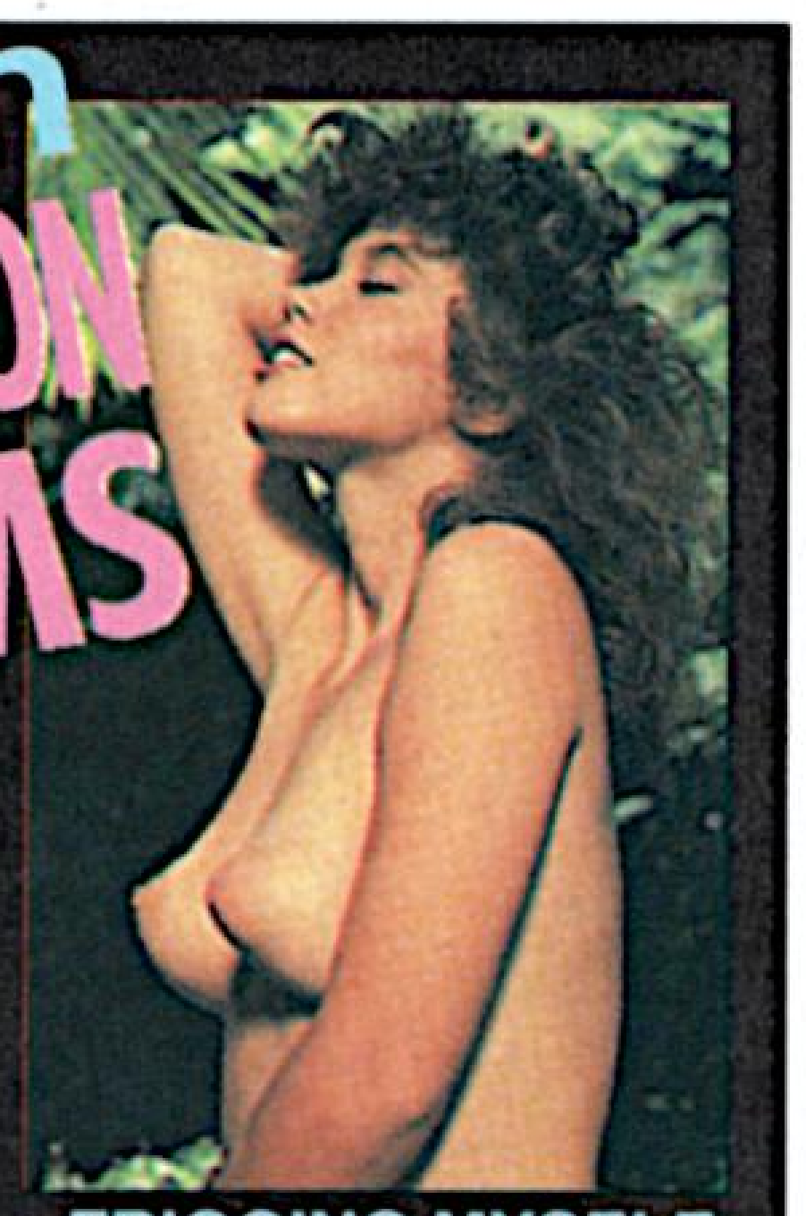
I'LL FONDLE YOUR HORNY BULGE 0898 777 906

LIVE RECORDING OF HORNY HOUSEWIFE IN FULL SEX ACTION... 0898 777 917

DAMP DISGUARDED PANTIES 0898 777 900

3 WAY SEX ORGY - ON OILED PVC SHEETS 0898 777 924

Lesbian DOMINATION DREAMS



0898 777 821

BUTCH LESBIANS SPANK YOU 0898 777 802

FINGER LICKING LESBIAN JERK OFF 0898 777 902

FRIGGING MYSELF CLEAN... 0898 777 903

JUICED UP LESBIAN "69" ACTION 0898 777 921

JERK-OFF LINES

TODGER TOSSING 0898 777 905

BERTHA THE BUSTY WENCH 0898 777 910

CLEAR REAR VIEW 0898 777 916

SUPPORTING HEFTY LUMPS 0898 777 926

NEW

TASTE MY SWEET CREAM 0898 777 922

BIG TOOL. WIDE MOUTH 0898 777 925

SNIFF MY DIRTY LAUNDRY 0898 777 909

ALL NEW SELECTION Blue Lines

Dirty sex chat ~ Listen! in to filthy sex action from horny and explicit sexy girls...

GET YOURSELF READY then dial the number of the girl you want!

NO HIDDEN FEES

WARNING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

PANTIES PULLED RIGHT UP TIGHT 0898 777 800

SPURT OVER MY BALD MINGE 0898 777 815

MY W**KING WIFE 0898 777 817

BE MY OFFICE SEX SLAVE 0898 777 819

I'LL HOLD YOUR ROD & SUCK 0898 777 822

THE SLURPS OF ORAL SEX 0898 777 825

I'M YOUR BOSS, OBEY ME! 0898 777 901

SPREAD EAGLED SO YOU CAN SEE 0898 777 908

CREAMING IN MY JEANS 0898 777 920

ORAL ECSTACY

I'll tongue your sticky tip!!!

Call now for a phone blow job you'll never forget!

0898 777 907

NEW! PHONE ORGY

XXX ADULTS ONLY

SCREW ME HARD!! 0898 777 918

CLITOURS TONGUING 0898 777 827

EXPLODE BETWEEN MY LIPS 0898 777 807

I'LL MOUTH YOU OFF 0898 777 927

PERSONAL

**Shoving** my dildo in my bulls eye 0898 777 912
**Shaven beaver** - soft and fleshy 0898 777 915
**Screw me** from the rear, over the desk 0898 777 919
**Shove it in** and hear me squeal 0898 777 913
**My wife's** raunchy party piece 0898 777 923
**Great tits,** unload between them 0898 777 929
**Wear** my tight pvc basque 0898 777 914
**Your** hand in my panties 0898 777 928
**Rip off** my panties and take me 0898 777 809
**Push** your cock deep inside me 0898 777 813
**Holding** my lips open just for you 0898 777 816

I'LL KNUCKLE SHUFFLE UP & DOWN YOUR ROD 0898 777 805

FAT WOMEN LIKE IT HARD!!! 0898 777 818

COTTON PANTIES PULLED RIGHT UP MY CROTCH 0898 777 828

The UK's Number One Sex Phone Service

A PEEK UP MY SKIRT... 0898 777 808
ANY COCK WILL DO- I'M GAGGING 0898 777 811
PLAYING WITH MY JACK AND DANNY 0898 777 820
TIT W**K TESSA 0898 777 810
I WANT YOUR MALE MAN HOOD 0898 777 806
BUNK UP WITH THE BOSS 0898 777 801
MY LACE STUCK ON YOUR FACE 0898 777 804
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX 0898 777 814

DESPERATE & FRUSTRATED LADY 0898 777 803

SPECIALIST FXXX LINES

THE JOYS OF MY WIFE'S SEX TOYS 0898 777 823
7 DWARFS UP SNOW WHITE 0898 777 824
SUCK ON NANNY'S MEGA BOOBS 0898 777 829

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CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES.PRG/25/A.

Milk my large LOVE LUMPS

0898 777 826

SPECIALIST SEX LINES RUN STRICTLY BY WOMEN FOR MEN ONLY

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS RUTH'S (21) PUSSY 0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate 0338 405 565

ORGASM WITH ME 0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky Orgasmic Sex Confessions 0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD TALKS FILTHY 0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU TO CLIMAX 0338 405 524

I'll use my dildo you w**k 0338 405 582

ORAL SEX- SPUNK IN MY MOUTH 0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU MASTURBATE 0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX WITH MY SISTER 0338 405 509

LESBIAN SEX 0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife 0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL SPURT CLUB 0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN NURSES ORGY 0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS SPANKING 0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER MY FACE 0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me 0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

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LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0338 400 762

CALLERS EXPLICIT CONFESSIONS 0338 400 851

WILL W**K YOU 0338 400 807

COME OVER MY TITS 0338 400 797

SPANK MY BARE ARSE 0338 400 730

ORAL SEX SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

DEBEE ASHBY GIVES HANDJOB 0338 400 932

HEAR ME MASTURBATE MYSELF 0338 400 690

PART MY & INSERT 0338 400 676

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED 0338 400 870

Warning HIGHLY EXPLICIT NATURE

LESBIANS HOUSEWIFE'S PVC ORGY 0338 400 811

DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE 0338 400 768

LICK MY CL*T- MAKE ME COME 0338 400 892

OLD WANTS DIRTY OLD MAN TO W**K 0338 400 783

VIRGIN'S FANNY NEEDS A STIFFY 0338 400 773

Bonk my wife-sore 0338 400 761

IN MY MOUTH & UP MY CRACK 0338 400 794

AFTER 12PM STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826

AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

# club CLASSIFIED

I'M LONELY AND
EXTREMELY HORNY
CALL ME
0898 224 403
FANNY FLASHER
EXHIBITS HER BITS
0898 224 408
PATRICIA- (18)
I AM THE OFFICE
JUNIOR
CALL HER ON
0898 224 401
THE ART OF
MASTURBATION
0898 224 405
JENNY IN HER GYMSLIP
& NYLON PANTIES
0898 224 409
SUZIE SQUIRMS
ALL OVER HER STICKY
FINGERS...
0898 224 412
STUBBLY MINGE
TO GET YOUR HEAD IN
0898 224 415
BENT OVER THE FILING
CABINET
0898 224 419

MISTRESS PHONE CO PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU
CALLS 36p/MIN, CHEAP. 48p/MIN, OTHER TIMES

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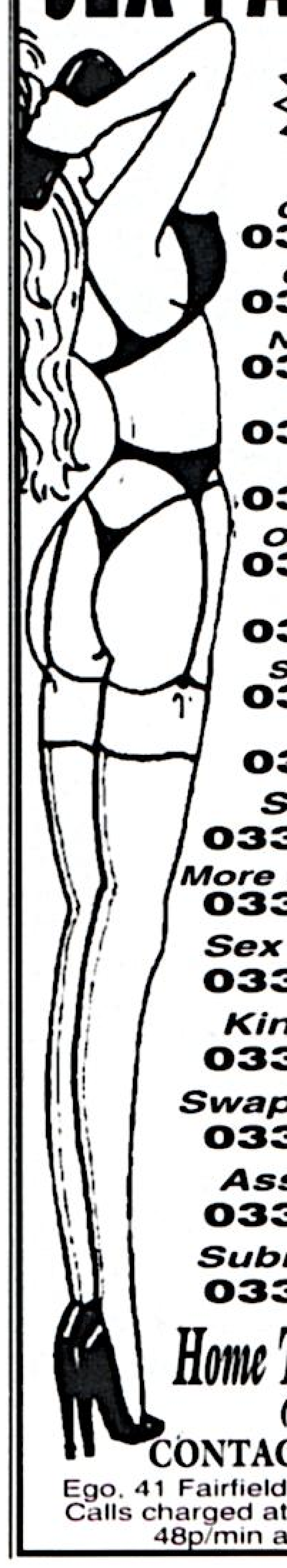
**SUE NO FEES** 0244 315 655. Sandy/Donna, 051-420 7819. Men/Couples 0727 810 118.

SEX PARTNERS



LIVE RECORDED MESSAGES!

| | |
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| Girls Only! (-35) | 0338 405319 |
| Naughty Couples | 0338 405354 |
| Sexy Singles | 0338 405353 |
| Kinky Singles | 0338 405177 |
| Over Knee Games | 0338 405176 |
| Older Women | 0338 405168 |
| Swinging Singles | 0338 405167 |
| Kinky Ladies | 0338 405178 |
| Sub + Dom | 0338 405171 |
| More Mature Women | 0338 405179 |
| Sex Mad singles | 0338 405170 |
| Kinky Couples | 0338 413241 |
| Swapping Couples | 0338 413240 |
| Assertive Girls | 0338 413239 |
| Submissive Girls | 0338 413238 |

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**HUNGRY BOTTOM** - there pulled up tight 0898 224 428

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**DIAL NOW!** for your own personal 2 girl sex chat 0338 403 497

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**XXX RATED** hot tart needs a man - she's wet & ready on 0338 402 814

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**ORAL ANNIE** takes it all down 0898 224 407

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**STICKY LACE** stuck to your face, get your head in my knickers 0338 403 355

**WOULD** you like to join my husband & I in a 3 in the bed ecstasy orgy 0338 403 356

**LET ME SUCK ON** your dangling sex sacks - get them out & lets do it! 0338 403 414

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**PANTIES** around my ankles, now bend me over because I love it up my a***! 0338 403 352

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**MY BOSS** likes to strip me slowly - peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs - hear all on 0338 403 354

**CUM** in my hot mouth 0338 403 420

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**RED HOT** hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard!! 0338 403 424

**BOARDROOM BANG** up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

**MANDY** loves to have a hot milky mouth 0898 224 427

**BENT OVER** for thr boss - he's coming with his ruler!! Help! - save me or listen in on 0338 403 400

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**CUM** between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

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**"ORAL"** mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k 0338 403 401

**I FEEL MYSELF** up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

**PUT** your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k 0338 403 486

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*Now what man would honestly put their hand up to that...*♣

# COMING IN club

Good evening, and welcome to the bit we write just before we go down the pub. Yes, all the rest of the issue's finished, and now we've only got to pretend we know what we're going to put in the next one for, oh, a couple of inches or so, and then we can get to the Admiral and sink six pints of Guinness. So, what's in it then? Well, there's this rather nice girl here, what's she called, Kelly, that's it. And... well, loads of other rather nice girls, we expect, quite possibly with all their clothes off. And some startlingly obscene letters. (We just read one of those, and, *really*, it's amazing what people get up to. It's the dry cleaning bills that worry us.) And then there'll be all the other stuff we put in between the girls because it seems like a good idea when we're drunk. And talking of drink, I'll have a Scotch chaser with mine, lads. Has that filled up the space? Right. See you next month, with a really good issue, honest!♣

## Volume 22 Number 7 on sale June 17th

# IN THE BAG

*continued from page 31*

My lover? Oh yes, he's here too."

I looked up at her, confused. She actually *told* someone about us?

"Well, he's half-undressed and in the middle of wanking over me and looking at me with my legs wide open and my cunt on full show," Lynne said.

She smiled as my face coloured up and my pulse quickened. Then it dawned on me that Lynne and I weren't the only people getting turned on here! As soon as I realised this I joined in with her little game.

"Yes, he's coming over to me now. He's kneeling down in front of me. Now he's leaning forward and, oh yes, that's lovely, he's kissing my cunt, his tongue is pushing up inside my cunt.

"Now he's moving up and kissing my soft minge curls, now my belly. His hands are on my tits, squeezing them, my nipples are so erect he's moaning in ecstasy as he feels them press hard against the palms of his hands. Mmm, he says he wants to put his cock between them and push them together, and wank himself off between them."

Lynne carried on relating my every move to her friend on the phone. It felt deliciously kinky to be turning on two women at the same time, especially as I could only see one!

As we moved onto the sofa, Lynne let the phone slip to the floor, raised her arms above her head and opened her legs. I slipped my cock into her as she cried, "Oh yes! Come on and fuck me!" Slowly I began to pump into her, picking up a rhythm as our bodies started moving faster and faster.

I could hear Paula on the other end of the phone getting just as turned on hearing us fucking as I was actually doing it.

"Fuck me from behind," Lynne panted so I withdrew and turned her over. She got on all fours and I inched my cock into her fanny which squeezed my cock, almost massaging it as it completely filled her pussy.

Then we really began to fuck, with me shoving my cock faster and faster into her and Lynne bucking and thrashing around to get all my prick into her. Her arms collapsed under the strain and she buried her face in the cushions as one hand slipped under her tummy and found her clit.

I could feel her pushing her love button around like mad as she screamed out loud that she was coming. I knew I wasn't far off myself, so pulling out of her for the second time I directed my cock over her bum and was about to spray my come when Lynne turned round.

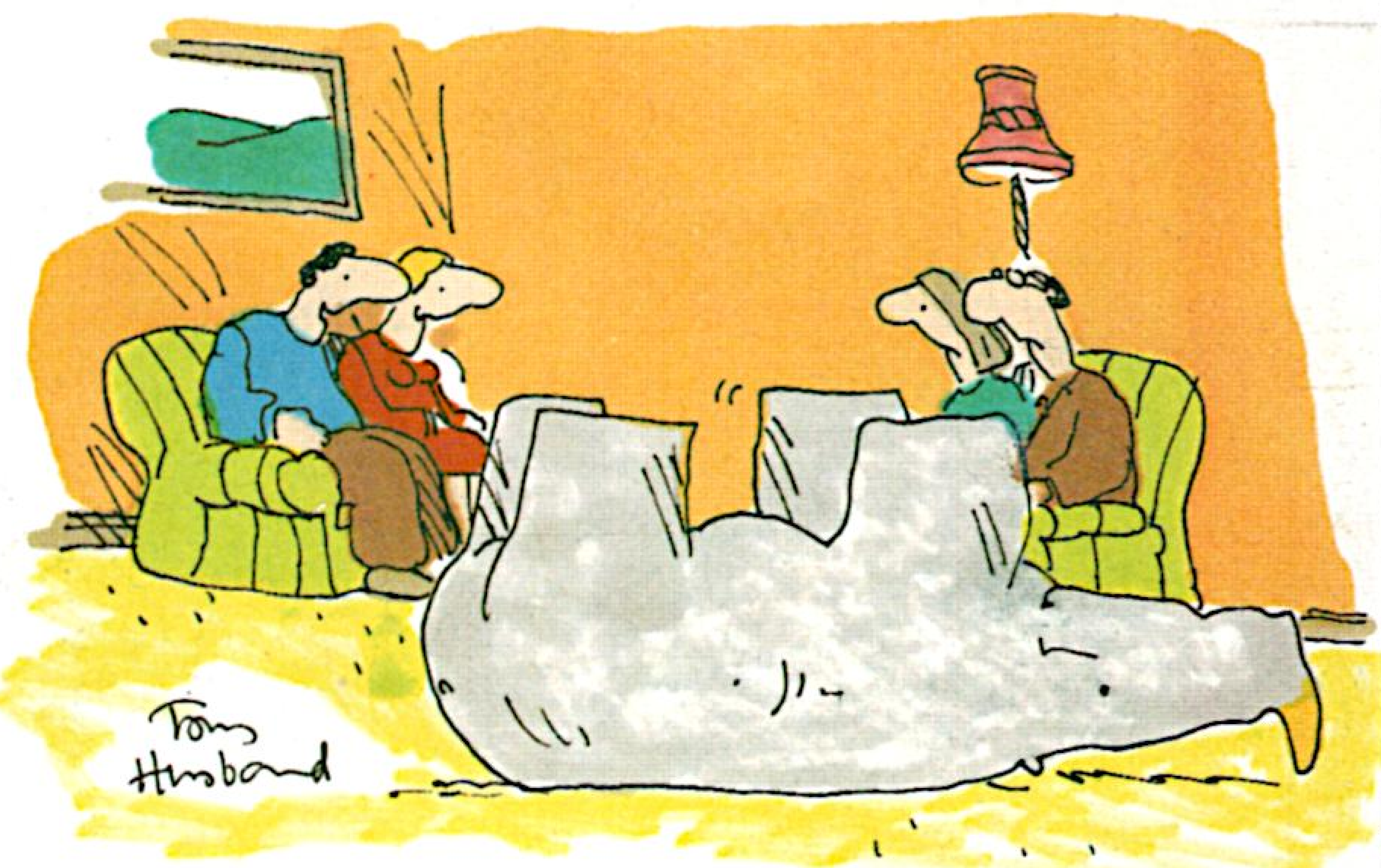
"Don't waste it! Put it in my mouth," she whispered. Now those words must be the best a man can ever hear, so without hanging around I wriggled down the sofa so both our mouths were ready to suck the other off.

Just as I held her swollen lips open and buried my tongue deep inside her juicy cunt I felt her mouth over my cock and her hand slowly guide the whole length down her throat. It felt terrific to be sucking out my lover and with the same rhythm getting sucked off myself.

"Oh, God! That feels fucking fantastic!" she moaned as I rolled over, holding on to her until she was lying on top of me.

"Eat me out, you bastard!" she mumbled, her mouth full of cock. I pushed my whole face even further into her pink wetness as I felt my cock explode in her mouth. I arched my back up off the sofa and squirted my hot spunk down her throat just as she came too, grinding her hips onto my face.

## THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



*"He wants you to tickle his tummy..."*

We lay there, just drinking each other dry, until Lynne eventually picked up the receiver again.

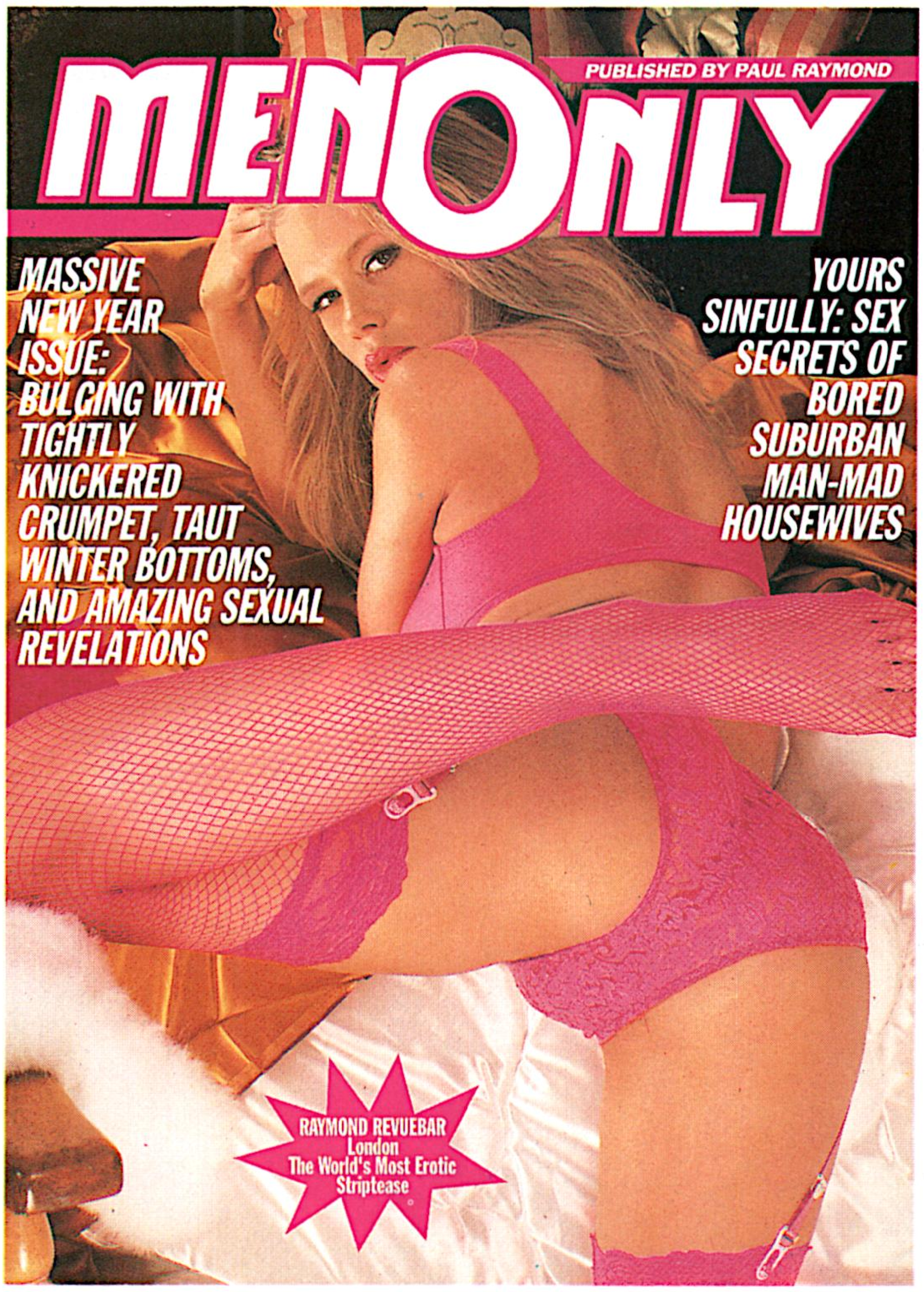
"How was that, Paula?" she grinned, winking at me. "I'm glad you liked it too." And with that she put the phone down, and cuddled up next to me. We spent the rest of the day together, fucking, sucking and wanking each other.

So you can imagine my dismay when I eventually staggered home and found my girlfriend looking at herself in the mirror to ensure she looked okay. She did. She was dressed in a low-cut basque and had on white stockings and red high heels.

"I thought that the two of us could stop in this evening," she purred, smiling and cupping those big, soft tits in her hands.

Great, I thought, just bloody great...

*— Graeme, Kent*♣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